Spiritual Songs
FOR THE
SUNDAY SCHOOL

Both young men, and maidens; old men, and children:

Let them praise the name of the Lord: for his name alone is excellent; his glory is above the earth and heaven.

Presented by the Sunday Company

—✣—

I will praise the name of God with a song, and will magnify him with thanksgiving.

And all thy children shall be taught of the Lord; and great shall be the peace of thy children.

—+—

And the streets of the city shall be full of boys and girls playing in the streets thereof.

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A SELECTION OF

SPIRITUAL SONGS

WITH MUSIC,

FOR THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

SELECTED AND ARRANGED BY

REV. CHARLES S. ROBINSON, D. D.

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PREFACE.

THE COMPILER of this work takes great pleasure in announcing the completion of his original plan by the issue of the third selection of Spiritual Songs for the worship of God. These are all now offered to the Christian public for use in the three departments of religious work and devotion: I. Spiritual Songs for the Church and Choir: II. Spiritual Songs for Social Meetings: III. Spiritual Songs for the Sunday-school. The advantage of such a series of Manuals, which, in the singing of the people, young and old, together, will at once elevate the taste and increase the interest of all, must be apparent at a glance.

He has sought and had, in this instance, the efficient aid of Mr. WILLIAM F SHERWIN, whose long experience in practical Sunday-school work has rendered the help he could bring to the study and arrangement of the pieces, of the greatest value. His own contributions have enriched the volume, while his musical skill and taste have ensured accuracy in all the details of compilation. In the preparation of both hymns and tunes the assistance he has afforded is gratefully acknowledged.

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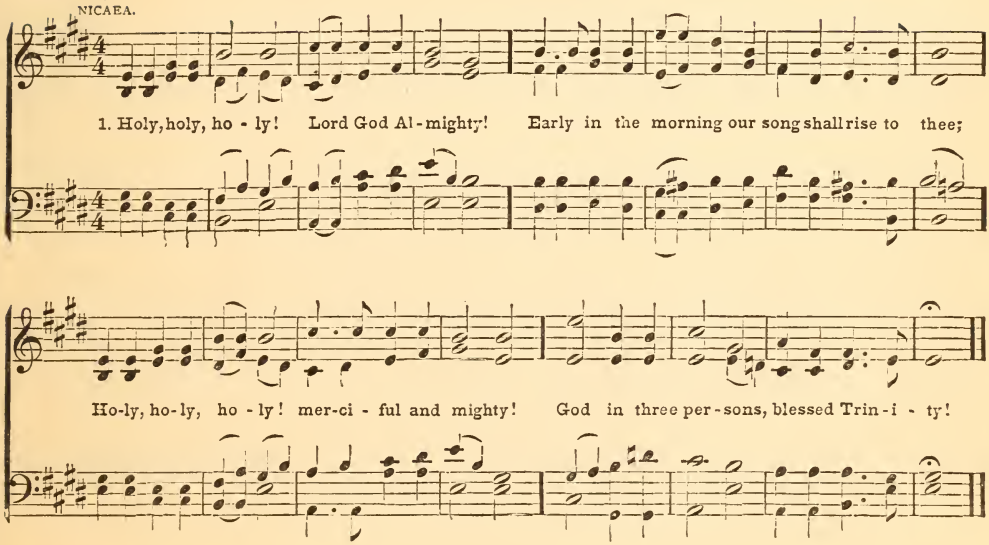
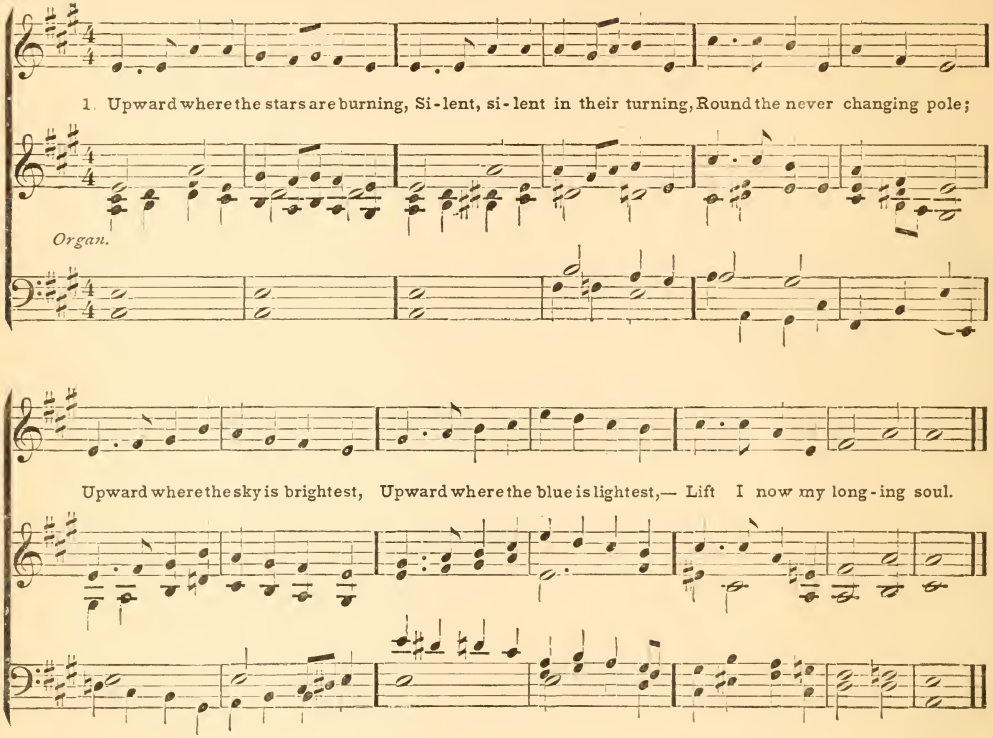
HOLY, HOLY! LORD GOD ALMIGHTY!

1 *The Trinity.*

Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!
Early in the morning our song shall rise to thee;
Holy, holy, holy! merciful and mighty,
God in three persons, blesséd Trinity!

2 Holy, holy, holy! all the saints adore thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before thee,
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

3 Holy, holy, holy! though the darkness hide thee,
Though the eye of sinful man thy glory may not see;
Only thou art holy; there is none beside thee,
Perfect in power, in love and purity.

4 Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!
All thy works shall praise thy name, in earth and sky and sea;
Holy, holy, holy! merciful and mighty;
God in three persons, blesséd Trinity!

2

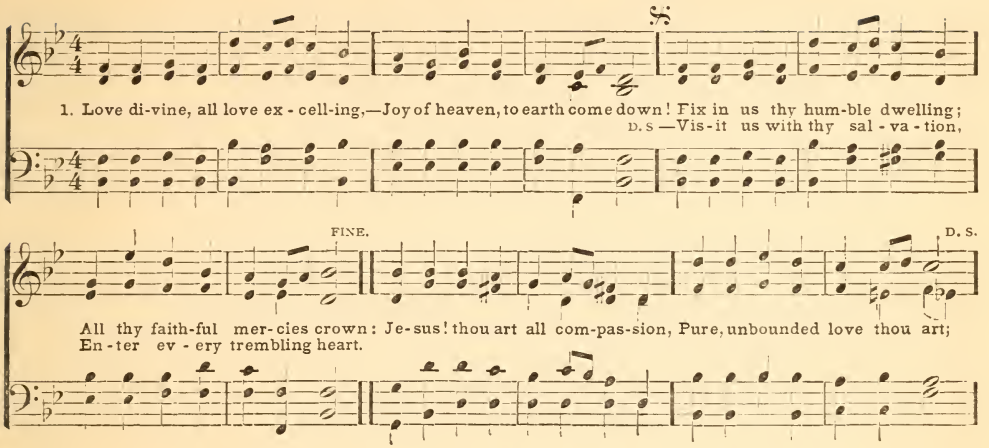
"Lord of lords."

Upward where the stars are burning,
Silent, silent in their turning,
Round the never changing pole;
Upward where the sky is brightest,
Upward where the blue is lightest,—
Lift I now my longing soul.

2 Far beyond that arch of gladness,
Far beyond these clouds of sadness,
Are the many mansions fair:
Far from pain and sin and folly,
In that palace of the holy—
I would find my mansion there.

3 Where the Lamb on high is seated,
By ten thousand voices greeted:
Lord of lords, and King of kings!
Son of man, they crown, they crown him,
Son of God, they own, they own him,
With his name the palace rings.

4 Blessing, honor, without measure,
Heavenly riches, earthly treasure,
Lay we at his blessèd feet:
Poor the praise that now we render,
Loud shall be our voices yonder,
When before his throne we meet.



3 *Invocation.*

Love divine, all love excelling,—
Joy of heaven, to earth come down!
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown:
Jesus! thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love thou art;
Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter every trembling heart.

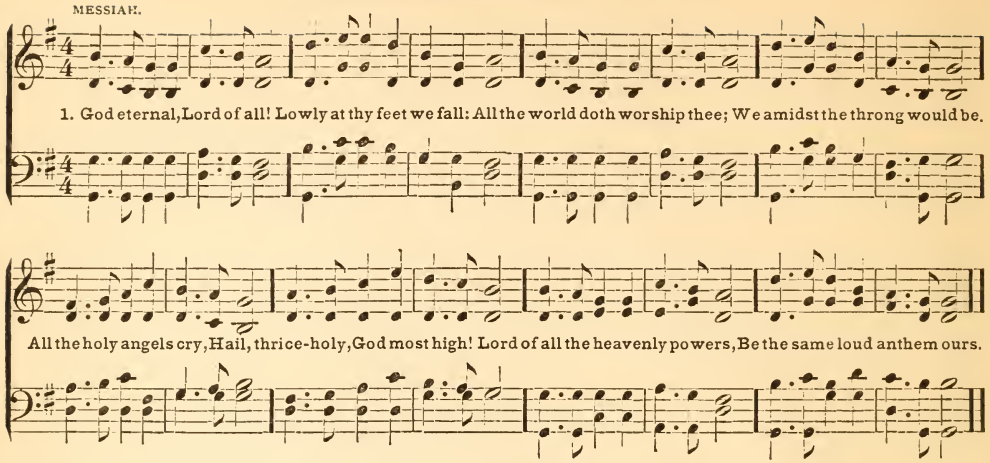
2 Breathe, oh, breathe thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast!
Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find the promised rest:
Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy life receive!
Speedily return, and never,
Never more thy temples leave!

3 Finish then thy new creation,
Pure, unspotted may we be:
Let us see our whole salvation
Perfectly secured by thee!
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place;
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

4 *Prayer for Help.*

Saviour, King, in hallowed union,
At thy sacred feet we bow;
Heart with heart, in blest communion,
Join to crave thy favor now!
Though celestial choirs adore thee,
Let our prayers as incense rise;
And our praise be set before thee,
Sweet as evening sacrifice.

2 Heavenly Fount, thy streams of blessing,
Oft have cheered us on our way;
By thy power and grace unceasing,
We continue to this day.
Raise we then with glad emotion,
Thankful lays: and while we sing,
Vow a pure, a full devotion
To thy work, O Saviour King!

3 When we tell the wondrous story
Of thy rich, exhaustless love,
Send thy Spirit, Lord of glory,
On the youthful heart to move!
Oh, that he, the ever-living,
May descend as fruitful rain;
Till the wilderness reviving,
Blossoms as the rose again.

5

"Te Deum."

God eternal, Lord of all!
Lowly at thy feet we fall:
All the world doth worship thee;
We amidst the throng would be.
All the holy angels cry,
Hail, thrice-holy, God most high!
Lord of all the heavenly powers,
Be the same loud anthem ours.

2 Glorified apostles raise,
Night and day, continual praise;
Hast thou not a mission too
For thy children here to do?
With the prophets' goodly line
We in mystic bond combine;
For thou hast to babes revealed
Things that to the wise were sealed.

3 Martyrs, in a noble host,
Of thy cross are heard to boast;
Since so bright the crown they wear,
We with them thy cross would bear.
All thy church, in heaven and earth,
Jesus! hail thy spotless birth;—
Seated on the judgment-throne,
Number us among thine own!

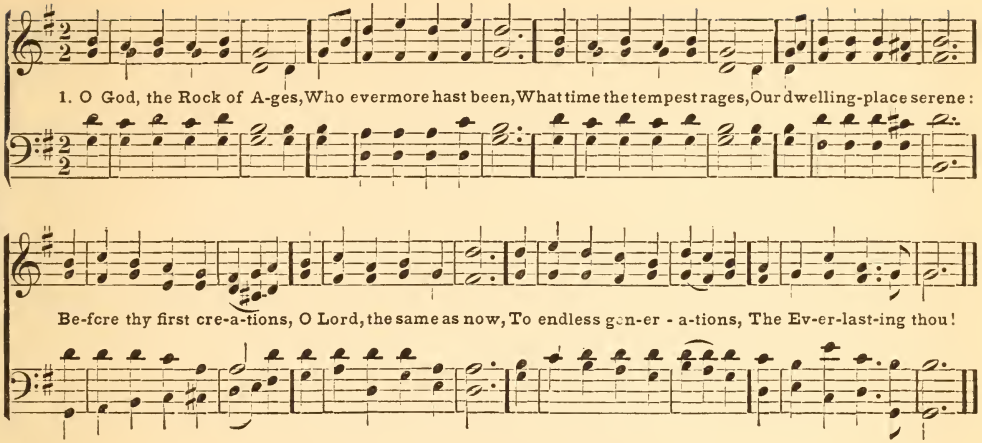
6

"In Excelsis."

Glory be to God on high,—
God, whose glory fills the sky;
Peace on earth to man forgiven,—
Man, the well-beloved of heaven.
Sovereign Father, Heavenly King!
Thee we now presume to sing;
Glad thine attributes confess,
Glorious all, and numberless.

2 Hail, by all thy works adored!
Hail, the everlasting Lord!
Thee with thankful hearts we prove,—
God of power, and God of love!
Christ our Lord and God we own,—
Christ the Father's only Son;
Lamb of God, for sinners slain,
Saviour of offending man.

3 Jesus! in thy name we pray,
Take, oh, take our sins away!
Powerful Advocate with God!
Justify us by thy blood.
Hear, for thou, O Christ! alone,
Art with thy great Father one;
One the Holy Ghost with thee;—
One supreme eternal Three.



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7

Psalm 90.

O God, the Rock of Ages,
Who evermore hast been,
What time the tempest rages,
Our dwelling-place serene:
Before thy first creations,
O Lord, the same as now,
To endless generations,
The Everlasting thou!

2 Our years are like the shadows
On sunny hills that lie,
Or grasses in the meadows
That blossom but to die:
A sleep, a dream, a story,
By strangers quickly told,
An unremaining glory
Of things that soon are old.

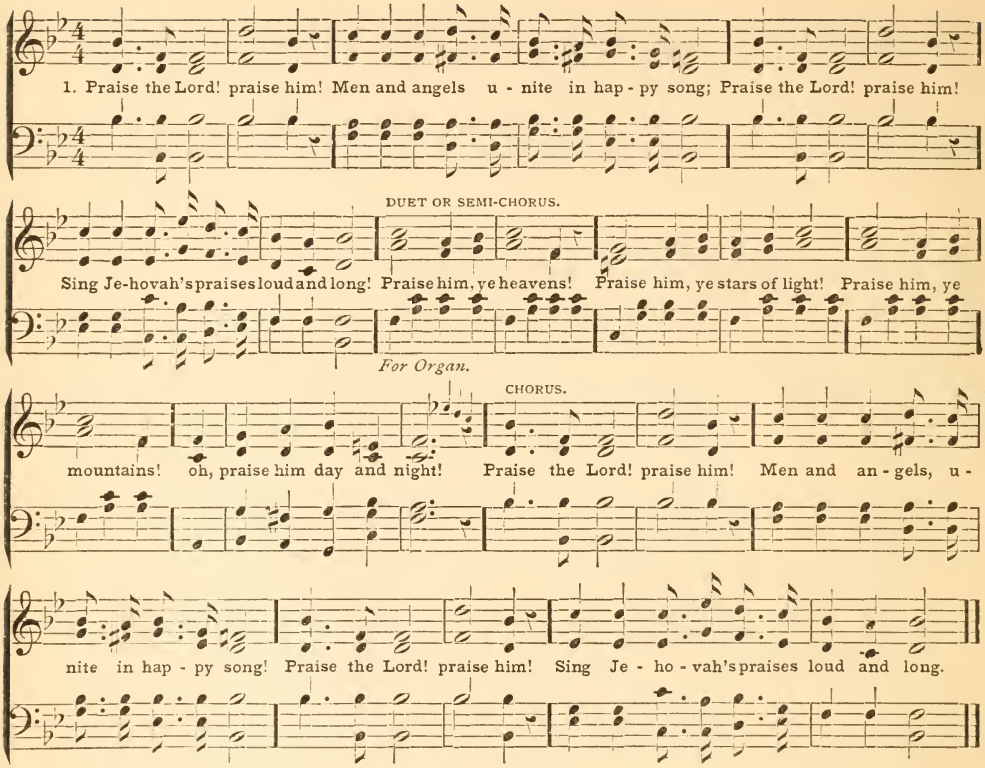
3 O thou who canst not slumber,
Whose light grows never pale,
Teach us aright to number
Our years before they fail!
On us thy mercy lighten,
On us thy goodness rest,
And let thy Spirit brighten
The hearts thyself hast blessed!

8

Tr. from a Bohemian Carol.

To God let all sing praises
For this our day of joy,
His gift to us from heaven;
Let songs each tongue employ.
Fulfilled is now the promise,
To us is given a Child,
To make his people holy,
To cleanse a world defiled.

2 Our Saviour is a warrior,
He comes for victory;
And yet the conqueror's mother
A virgin meek shall be.
To God again sing praises;
Extol his wondrous grace;
Give thanks, the Saviour cometh,
And we shall see his face.

3 We welcome thee, O Saviour,
Thou hope of every heart;
Though thine's a life of sorrow,
Thine every bitter smart,
Thou art the world's one jewel—
How bright thy glories shine!
Thou art thy people's Saviour,
Sweet Saviour, thou art mine.

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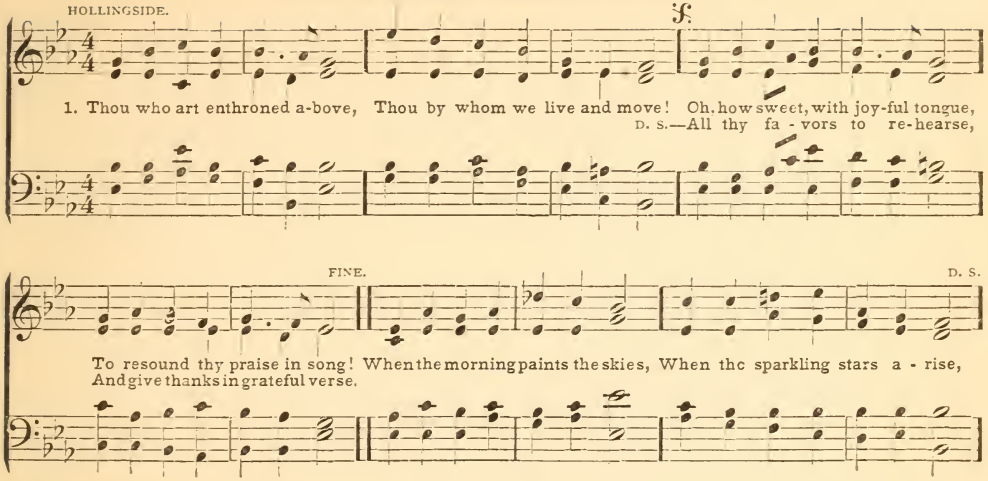
9

Psalm 148.

Praise the Lord! praise him!
Men and angels, unite in happy song!
Praise the Lord! praise him!
Sing Jehovah's praises, loud and long!
Praise him, ye heavens! praise him, ye stars of light!
Praise him, ye mountains! oh, praise him day and night!

2 Praise the Lord! praise him!
Praise his name, for his promises are sure;
Praise the Lord! praise him!
For his mercies ever shall endure.
Praise him, ye children! men, maidens, old and young!
Kings bow before him from every land and tongue.

3 Praise the Lord! praise him!
Earth's Redeemer, the blessèd Prince of Peace!
Praise the Lord! praise him!
May Jehovah's praises never cease!
Sing ye his glory, send forth his name abroad;
Tell the glad story of this our mighty God.



10

"God on High."

Thou who art enthroned above,
Thou by whom we live and move!
Oh, how sweet, with joyful tongue,
To resound thy praise in song!
When the morning paints the skies,
When the sparkling stars arise,
All thy favors to rehearse,
And give thanks in grateful verse.

2 Sweet the day of sacred rest,
When devotion fills the breast,
When we dwell within thy house,
Hear thy word, and pay our vows;
Notes to heaven's high mansions raise,
Fill its courts with joyful praise;
With repeated hymns proclaim
Great Jehovah's awful name.

3 From thy works our joys arise,
O thou only good and wise!
Who thy wonders can declare?
How profound thy counsels are!
Warm our hearts with sacred fire;
Grateful fervors still inspire;
All our powers, with all their might,
Ever in thy praise unite.

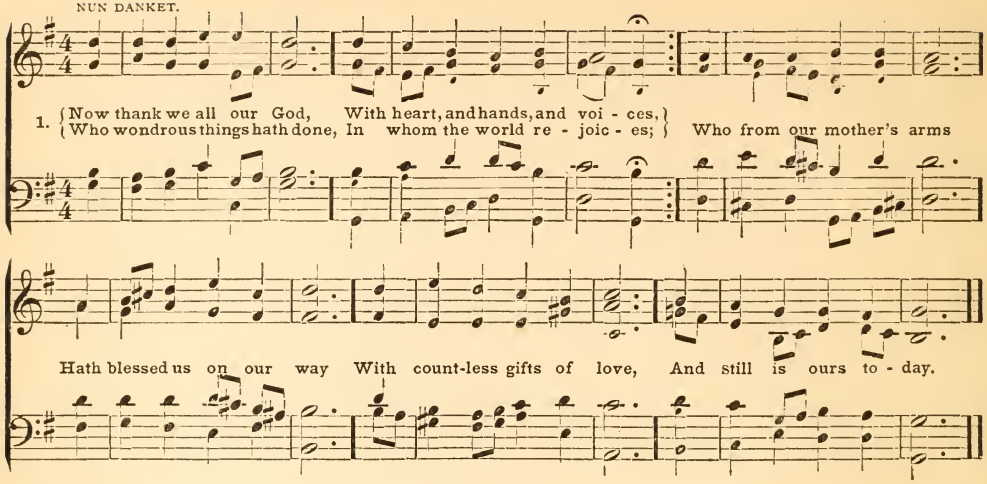
11

"Ever Faithful."

Let us with a joyful mind
Praise the Lord, for he is kind,
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
Let us sound his name abroad,
For of gods he is the God
Who by wisdom did create
Heaven's expanse and all its state;—

2 Did the solid earth ordain
How to rise above the main;
Who, by his commanding might,
Filled the new-made world with light:
Caused the golden-tressed sun
All the day his course to run;
And the moon to shine by night,
'Mid her spangled sisters bright.

3 All his creatures God doth feed,
His full hand supplies their need;
Let us, therefore, warble forth
His high majesty and worth.
He his mansion hath on high,
'Bove the reach of mortal eye;
And his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.



12

Bounteous Care.

Now THANK we all our God,
With heart, and hands, and voices,
Who wondrous things hath done,
In whom the world rejoices;
Who from our mother's arms
Hath blessed us on our way
With countless gifts of love,
And still is ours to-day.

2 Oh, may this bounteous God
Through all our life be near us,
With ever joyful hearts
And blessèd peace to cheer us;
To keep us in his grace,
And guide us when perplexed,
And free us from all ills
In this world and the next.

3 All praise and thanks to God
The Father, now be given;
The Son, and him who reigns
With them in highest heaven!
The one eternal God,
Whom heaven and earth adore;
For thus it was, is now,
And shall be ever more.

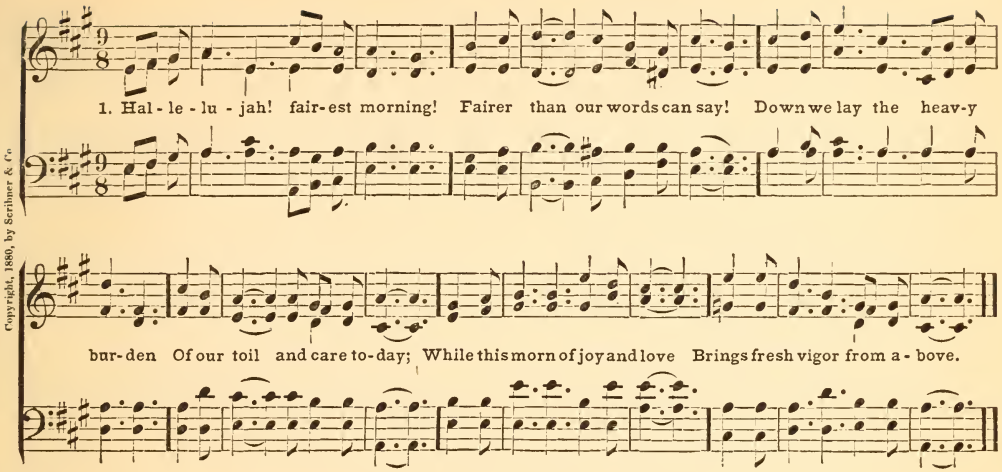
13

Beneficence.

To THEE, O God, we raise
Our voice in choral singing;
We come with prayer and praise,
Our hearts' oblations bringing;
Thou art our fathers' God,
And ever shalt be ours;
Our lips and lives shall laud
Thy name, with all our powers.

2 Thy goodness, like the dew
On Hermon's hill descending,
Is every morning new,
And tells of love unending.
We bless thy tender care
That led our wayward feet,
Past every fatal snare,
To streams and pastures sweet.

3 We bless thy Son, who bore
The cross, for sinners dying;
Thy Spirit we adore,
The precious blood applying.
Let work and worship send
Their incense unto thee;
Till song and service blend,
Beside the crystal sea.



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14

Morning Hymn.

HALLELUJAH! fairest morning!
Fairer than our words can say!
Down we lay the heavy burden
Of our toil and care to-day:
While this morn of joy and love
Brings fresh vigor from above.

2 Sun-day, full of holy glory!
Sweetest rest-day of the soul!
Light upon a world of darkness
From thy blesséd moments roll!
Holy, happy, heavenly day,
Thou canst charm our grief away.

3 In the gladness of God's worship
We will seek our joy to-day:
It is then we learn the fulness
Of the grace for which we pray:
When the word of life is given,
Like the Saviour's voice from heaven.

4 Let the day with thee be ended,
As with thee it has begun;
And thy blessing, Lord, be granted,
Till earth's days and weeks are done;
That at last thy servants may
Keep eternal Sabbath day.

15

Love to Christ.

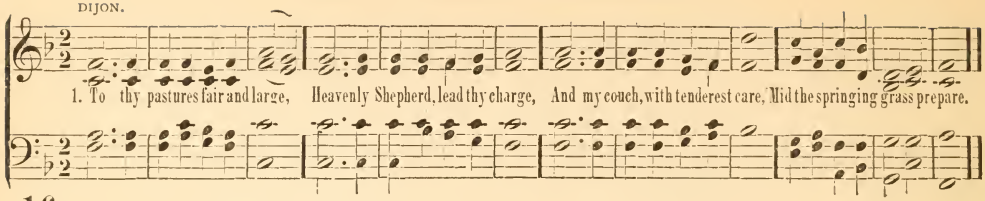
I WILL love thee, all my treasure;
I will love thee, all my strength;
I will love thee without measure,
And will love thee right at length:
I will love thee, Light divine,
Till I die and find thee mine.

2 I will praise thee, Sun of Glory,
For thy beams have gladness brought;
I will praise thee, will adore thee,
For the light I vainly sought;
Praise thee that thy words so blest
Spake my sin-sick soul to rest.

3 Be my heart more warmly glowing,
Sweet and calm the tears I shed;
And its love, its ardor, showing,
Let my spirit onward tread:
Near to thee, and nearer still,
Draw this heart, this mind, this will.

4 I will love in joy or sorrow,
Crowning joy! will love thee well;
I will love to-day, to-morrow,
While I in this body dwell:
I will love thee, Light divine!
Till I die, and find thee mine.

DIJON.



16

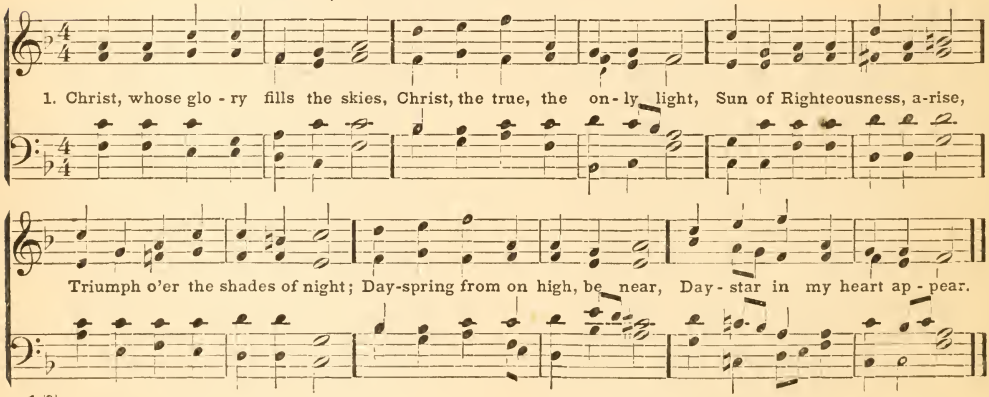
Psalm 23.

To THY pastures fair and large,
Heavenly Shepherd, lead thy charge,
And my couch, with tenderest care,
'Mid the springing grass prepare.

2 When I faint with summer's heat,
Thou shalt guide my weary feet
To the streams that, still and slow,
Through the verdant meadows flow.

3 Safe the dreary vale I tread,
By the shades of death o'erspread,
With thy rod and staff supplied,
This my guard—and that my guide.

4 Constant to my latest end,
Thou my footsteps shalt attend;
And shalt bid thy hallowed dome
Yield me an eternal home.

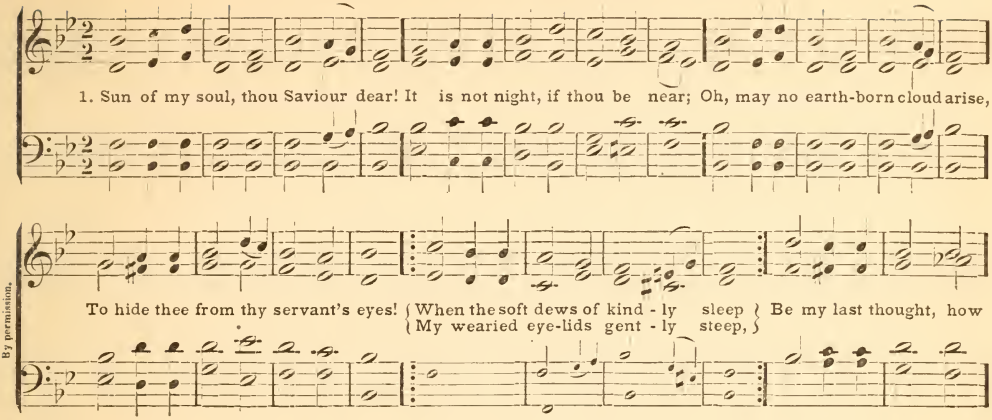
CHRIST, WHOSE GLORY FILLS THE SKIES.

17

Christ the Day-star.

CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,
Christ, the true, the only light,
Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night;
Day-spring from on high, be near,
Day-star in my heart appear.

2 Dark and cheerless is the morn,
If thy light is hid from me;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till thy mercy's beams I see;
Till they inward light impart,
Warmth and gladness to my heart.

3 Visit, then, this soul of mine;
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
Fill me, radiant Sun divine!
Scatter all my unbelief;
More and more thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day



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18

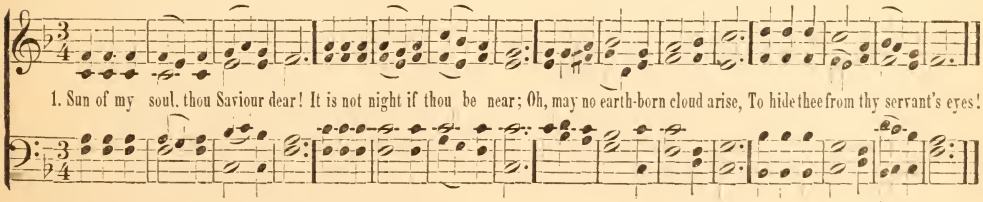
Evening Song.

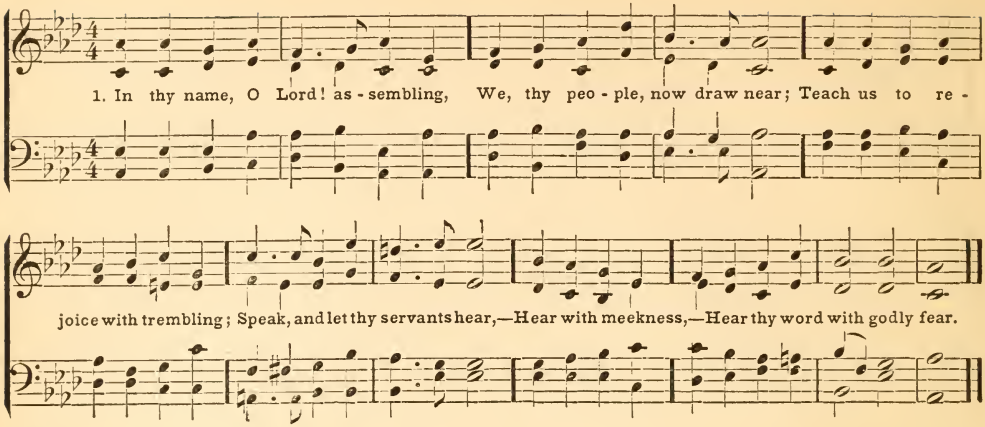
Sun of my soul, thou Saviour dear!
It is not night if thou be near;
Oh, may no earth-born cloud arise,
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes!
When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My weary eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
Forever on my Saviour's breast!

2 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.
If some poor wandering child of thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord! the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

3 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor,
With blessings from thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light!
Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take;
Till, in the ocean of thy love,
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

HURSLEY.





19

"Let thy servants hear."

In thy name, O Lord! assembling,
We, thy people, now draw near;
Teach us to rejoice with trembling;
Speak, and let thy servants hear,—
Hear with meekness,—
Hear thy word with godly fear.

2 While our days on earth are lengthened,
May we give them, Lord! to thee;
Cheered by hope, and daily strengthened,
May we run, nor weary be,
Till thy glory
Without clouds in heaven we see.

3 There, in worship purer, sweeter,
Thee thy people shall adore;
Tasting of enjoyment greater
Than they could conceive before;
Full enjoyment,
Full, unmixed, and evermore.

20

Home Missions.

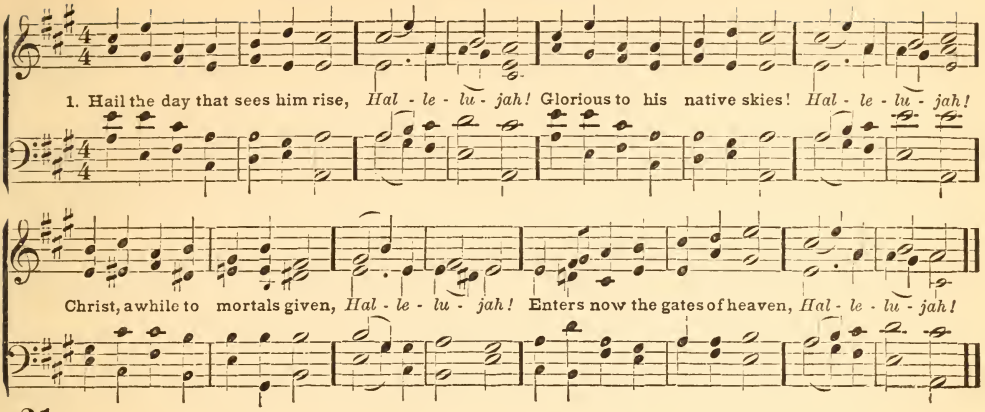
Saints of God! the dawn is brightening,
Token of our coming Lord;
O'er the earth the field is whitening;
Louder rings the Master's word,—
"Pray for reapers
In the harvest of the Lord."

2 Feebly now they toil in sadness,
Weeping o'er the waste around,
Slowly gathering grains of gladness,
While their echoing cries resound,—
"Pray that reapers
In God's harvest may abound."

3 Now, O Lord! fulfil thy pleasure,
Breathe upon thy chosen band,
And, with pentecostal measure,
Send forth reapers o'er our land,—
Faithful reapers,
Gathering sheaves for thy right hand.

4 Broad the shadow of our nation,
Eager millions hither roam;
Lo! they wait for thy salvation;
Come, Lord Jesus! quickly come!
By thy Spirit,
Bring thy ransomed people home.

5 Soon shall end the time of weeping,
Soon the reaping time will come,—
Heaven and earth together keeping
God's eternal Harvest Home:
Saints and angels!
Shout the world's great Harvest Home.



21

The Lord's Day.

HAIL the day that sees him rise,
Glorious, to his native skies!
Christ, awhile to mortals given,
Enters now the gates of heaven.

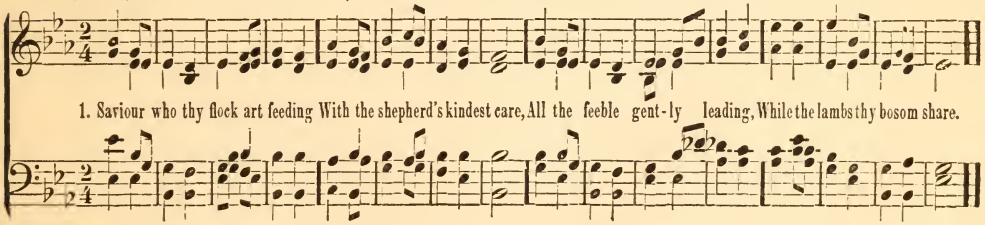
2 There the glorious triumph waits;
Lift your heads, eternal gates!
Christ hath vanquished death and sin;
Take the King of glory in.

3 Still for us he intercedes
His prevailing death he pleads;
Near himself prepares a place,
Great Forerunner of our race.

4 What, though parted from our sight,
Far above yon starry height;
Thither our affections rise,
Following him beyond the skies.

MILWAUKIE.

SAVIOUR, WHO THY FLOCK ART FEEDING.



22

The Good Shepherd.

SAVIOUR, who thy flock art feeding
With the shepherd's kindest care,
All the feeble gently leading,
While the lambs thy bosom share;—

2 Now, these little ones receiving,
Fold them in thy gracious arm;
There, we know, thy word believing,
Only there, secure from harm.

3 Never, from thy pasture roving,
Let them be the lion's prey;
Let thy tenderness, so loving,
Keep them all life's dangerous way.

4 Then, within thy fold eternal,
Let them find a resting-place,
Feed in pastures ever vernal,
Drink the rivers of thy grace.

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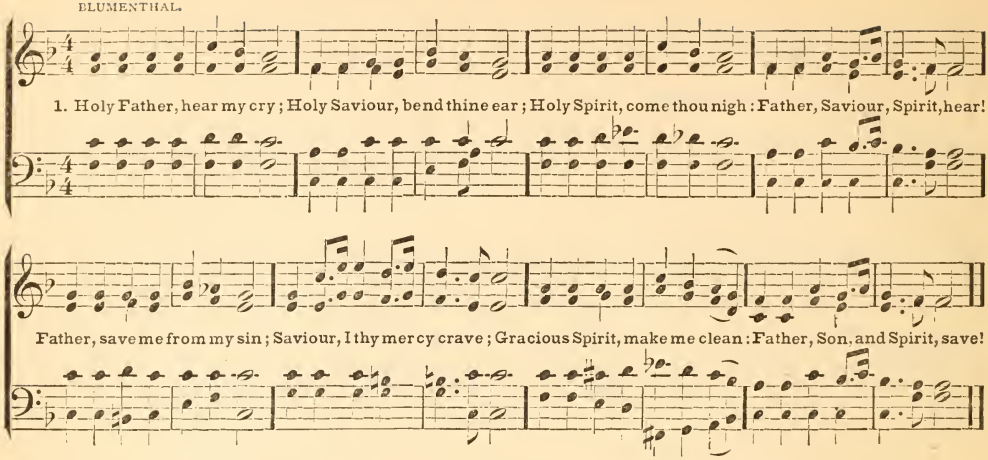

23

Divine Presence.

Holy Father, hear my cry;
Holy Saviour, bend thine ear;
Holy Spirit, come thou nigh;
Father, Saviour, Spirit, hear!
Father, save me from my sin;
Saviour, I thy mercy crave;
Gracious Spirit, make me clean:
Father, Son, and Spirit, save!

2 Father, let me taste thy love;
Saviour, fill my soul with peace;
Spirit, come my heart to move;
Father, Son, and Spirit, bless!
Father, Son, and Spirit—thou
One Jehovah, shed abroad
All thy grace within me now;
Be my Father and my God!

3 Praise our glorious King and Lord,
Angels waiting on his word,
Saints that walk with him in white,
Pilgrims walking in his light:
Glory to the Eternal One,
Glory to his Only Son,
Glory to the Spirit be
Now, and through eternity.

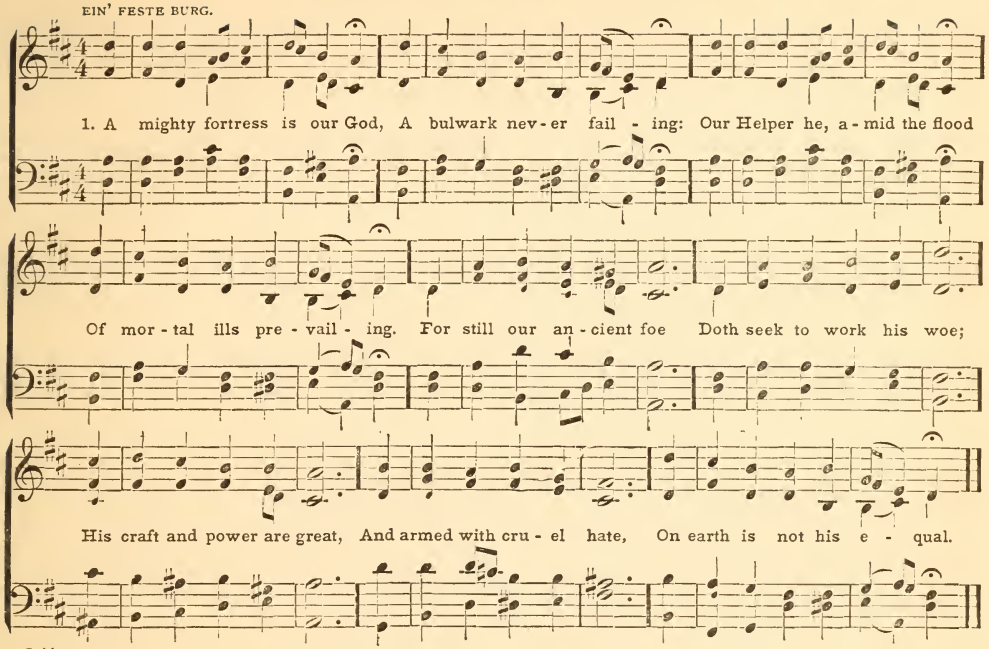
24

Holy, holy, holy.

Holy, holy, holy Lord
God of Hosts! when heaven and earth,
Out of darkness, at thy word
Issued into glorious birth,
All thy works before thee stood,
And thine eye beheld them good,
While they sung with sweet accord,
Holy, holy, holy Lord!

2 Holy, holy, holy! thee,
One Jehovah evermore,
Father, Son, and Spirit! we,
Dust and ashes, would adore;
Lightly by the world esteemed,
From that world by thee redeemed,
Sing we here with glad accord,
Holy, holy, holy Lord!

3 Holy, holy, holy! all
Heaven's triumphant choir shall sing,
While the ransomed nations fall
At the footstool of their King:
Then shall saints and seraphim,
Harps and voices, swell one hymn,
Blending in sublime accord,
Holy, holy, holy Lord!



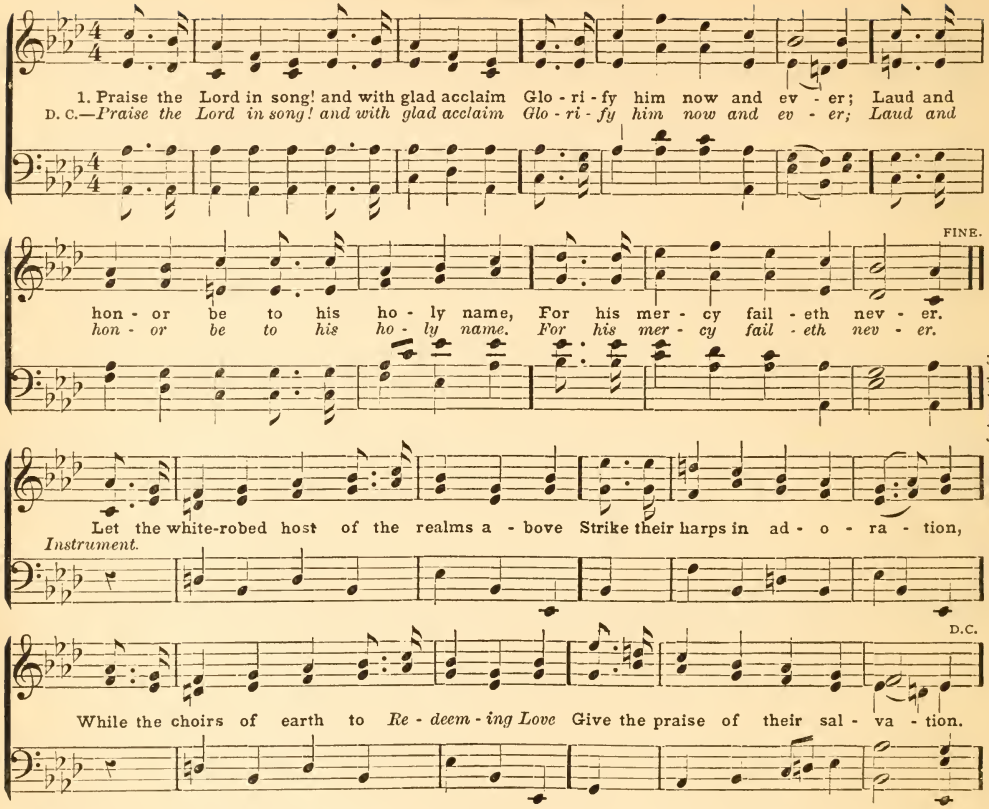
25

God our Refuge.

A MIGHTY fortress is our God,
A bulwark never failing:
Our Helper he, amid the flood
Of mortal ills prevailing.
For still our ancient foe
Doth seek to work his woe;
His craft and power are great,
And armed with cruel hate,
On earth is not his equal.

2 Did we in our own strength confide,
Our striving would be losing;
Were not the right man on our side,
The man of God's own choosing.
Dost ask who that may be?
Christ Jesus, it is he;
Lord Sabaoth is his name,
From age to age the same,
And he must win the battle.

3 And though this world, with devils filled,
Should threaten to undo us;
We will not fear, for God hath willed
His truth to triumph through us.
The prince of darkness grim,—
We tremble not for him;
His rage we can endure,
For lo! his doom is sure,—
One little word shall fell him!

4 That word above all earthly powers—
No thanks to them—abideth;
The Spirit and the gifts are ours
Through him who with us sideth.
Let goods and kindred go,
This mortal life also:
The body they may kill:
God's truth abideth still,
His kingdom is for ever.

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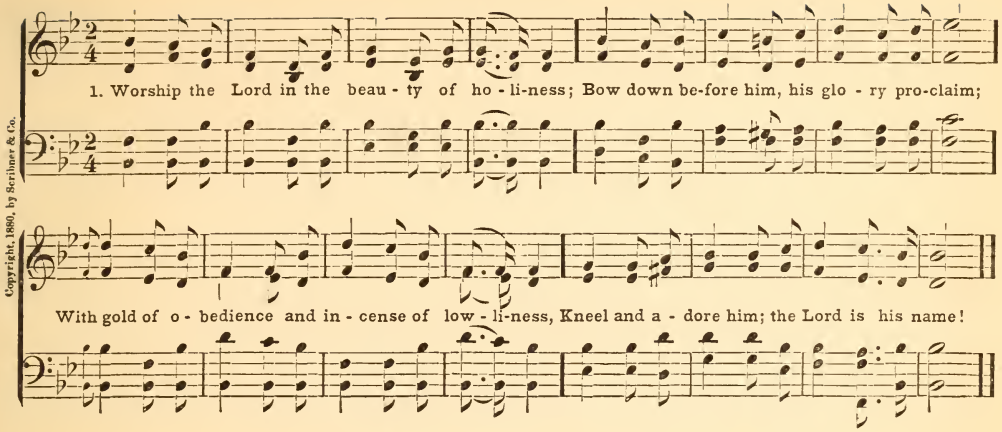
26

Redemption.

Praise the Lord in song! and with glad acclaim
Glorify him now and ever;
Laud and honor be to his holy name,
For his mercy faileth never:
Let the white-robed host of the realms above
Strike their harps in adoration;
While the choirs of earth to *Redeeming Love*
Give the praise of their salvation.

2 Hallelujahs swell from the old and young,
Little child and patriarch hoary;
And enraptured be every human tongue,
When we tell the old sweet story—
How the Saviour came from the heavenly throne
To a world in darkness lying;
How he bore our sins on the cross alone,
To redeem our souls from dying.

3 Yet again in song be his name adored,
For the beams of life and healing
In the light that shines from the Holy Word,
All a Father's love revealing.
Ere we reach the home of the pure and blest,
And the soul's eternal leisure,
If we come to Christ, he will give us rest,
And the peace that knows no measure.



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27

"Beauty of Holiness."

WORSHIP the Lord in the beauty of holiness;
Bow down before him, his glory proclaim;
With gold of obedience, and incense of lowliness,
Kneel, and adore him; the Lord is his name!

2 Low at his feet lay thy burden of carefulness,
High on his heart he will bear it for thee;
Comfort thy sorrows, and answer thy prayerfulness,
Guiding thy steps as may best for thee be.

3 Fear not to enter his courts in the slenderness
Of the poor wealth thou wouldst reckon as thine;
Truth in its beauty, and love in its tenderness,
These are the offerings to lay on his shrine.

4 These, though we bring them in trembling and fearfulness,
He will accept for the Name that is dear;
Mornings of joy give for evenings of tearfulness,
Trust for our trembling, and hope for our fear.

28

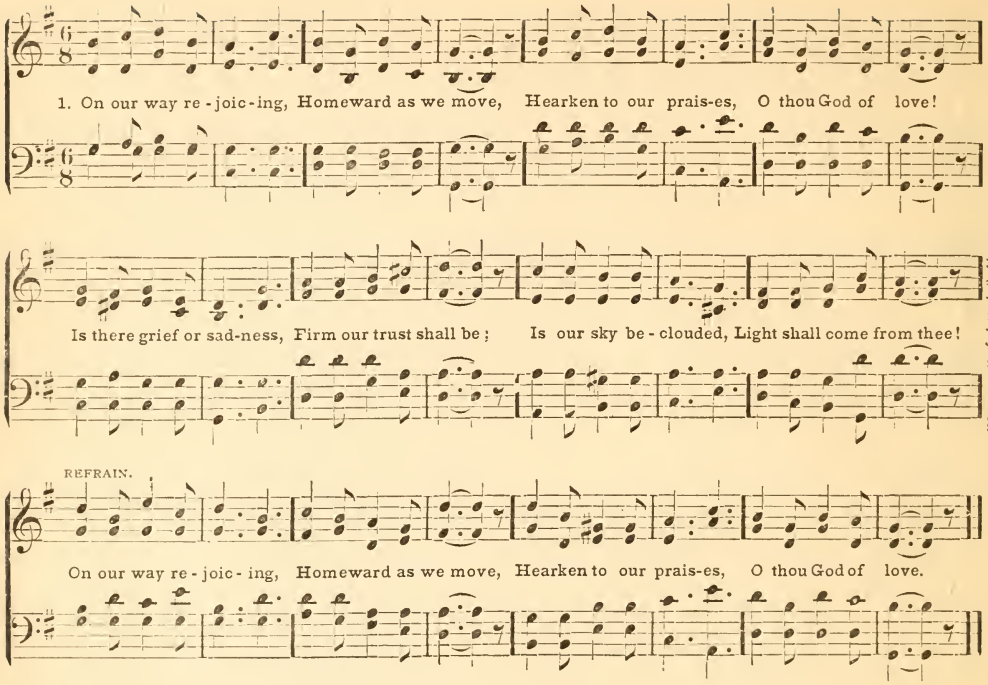
The Promise.

HAIL to the brightness of Zion's glad morning!
Joy to the lands that in darkness have lain!
Hushed be the accents of sorrow and mourning;
Zion in triumph begins her mild reign.

2 Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning,
Long by the prophets of Israel foretold;
Hail to the millions from bondage returning;
Gentile and Jew the blest vision behold.

3 Lo! in the desert rich flowers are springing,
Streams ever copious are gliding along;
Loud from the mountain-tops echoes are ringing,
Wastes rise in verdure, and mingle in song.

4 See, from all lands—from the isles of the ocean,
Praise to Jehovah ascending on high;
Fallen the engines of war and commotion;
Shouts of salvation are rending the sky.



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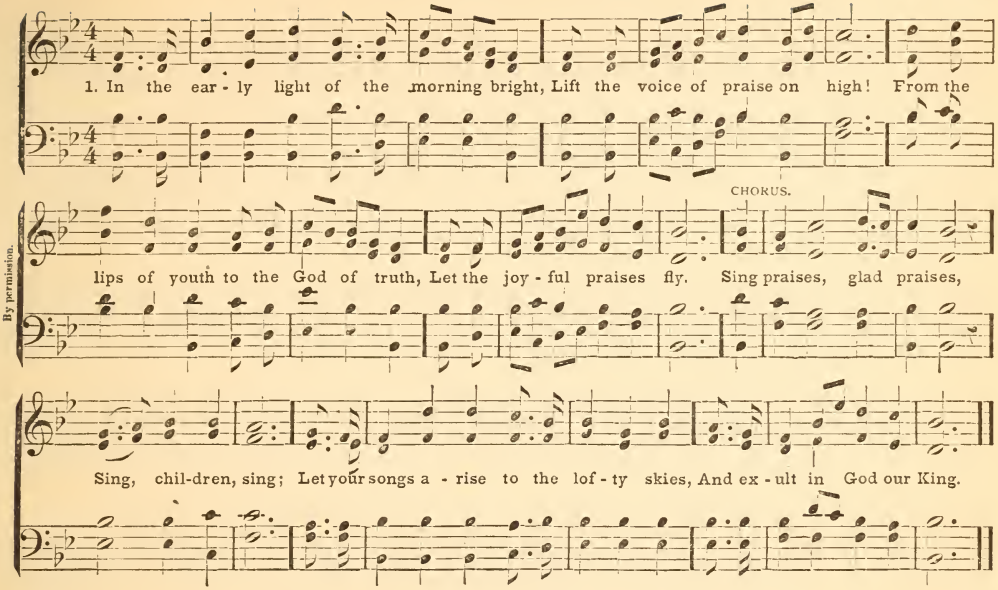
29

Glad Thanksgiving.

On our way rejoicing,
Homeward as we move,
Hearken to our praises,
O thou God of love!
Is there grief or sadness,
Firm our trust shall be;
Is our sky beclouded,
Light shall come from thee.

2 If, with honest-hearted
Love for God and man,
Day by day thou find us
Doing what we can,
Thou, who givest seed-time,
Wilt give large increase,
Crown our heads with blessing,
Fill our hearts with peace.

3 Jesus Christ hath triumphed,
Vanquished is our foe;
On our way rejoicing
Gladly let us go!
Christ without—our safety;
Christ within—our joy;
Who, if we be faithful,
Can our hope destroy?

4 Unto God the Father
Joyful songs we sing;
Unto God the Saviour
Thankful hearts we bring;
Unto God the Spirit
Bow we and adore,
On our way rejoicing,
Now and evermore!

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30

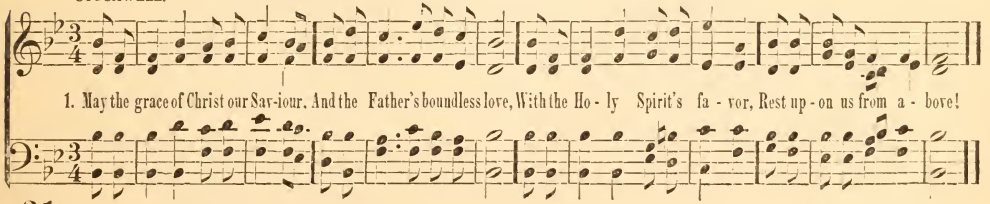
Children's Praise.

In the early light of the morning bright,
Lift the voice of praise on high;
From the lips of youth to the God of truth,
Let the joyful praises fly.

2 Let his praise be spread for the Lamb who bled,
To deliver us from woe;
He endured the cross, the disgrace, the loss;—
Let his praises ever flow.

3 Now exalted high, o'er the earth and sky,
He delights in mercy still;
Bends his gracious ear, our requests to hear,
And our longing souls to fill.

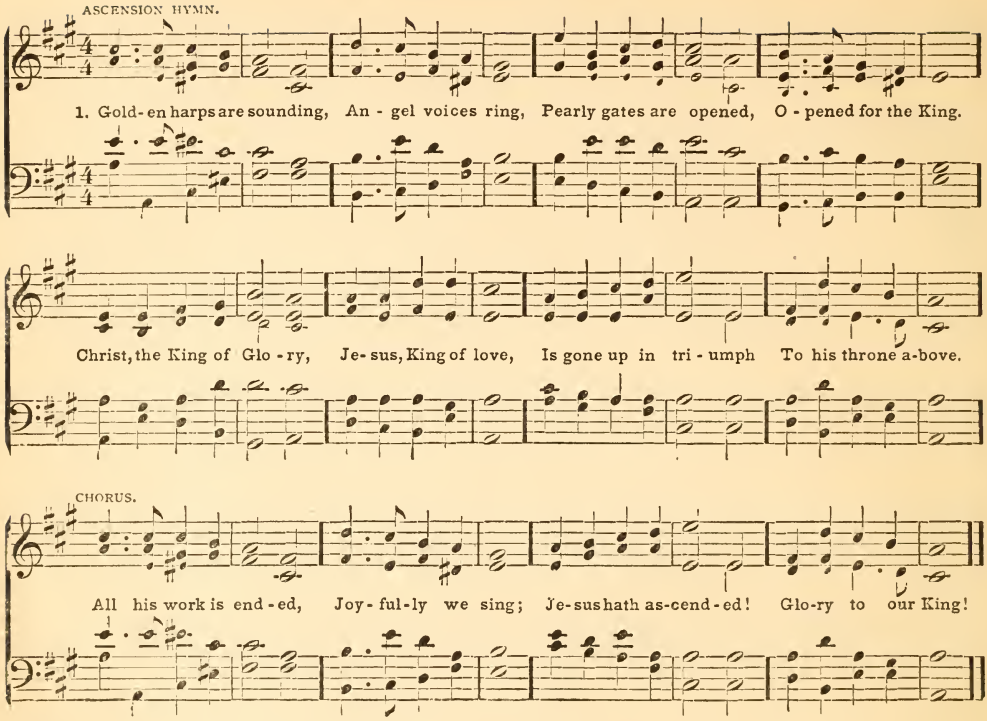
MAY THE GRACE OF CHRIST OUR SAVIOUR.



31

Benediction.

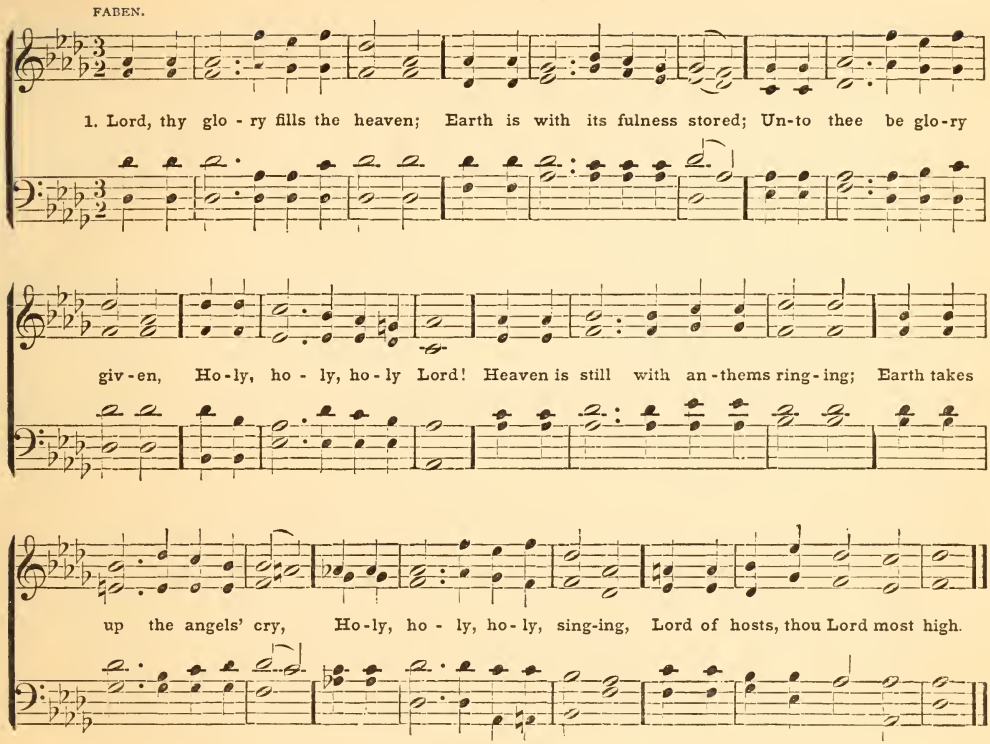
May the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favor,
Rest upon us from above!

2 Thus may we abide in union,
With each other and the Lord,
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

32

Christ's Ascension.

GOLDEN harps are sounding,
Angel voices ring,
Pearly gates are opened,
Opened for the King.
Christ, the King of Glory,
Jesus, King of love,
Is gone up in triumph
To his throne above.
CHO.—All his work is ended,
Joyfully we sing;
Jesus hath ascended!
Glory to our King!

2 He who came to save us,
He who bled and died,
Now is crowned with gladness
At his Father's side.
Never more to suffer,
Never more to die,
Jesus, King of glory,
Is gone up on high.

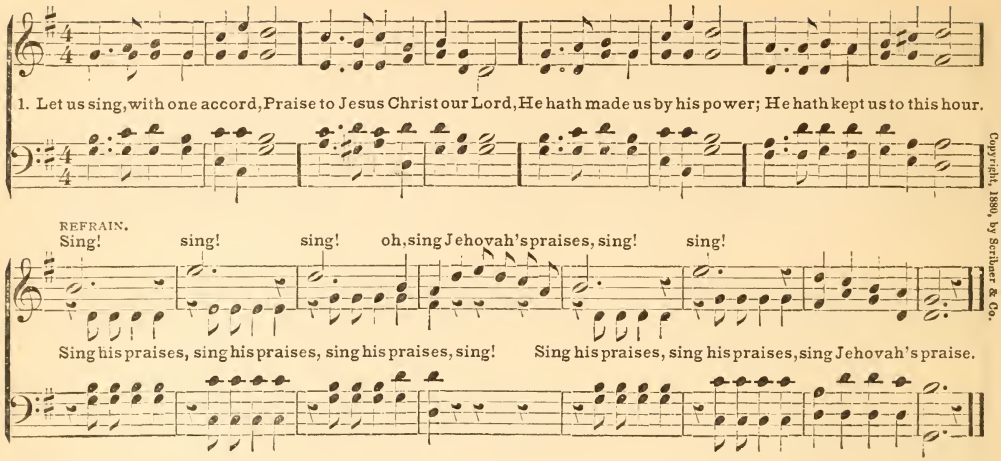
3 Praying for his children
In that blesséd place,
Calling them to glory,
Sending them his grace;
His bright home preparing,
Little ones, for you;
Jesus ever liveth,
Ever loveth too.

33

God's Holiness.

Lord, thy glory fills the heaven;
Earth is with its fulness stored;
Unto thee be glory given,
Holy, holy, holy Lord!
Heaven is still with anthems ringing;
Earth takes up the angels' cry,
Holy, holy, holy, singing,
Lord of hosts, thou Lord most high.

2 Ever thus in God's high praises,
Brethren, let our tongues unite,
While our thoughts his greatness raises,
And our love his gifts excite:
With his seraph train before him,
With his holy church below,
Thus unite we to adore him,
Bid we thus our anthem flow.

3 Lord, thy glory fills the heaven,
Earth is with its fulness stored;
Unto thee be glory given,
Holy, holy, holy Lord!
Thus thy glorious name confessing,
We adopt the angels' cry,
Holy, holy, holy, blessing
Thee, the Lord our God most high!

LET US SING, WITH ONE ACCORD.

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34

Praise to Jesus.

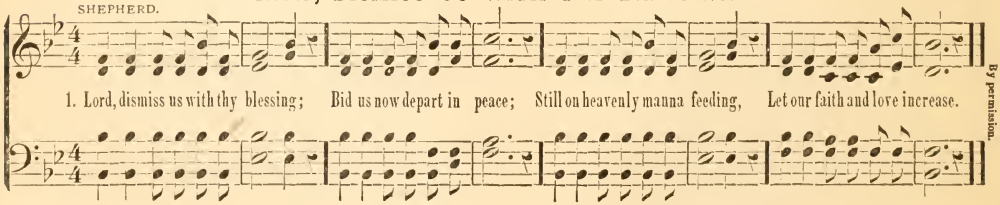
LET us sing, with one accord,
Praise to Jesus Christ our Lord,
He hath made us by his power;
He hath kept us to this hour.

2 He redeems us from the grave,
He who died now lives to save;
Hearts and voices let us raise,
He is worthy whom we praise.

3 Angels praise him, so will we,
Sinful children though we be;
Poor and weak, we'll sing the more,
Jesus helps the weak and poor.

4 Dear to him is childhood's prayer,
Children's hearts to him are dear;
Hearts and voices let us raise,
He is worthy whom we praise.

LORD, DISMISS US WITH THY BLESSING.



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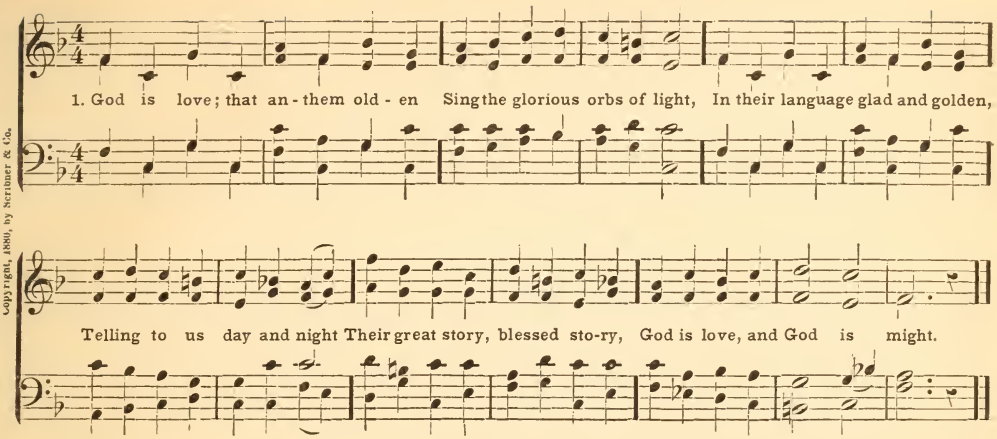
35

Dismissal.

LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing;
Bid us now depart in peace;
Still on heavenly manna feeding,
Let our faith and love increase.

2 Fill each breast with consolation;
Up to thee our hearts we raise;
When we reach our blissful station,
Then we'll give thee nobler praise.

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36

Creation's Praise.

God is love; that anthem olden
Sing the glorious orbs of light,
In their language glad and golden,
Telling to us day and night
Their great story, blessèd story,
God is love, and God is might!

2 And the teeming earth rejoices
In that message from above,
With ten thousand thousand voices
Telling back from hill and grove
Her glad story, glorious story,
God is might, and God is love!

3 Through these anthems of creation,
Struggling up with gentle strife,
Christian songs of Christ's salvation,
To the world with blessings rife,
Tell their story, precious story,
God is love, and God is life!

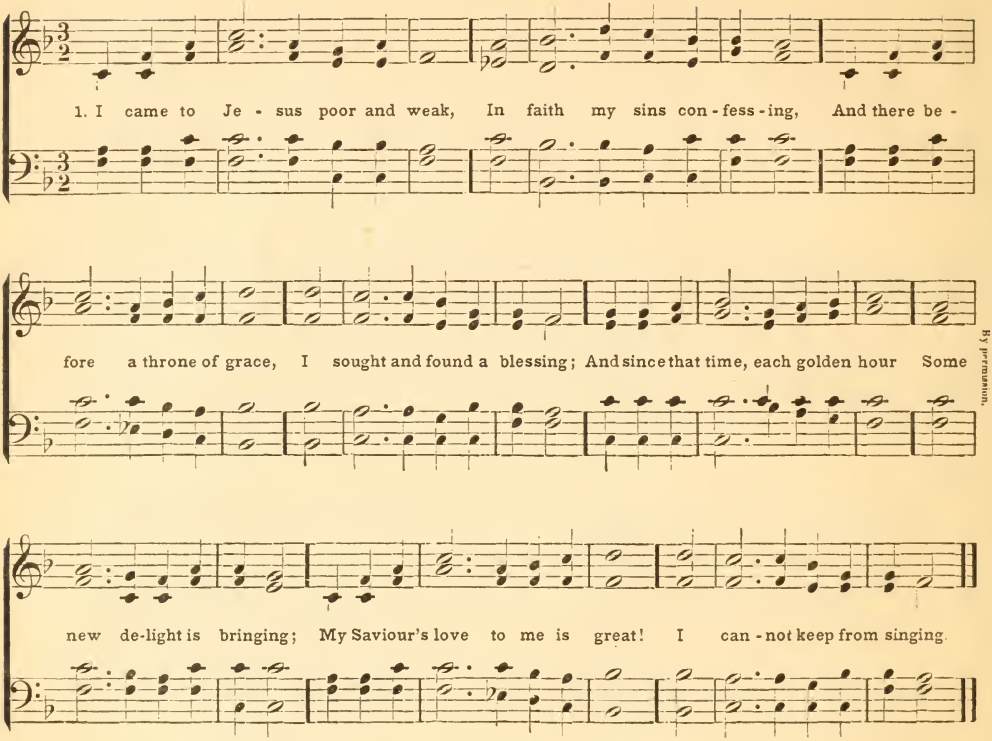
4 Up to him let each affection
Daily rise, and round him move;
Our whole lives one resurrection
To the life of life above;
Our glad story, wondrous story,
God is life, and God is love!

37

God, our Father.

Lead us, heavenly Father, lead us,
O'er the world's tempestuous sea;
Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,
For we have no help but thee;
Yet possessing
Every blessing
If our God our Father be.

2 Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us;
All our weakness thou dost know;
Thou didst tread this earth before us;
Thou didst feel its keenest woe;
Lone and dreary,
Faint and weary,
Through the desert thou didst go.

3 Spirit of our God, descending,
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy;
Love with every passion blending;
Pleasure that can never cloy;
Thus provided,
Pardoned, guided,
Nothing can our peace destroy.

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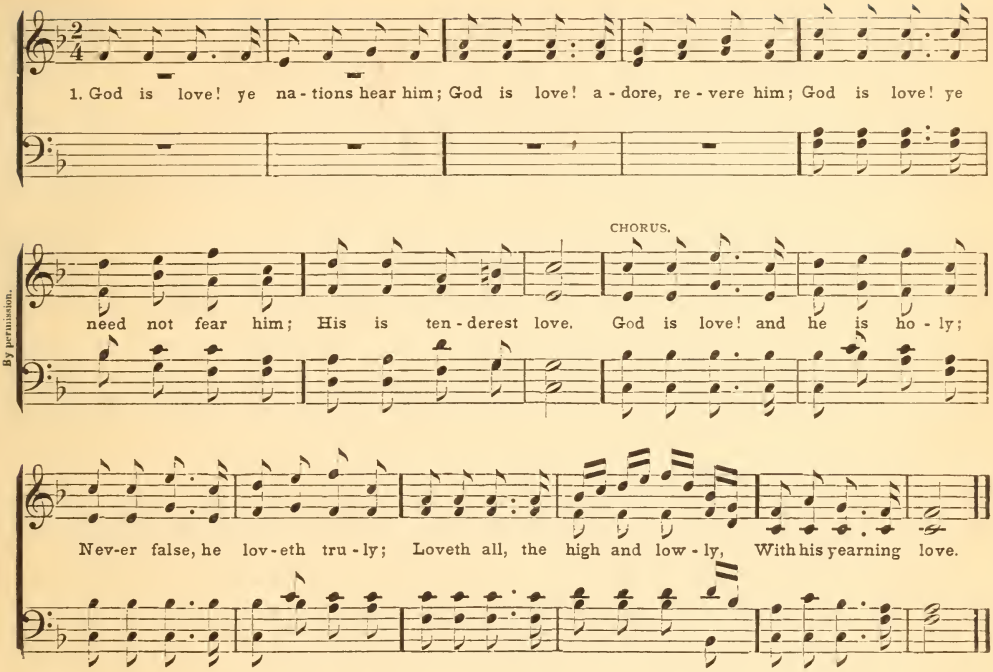
38

A full Heart.

I CAME to Jesus poor and weak,
In faith my sins confessing,
And there before a throne of grace,
I sought and found a blessing;
And since that time, each golden hour
Some new delight is bringing;
My Saviour's love to me is great!
I cannot keep from singing.

2 I feel a calm and constant peace,
All earthly joy excelling;
I know the temple of my heart
Is now the Spirit's dwelling;
And while away to Pisgah's top,
My thoughts their flight are winging,
Such visions burst upon my sight,
I cannot keep from singing.

3 Oh, precious healing stream that flows
From Christ, the living fountain!
Oh, blessèd radiance from the cross,
The cross on Calvary's mountain!
I fancy I can almost hear
The angel chorus ringing;
Oh, hallelujah! praise the Lord!
I cannot keep from singing.

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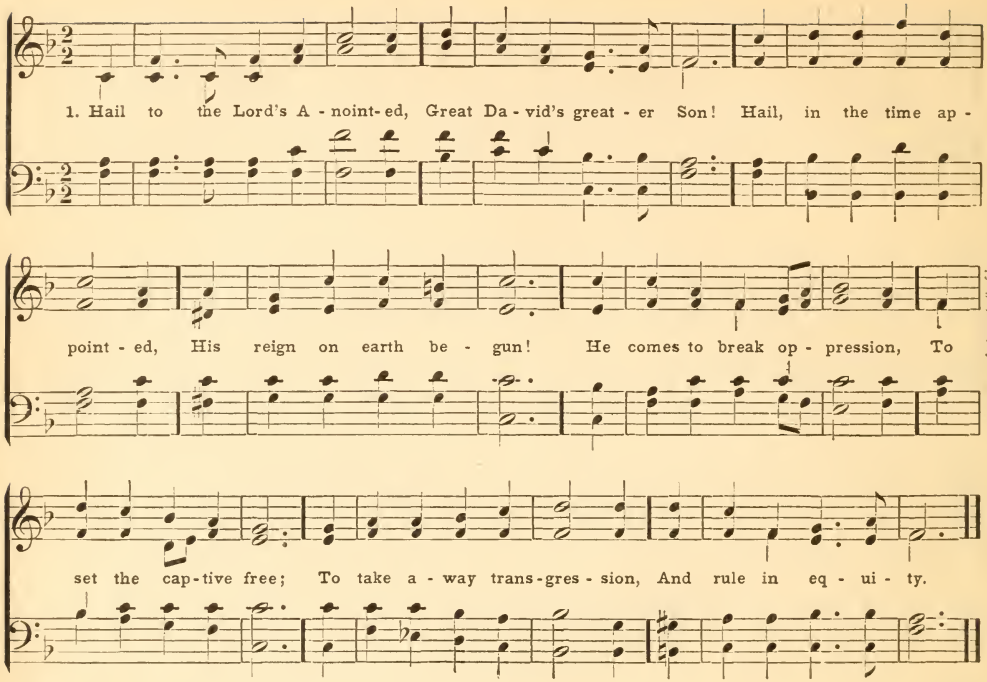
39

God is Love!

God is love! ye nations, hear him;
God is love! adore, revere him;
God is love! ye need not fear him;
His is tenderest love.
God is love! and he is holy;
Never false, he loveth truly;
Loveth all, the high and lowly,
With his yearning love.

2 God is love! the breezes bring it;
God is love! the bell-tones ring it;
God is love! the song-birds sing it:
God is perfect love.
And the ocean as it foameth;
And the wild wind as it moaneth;
And each season when it cometh,
Tells us God is love.

3 Every passing breath of even,
Every object under heaven,
All the story he hath given,
Whispers "God is love!"
Though the aching heart is sighing,
Though life's dearest hopes are dying,
There's an undertone replying—
"God is lasting love."

4 Yes, the clouds that float through ether,
And the stars that shine forever,
Ev'n the frost-chain and the fever,
Tell us "God is love."
Can we, then, crush each desire,
Bathed in holy, heavenly fire,
Ever reaching high and higher,
To that God of love?

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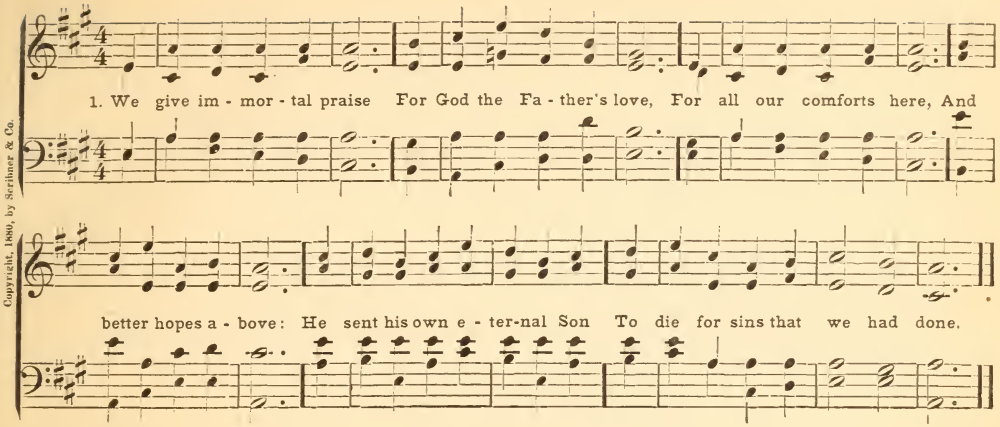
40

Christ's Kingdom.

HAIL to the Lord's Anointed,
Great David's greater Son!
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free;
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

2 He comes with succor speedy
To those who suffer wrong;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemned and dying,
Were precious in his sight.

3 He shall descend like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
And love and joy, like flowers,
Spring in his path to birth:
Before him, on the mountains,
Shall peace, the herald, go,
And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

4 To him shall prayer unceasing,
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end:
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His name shall stand forever;
That name to us is Love.

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41

The Trinity.

We give immortal praise
For God the Father's love,
For all our comforts here,
And better hopes above:
He sent his own eternal Son
To die for sins that we had done.

2 To God the Son belongs
Immortal glory too,
Who bought us with his blood
From everlasting woe:
And now he lives, and now he reigns,
And sees the fruit of all his pains.

3 To God the Spirit's name
Immortal worship give,
Whose new-creating power
Makes the dead sinner live:
His work completes the great design,
And fills the soul with joy divine.

4 Almighty God! to thee
Be endless honors done,
The undivided Three,
The great and glorious One:
Where reason fails, with all her powers,
There faith prevails and love adores.

42

Love.

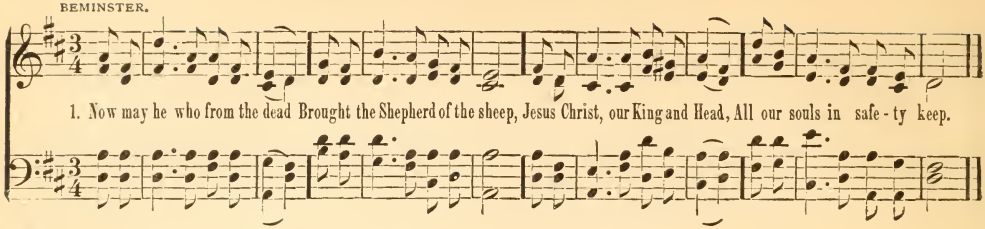
Oh, for a shout of joy,
Worthy the theme we sing;
To this divine employ
Our hearts and voices bring;
Sound, sound, through all the earth abroad,
The love, the eternal love of God.

2 Unnumbered myriads stand,
Of seraphs bright and fair,
Or bow at thy right hand,
And pay their homage there;
But strive in vain with loudest chord,
To sound thy wondrous love, O Lord.

3 Yet sinners saved by grace,
In songs of lower key,
In every age and place,
Have sung the mystery,—
Have told in strains of sweet accord,
Thy love, thy sovereign love, O Lord.

4 Though earth and hell assail,
And doubts and fears arise,
The weakest shall prevail,
And grasp the heavenly prize,
And through an endless age record
Thy love, thy changeless love, O Lord.

BEMINSTER.

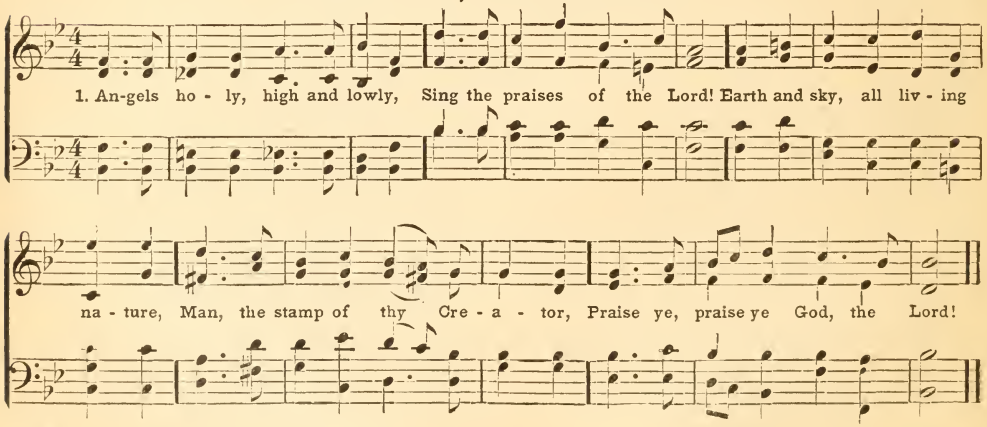


43

Closing Benediction.

Now may he who from the dead
Brought the Shepherd of the sheep,
Jesus Christ, our King and Head,
All our souls in safety keep.

2 May he teach us to fulfil
What is pleasing in his sight;
Perfect us in all his will,
And preserve us day and night.

ANGELS HOLY, HIGH AND LOWLY.

44

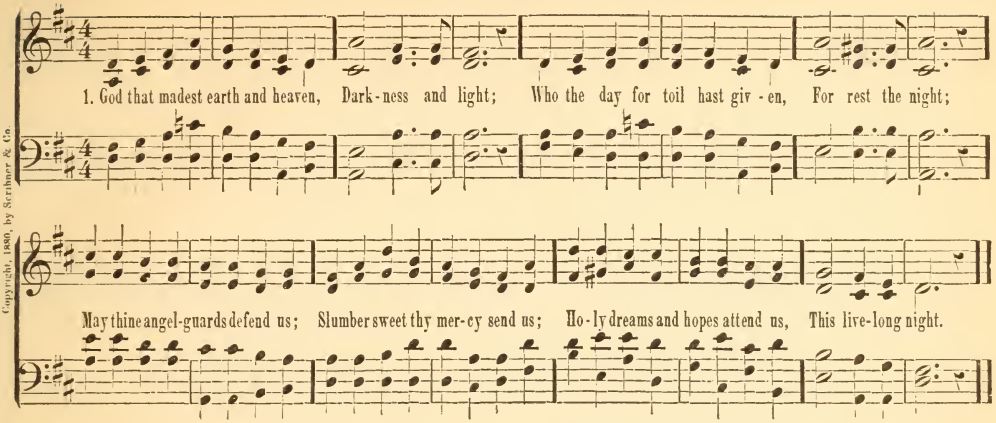
Universal Adoration.

Angels holy, high and lowly,
Sing the praises of the Lord!
Earth and sky, all living nature,
Man, the stamp of thy Creator,
Praise ye, praise ye God the Lord!

2 Sun and moon, bright night and moon-light;
Starry temples, azure-floored;
Cloud and rain, and wild wind's madness,
Sons of God that shout for gladness,
Praise ye, praise ye God the Lord!

3 Rolling river praise him ever,
From the mountains' deep vein poured;
Silver fountain, clearly gushing,
Troubled torrent, wildly rushing,
Praise ye, praise ye God the Lord!

4 Praise him ever, bounteous Giver;
Praise him, Father, Friend and Lord!
Each glad soul its free course winging,
Each glad voice its free song singing,
Praise the great and mighty Lord!



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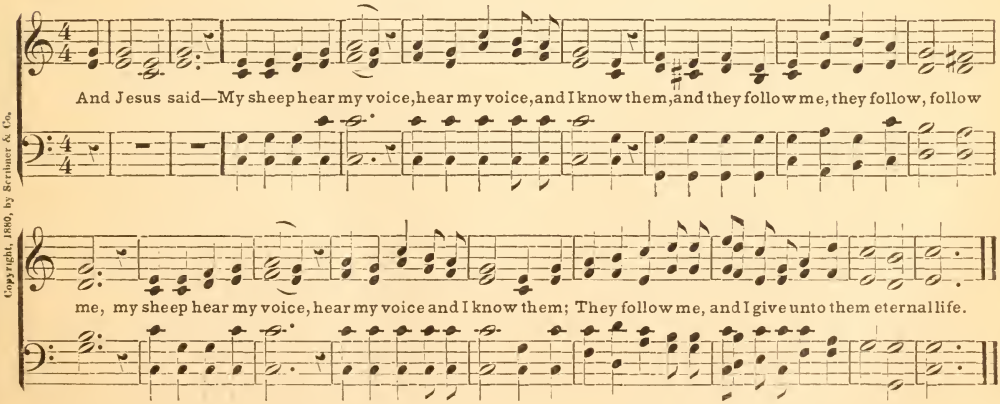
45

Evening Hymn.

God that madest earth and heaven,
Darkness and light;
Who the day for toil hast given,
For rest the night;
May thine angel-guards defend us;
Slumber sweet thy mercy send us;
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
This livelong night.

2 Guard us waking, guard us sleeping;
And when we die,
May we in thy mighty keeping
All peaceful lie.
When the last dread trump shall wake us,
Do not thou, our God, forsake us,
But to reign in glory take us
With thee on high.

46 MY SHEEP HEAR MY VOICE.



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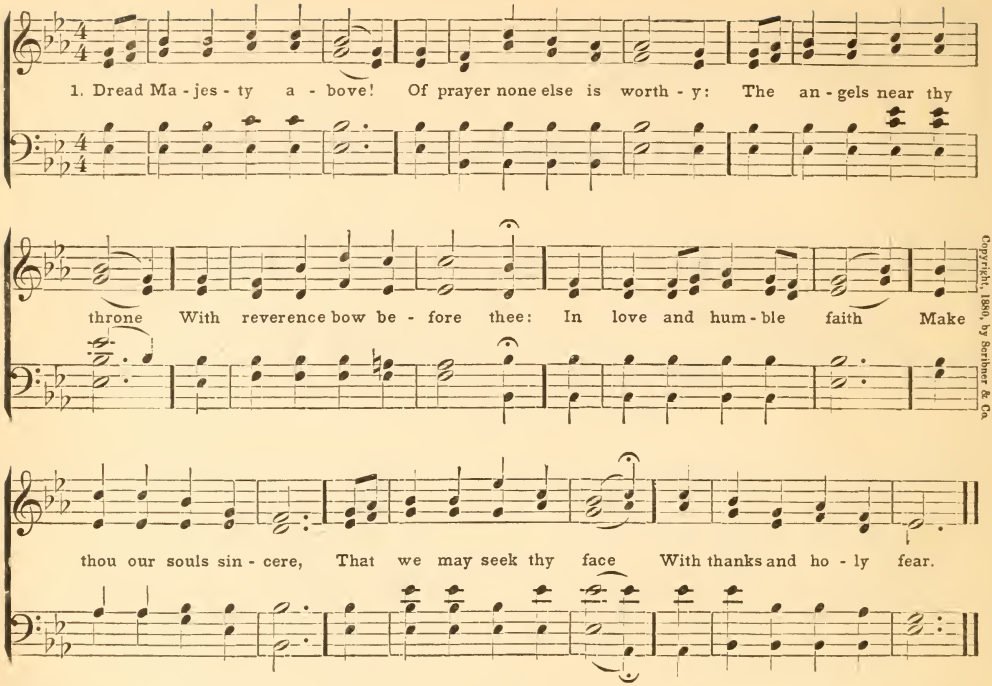
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47

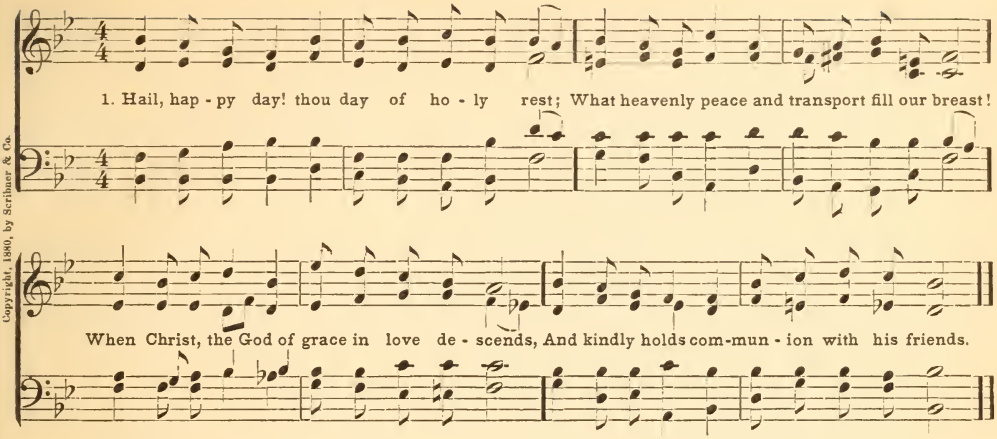
The unseen God.

DREAD Majesty above!
Of prayer none else is worthy:
The angels near thy throne,
With reverence bow before thee:
In love and humble faith
Make thou our souls sincere,
That we may seek thy face
With thanks and holy fear.

2 Thou art the highest good,
To every ill a stranger;
Thy bliss, complete in thee,
Of change can fear no danger;
All glory too is thine;
Nor creatures great or small
Thy glory can increase,
Great Maker, Lord of all!

3 What we, immortal King!
Are of thy nature knowing,
Thou hast thyself revealed,
Thy works and counsel showing:
Creation speaks thy power—
More clearly still, thy Son
Displays thy wondrous grace,
And makes the Godhead known.

4 Yet what we learn of thee,
With shadows here is shrouded;
But soon we hope for light
And vision all unclouded,
When we to God shall come,
No shade or vail between;
And there his glory see,
As we ourselves are seen.



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48

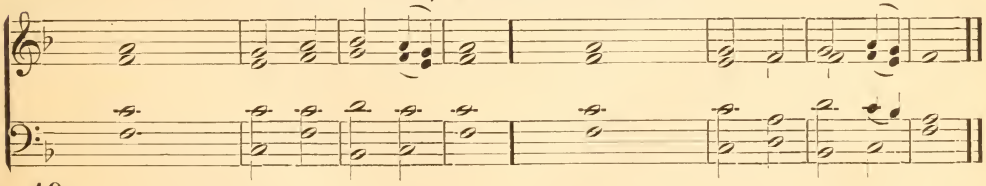
Communion in love.

HAIL, happy day! thou day of holy rest!
What heavenly peace and transport fill our breast
When Christ, the God of grace, in love descends
And kindly holds communion with his friends.

2 Let earth and all its vanities be gone,
Move from my sight, and leave my soul alone;
Its flattering, fading glories I despise,
And to immortal beauties turn my eyes.

3 Fain would I mount and penetrate the skies,
And on my Saviour's glories fix my eyes:
Oh, meet my rising soul, thou God of love,
And waft it to the blissful realms above!

OUR FATHER, WHO ART IN HEAVEN.

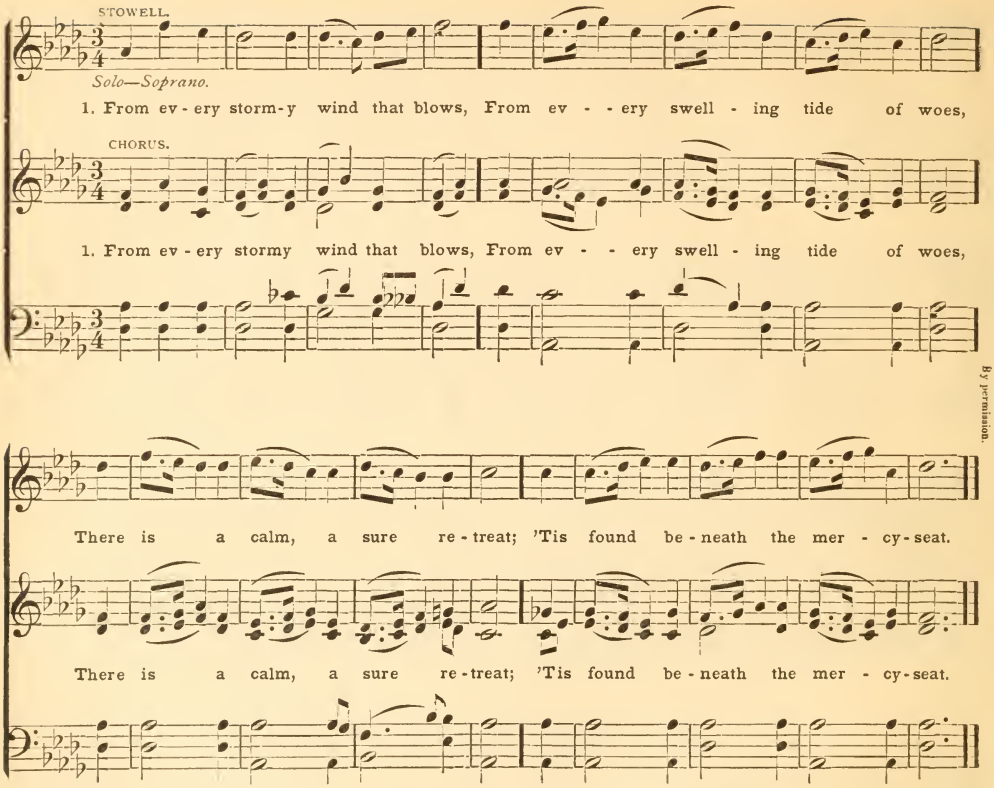


49

The Lord's Prayer.

1 OUR Father, who art in heaven, | hallowed | be thy | name; || thy kingdom come, thy will be done on | earth, as it | is in | heaven;

2 Give us this | day our | daily | bread; || and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive | them that | trespass a- | gainst us.

3 And lead us not into temptation, but de- | liver | us from | evil; || for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the | glory, for- | ever. A- | men.

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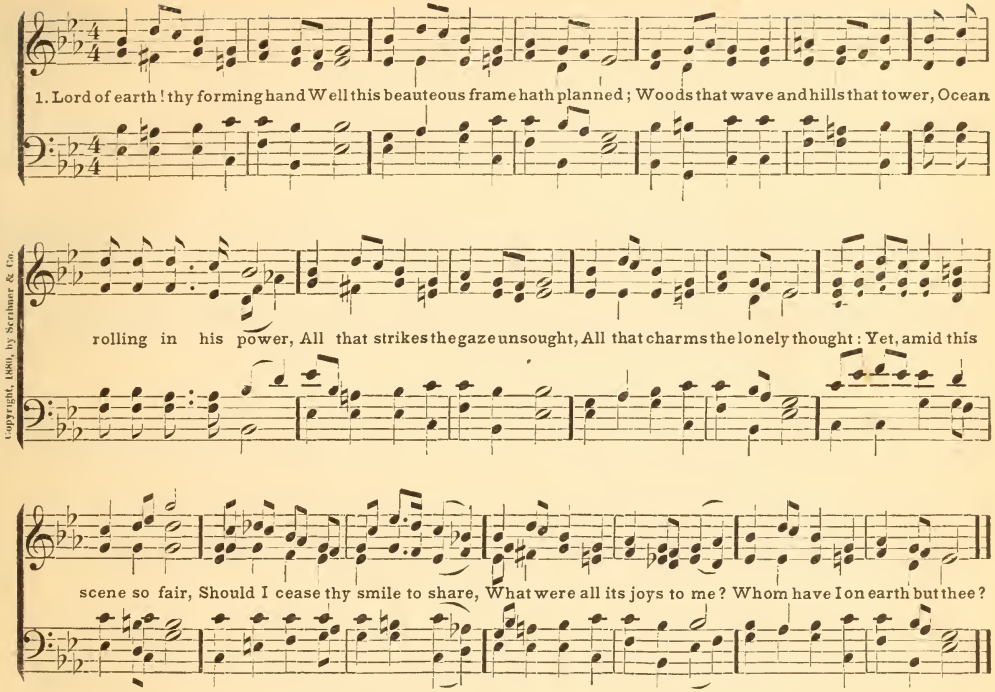
50 *The Mercy-Seat.*

From every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat;—
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

2 There is a place, where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads,—
A place, than all besides, more sweet;
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

4 There, there, on eagle wings we soar,
And sense and sin molest no more,
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat!

5 Oh, let my hand forget her skill,
My tongue be silent, cold, and still,
This bounding heart forget to beat,
If I forget the mercy-seat!

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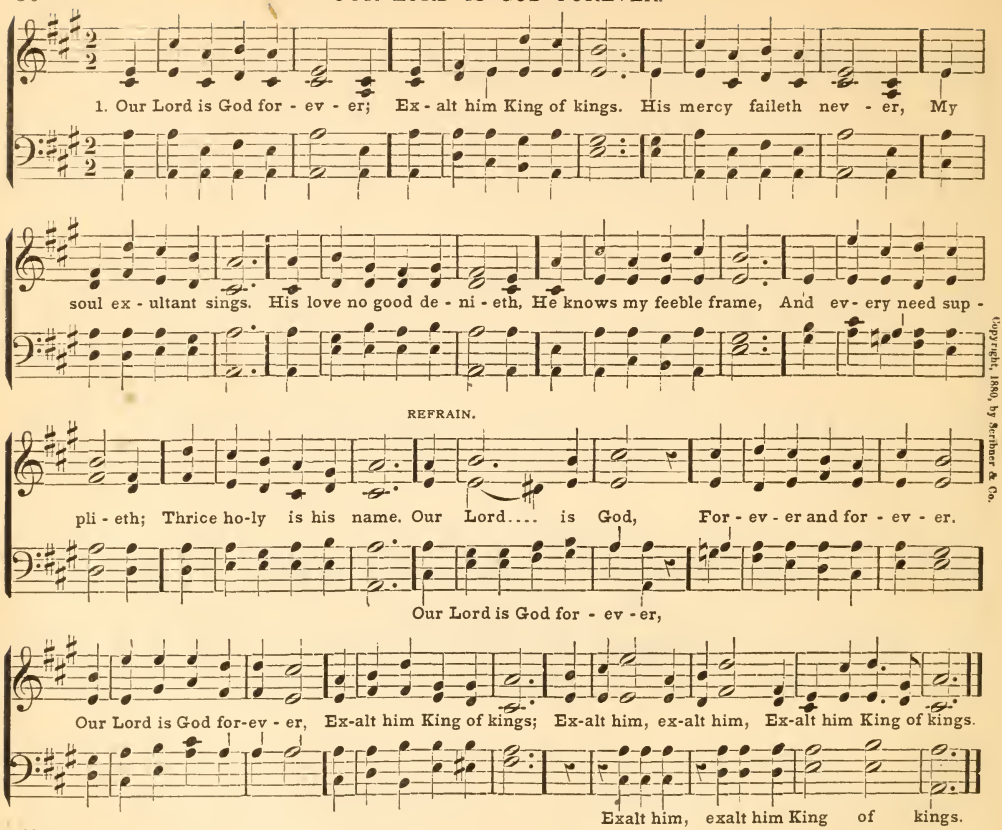
51

Longing for God.

Lord of earth! thy forming hand
Well this beauteous frame hath planned;
Woods that wave and hills that tower,
Ocean rolling in his power,
All that strikes the gaze unsought,
All that charms the lonely thought:
Yet, amid this scene so fair,
Should I cease thy smile to share,
What were all its joys to me?
Whom have I on earth but thee?

2 Lord of heaven! beyond our sight
Shines a world of purer light;
There in love's unclouded reign
Parted hands shall meet again,
While immortal music rings
From unnumbered seraph-strings:
Oh, that world is passing fair!
Yet, if thou wert absent there,
What were all its joys to me?
Whom have I in heaven but thee?

3 Lord of earth and heaven, my breast
Seeks in thee its only rest;
I was lost; thy accents mild
Homeward lured thy wandering child:
Source of every joy I know,
Solace of my every woe!
Oh, if once thy smile divine
Ceased upon my soul to shine,
What were earth or heaven to me?
Whom have I in each but thee?

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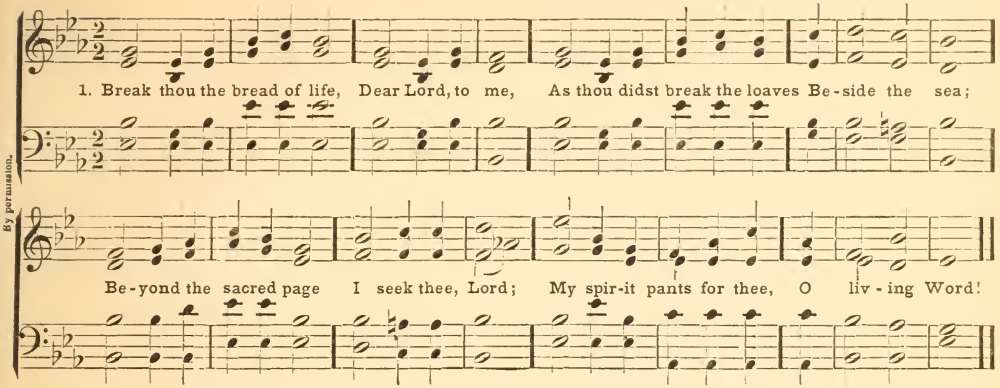
52

King of Kings.

Our Lord is God forever;
Exalt him King of kings!
His mercy faileth never,
My soul exultant sings.
His love no good denieth,
He knows my feeble frame,
And every need supplieth;
Thrice holy is his name.

2 In bitterest temptations
He doth my strength renew;
His tender consolations
Are neither small nor few.
Though trials overtake me,
And duties seem severe,
My Lord shall not forsake me,
My soul shall never fear.

3 Round thee my life is twining;
My only stay thou art;
Upon thy strength reclining
I draw me near thy heart.
Oh, show me thy salvation,
And tell me thou art mine;
And in thy new creation
Make me forever thine!



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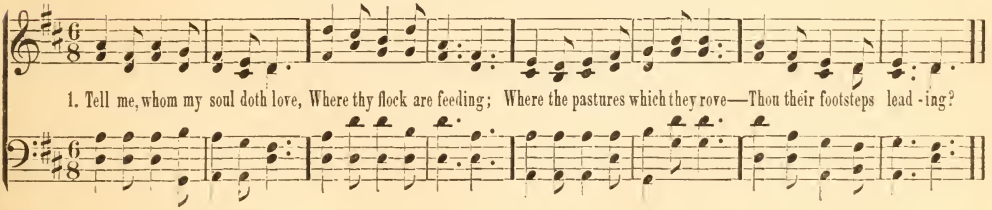
53

The Living Word.

BREAK thou the bread of life,
Dear Lord, to me;
As thou didst break the loaves
Beside the sea;
Beyond the sacred page
I seek thee, Lord;
My spirit pants for thee,
O living Word!

2 Bless thou the truth, dear Lord,
To me—to me—
As thou didst bless the bread
By Galilee;
Then shall all bondage cease,
All fetters fall;
And I shall find my peace,
My All-in-All.

TELL ME, WHOM MY SOUL DOTH LOVE.



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54

Cant. 1: 7.

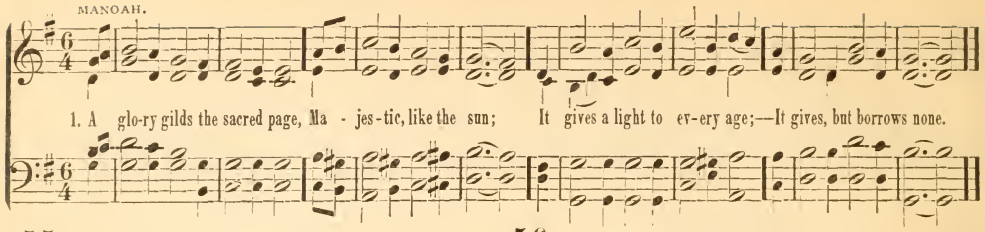
TELL me, whom my soul doth love,
Where thy flock are feeding;
Where the pastures which they rove—
Thou their footsteps leading?

2 Tell me, sheltered from the heat,
Where at noon they rest them;
Where at night their safe retreat—
Fold, where none molest them?

3 Strong is thy protecting arm;
Richly thou providest;
Feeding, resting—kept from harm—
Blest the flock thou guidest.

4 Noon and night be my defence;
Let no foe ensnare me;
Bring me to the Shepherd's tents—
In thy bosom bear me.

MANOAH.



55 *The World's Light.*

A GLORY gilds the sacred page,
Majestic, like the sun;
It gives a light to every age;—
It gives, but borrows none.

2 The hand, that gave it, still supplies
The gracious light and heat;
Its truths upon the nations rise —
They rise, but never set.

3 Let everlasting thanks be thine,
For such a bright display
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

4 My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of him I love,
Till glory breaks upon my view,
In brighter worlds above.

56 *Psalm* 119.

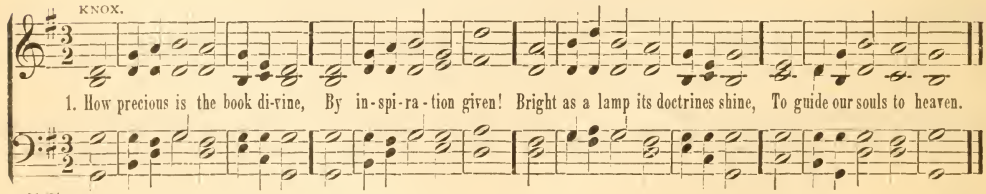
HOW SHALL the young secure their hearts,
And guard their lives from sin?
Thy word the choicest rules imparts
To keep the conscience clean.

2 When once it enters to the mind,
It spreads such light abroad,
The meanest souls instruction find,
And raise their thoughts to God.

3 'Tis like the sun, a heavenly light,
That guides us all the day;
And, through the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.

4 Thy word is everlasting truth;
How pure is every page!
That holy book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age.

HOW PRECIOUS IS THE BOOK DIVINE.

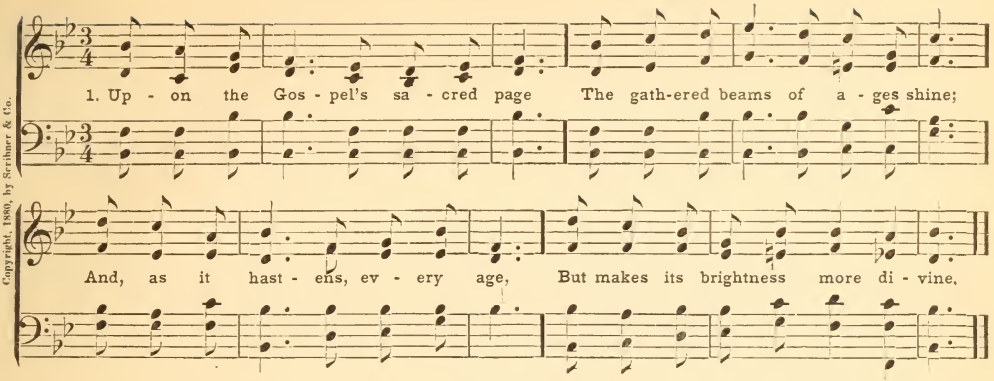
KNOX.

57 *Psalm* 119.

HOW PRECIOUS is the book divine,
By inspiration given!
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
To guide our souls to heaven.

2 O'er all the strait and narrow way
Its radiant beams are cast;
A light whose never weary ray
Grows brightest at the last.

3 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,
In this dark vale of tears;
Life, light, and joy it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.

4 This lamp, through all the tedious night
Of life, shall guide our way,
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.



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58

"And be glorified."

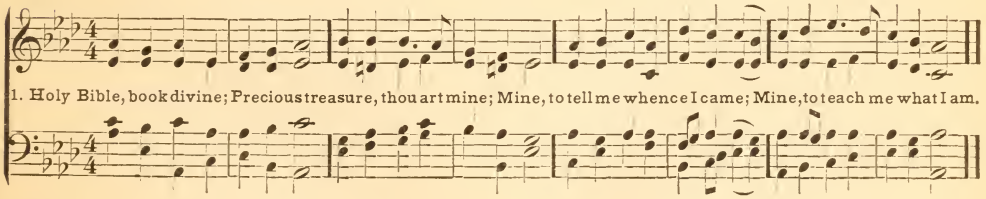
Upon the Gospel's sacred page
The gathered beams of ages shine;
And, as it hastens, every age
But makes its brightness more divine.

2 On mightier wing, in loftier flight,
From year to year does knowledge soar;
And, as it soars, the Gospel light
Becomes effulgent more and more.

3 More glorious still, as centuries roll,
New regions blest, new powers unfurled,
Expanding with the expanding soul,
Its radiance shall o'erflow the world,—

4 Flow to restore, but not destroy;
As when the cloudless lamp of day
Pours out its floods of light and joy,
And sweeps the lingering mist away.

HOLY BIBLE, BOOK DIVINE.

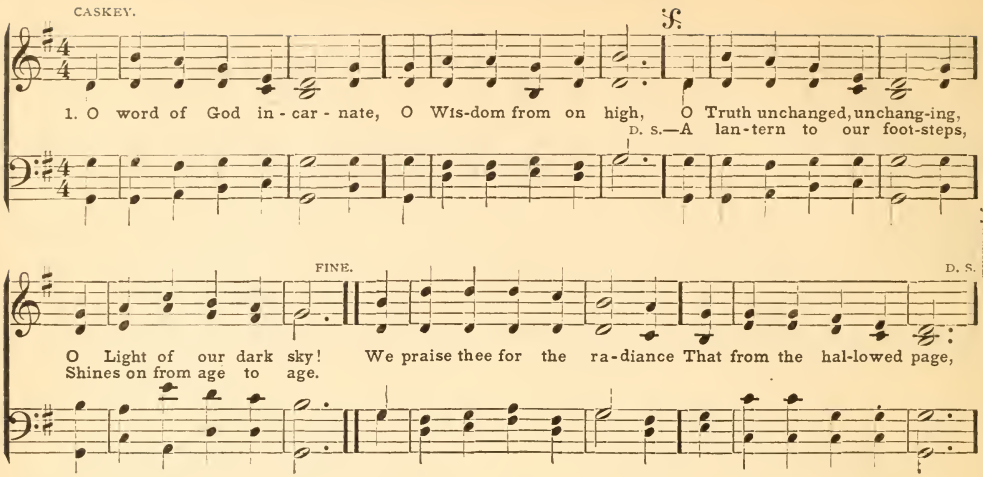
SCUDAMORE.

59

The Holy Scripture.

Holy Bible, book divine;
Precious treasure, thou art mine;
Mine, to tell me whence I came;
Mine, to teach me what I am.

2 Mine, to chide me when I rove;
Mine, to show a Saviour's love;
Mine art thou to guide my feet,
Mine, to judge, condemn, acquit.

3 Mine, to comfort in distress,
If the Holy Spirit bless;
Mine, to show by living faith
Man can triumph over death.

4 Mine, to tell of joys to come,
And the rebel sinner's doom;
Holy Bible, book divine,
Precious treasure, thou art mine.

60

The Church's Gift.

O WORD of God incarnate,
O Wisdom from on high,
O Truth unchanged, unchanging,
O Light of our dark sky!
We praise thee for the radiance
That from the hallowed page,
A lantern to our footsteps,
Shines on from age to age.

2 The Church from her dear Master
Received the gift divine,
And still that light she lifteth
O'er all the earth to shine.
It is the golden casket
Where gems of truth are stored;
It is the heaven-drawn picture
Of Christ the living Word.

3 Oh, make thy Church, dear Saviour,
A lamp of burnished gold,
To bear before the nations
Thy true light as of old;
Oh, teach thy wandering pilgrims
By this their path to trace,
Till, clouds and darkness ended,
They see thee face to face.

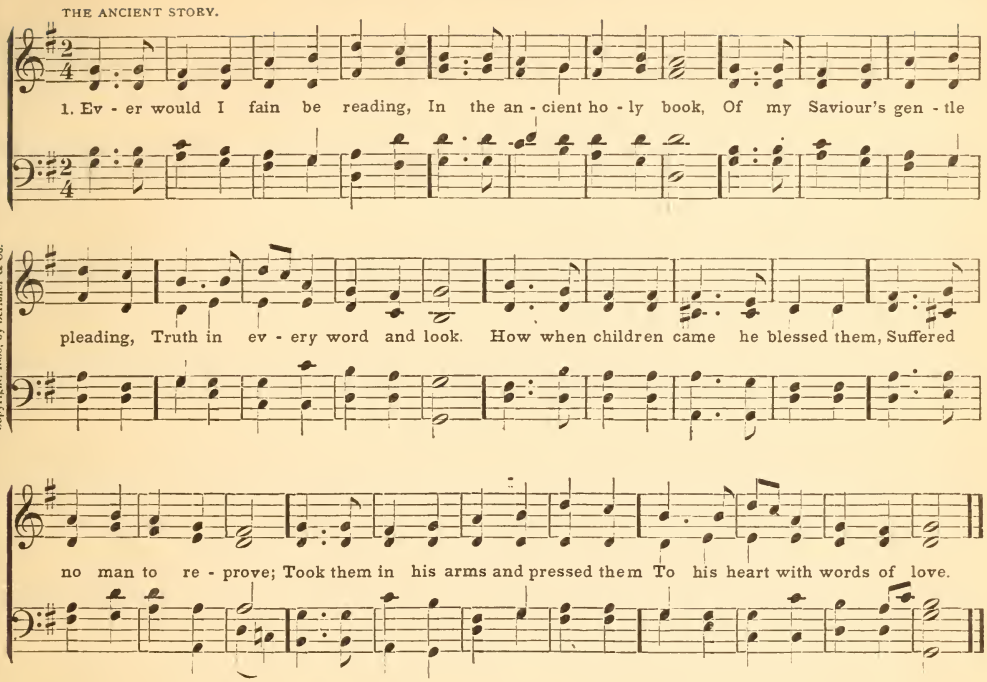
61

Psalm 19.

THE heavens declare his glory,
Their Maker's skill the skies;
Each day repeats the story,
And night to night replies.
Their silent proclamation
Throughout the earth is heard;
The record of creation,
The page of nature's word.

2 So pure, so soul-restoring,
Is truth's diviner ray;
A brighter radiance pouring
Than all the pomp of day:
The wanderer surely guiding,
It makes the simple wise;
And, evermore abiding,
Unfailing joy supplies.

3 Thy word is richer treasure
Than lurks within the mine;
And daintiest fare less pleasure
Yields than this food divine.
How wise each kind monition!
Led by thy counsels, Lord,
How safe the saints' condition,
How great is their reward!



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62

The Saviour in the Word.

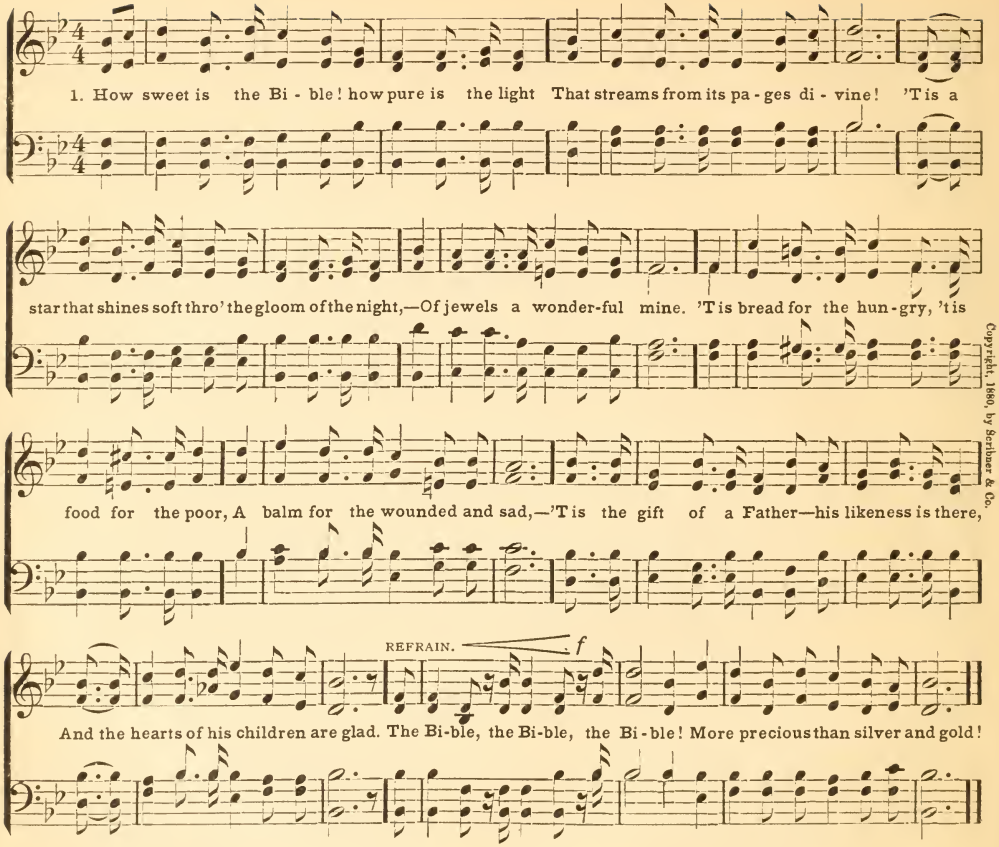
Ever would I fain be reading,
In the ancient holy book,
Of my Saviour's gentle pleading,
Truth in every word and look.
How when children came he blessed them,
Suffered no man to reprove;
Took them in his arms and pressed them
To his heart with words of love.

2 Still I read the ancient story,
And my joy is ever new;
How for us he left his glory,
How he still is kind and true.
Let me kneel, my Lord! before thee,
Let my heart in tears o'erflow,
Melted by thy love, adore thee,
Blest in thee mid joy or woe.

63

"Only little ones."

God of heaven! hear our singing:
Only little ones are we,
Yet, a great petition bringing,
Father, now we come to thee:
Let thy kingdom come, we pray thee!
Let the world in thee find rest;
Let all know thee and obey thee—
Loving, praising, blessing, blest!

2 Let the sweet and joyful story
Of the Saviour's wondrous love,
Wake on earth a song of glory,
Like the angels' song above:
Father, send the glorious hour,
Every heart be thine alone!
For the kingdom and the power
And the glory, are thine own!

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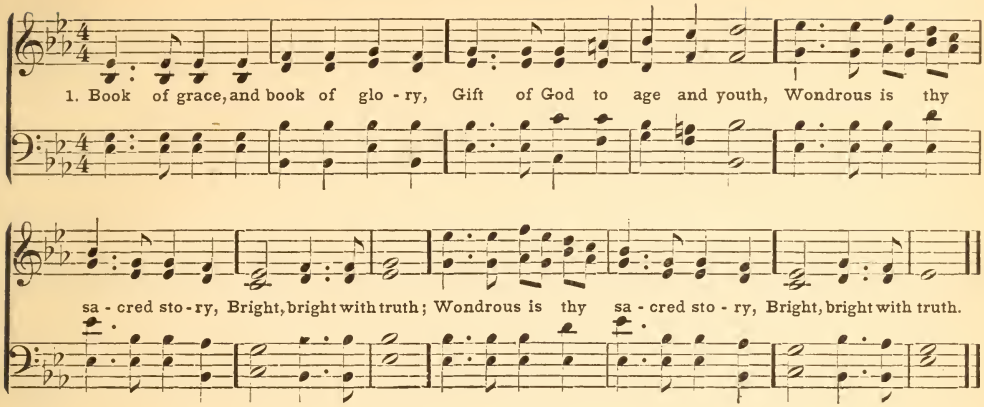
64

The Word of God.

How SWEET is the Bible! how pure is the light
That streams from its pages divine!
'Tis a star that shines soft through the gloom of the night,—
Of jewels a wonderful mine.
'Tis bread for the hungry, 'tis food for the poor,
A balm for the wounded and sad,—
'Tis the gift of a Father—his likeness is there,
And the hearts of his children are glad.

2 'Tis the voice of the Saviour—how sweet in the storm!
It speaks to the sinner distressed,—
The tempest is hushed! o'er the sea comes a calm—
The troubled and weary find rest.
Oh, teach me, blest Jesus, to seek for thy face,
To me let thy welcome be given;
Now speak to my heart some kind message of grace,
And words that shall guide me to heaven.

65

Wonderful Book.

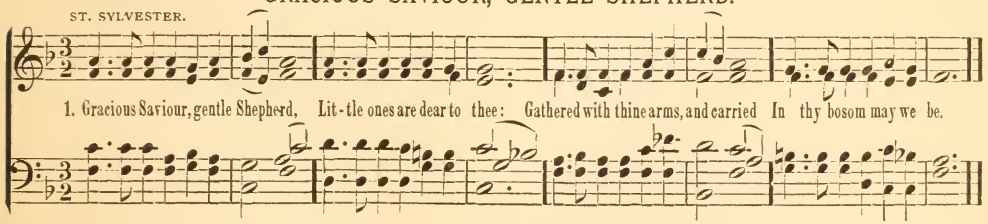
Book of grace, and book of glory!
Gift of God to age and youth,
Wondrous is thy sacred story,
Bright, bright with truth.

2 Book of love! in accents tender
Speaking unto such as we;
May it lead us, Lord, to render
All, all to thee.

3 Book of hope! the spirit, sighing,
Sweetest comfort finds in thee,
As it hears the Saviour crying,
"Come, come to me!"

4 Book of life! when we, reposing,
Bid farewell to friends we love,
Give us, for the life then closing,
Life, life above.

GRACIOUS SAVIOUR, GENTLE SHEPHERD.



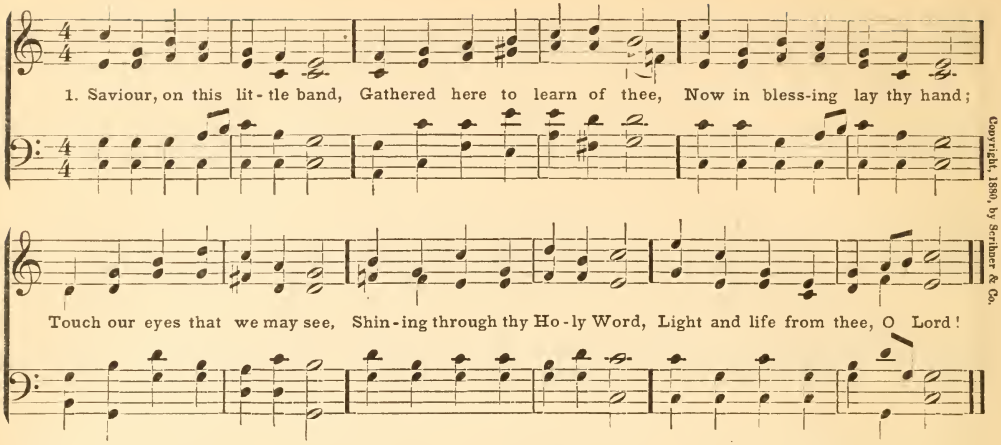
66

Christ Leading.

Gracious Saviour, gentle Shepherd,
Little ones are dear to thee;
Gathered with thine arms, and carried
In thy bosom may we be.

2 Tender Shepherd, never leave us
From thy fold to go astray;
By thy look of love directed,
May we walk the narrow way.

3 Taught to lisp the holy praises
Which on earth thy children sing,
May we with thy saints in glory
Join to praise our Lord and King.



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67

The Living Word.

Saviour, on this little band,
Gathered here to learn of thee,
Now in blessing lay thy hand;
Touch our eyes that we may see,
Shining through thy Holy Word,
Light and life from thee, O Lord!

2 From the bounty of thy store
Daily may our souls be fed;
Lest we hunger, evermore
Give us of the heavenly bread;
May our souls be strong, O Lord!
With the manna of thy word.

3 With the water of thy love
Now our earthen pitchers fill,
Flowing from thy throne above,
Free to "whosoever will;"
From this fountain of thy word
We would drink and live, O Lord!

4 All our blessings come from thee,
Christ, the Living Word from heaven!
All our powers to do or be
To thy service shall be given:
May thy presence with us still
Make us wise to learn thy will.

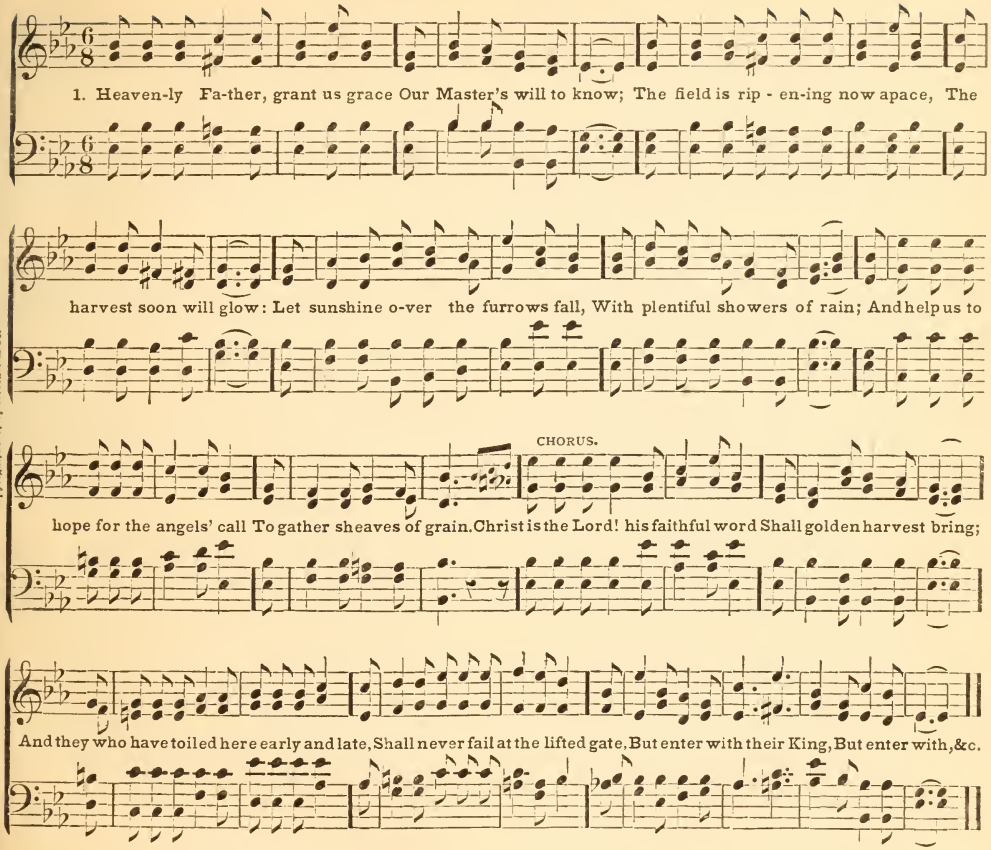
68

The Narrow Way.

Lord, thy children guide and keep,
As with feeble steps they press
On the pathway rough and steep
Through this weary wilderness:
Holy Jesus! day by day
Lead us in the narrow way.

2 There are sandy wastes that lie
Cold and sunless, vast and drear,
Where the feeble faint and die;
Grant us grace to persevere:
Holy Jesus! day by day
Lead us in the narrow way.

3 There are soft and flowery glades,
Decked with golden-fruited trees—
Sunny slopes, and scented shades;
Keep us, Lord, from slothful ease:
Holy Jesus! day by day
Lead us in the narrow way.

4 Upward still to purer heights,
Onward yet to scenes more blest,
Calmer regions, clearer lights,
Till we reach the promised rest—
Holy Jesus! day by day,
Lead us in the narrow way.

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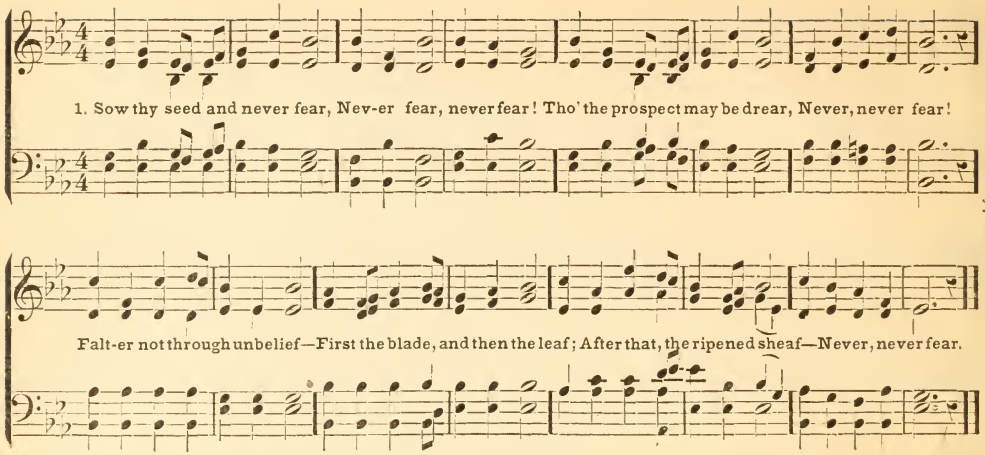
69

Coming with sheaves.

HEAVENLY Father, grant us grace
Our Master's will to know;
The field is ripening now apace,
The harvest soon will glow:
Let sunshine over the furrows fall,
With plentiful showers of rain;
And help us to hope for the angels' call
To gather sheaves of grain.

CHO.—Christ is the Lord! his faithful word
Shall golden harvest bring;
And they, who have toiled here early and late,
Shall never fail at the lifted gate,
But enter with their King!

2 Glorious greetings wait the blest,
Who heed the Lord's command;
The servants share in the Master's rest,
And stand at his right hand;
For God hath spoken it long ago—
What every true heart believes—
That they, who with weeping go forth to sow,
Shall come again with sheaves.



70

Work and pray.

Sow thy seed and never fear,
Never fear, never fear!
Though the prospect may be drear,
Never, never fear!
Falter not through unbelief—
First the blade, and then the leaf;
After that, the ripened sheaf—
Never, never fear.

2 Labor on through cold and heat,
Labor on, labor on!
Though with weary hands and feet,
Labor, labor on!
Life is brief, the field is wide;
Rest will come at eventide;
Jesus watcheth at thy side,
Labor, labor on!

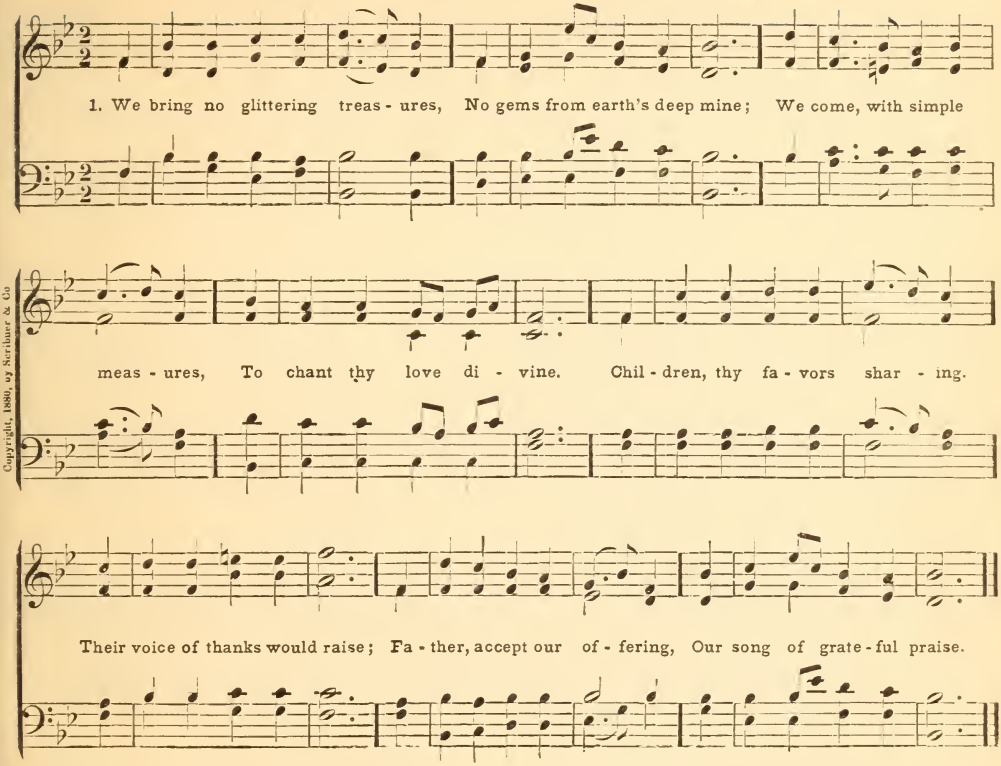
3 Still with patient trust and care
Work and pray, work and pray!
Let the Master tell thee where,
Work, and trust, and pray!
He will guide thee with his eye;
Not a seed of truth can die;
Sure of harvest by and by,
Work, oh, work to-day!

71

Work and Trust.

Is thy pathway often drear?
Trust the Lord, trust the Lord!
His right hand is ever near,
Though thy sight be dim;
What though dangers round thee press—
Friends desert and foes distress?
Never doubt his lovingness;
Leave thy way with him.

2 When with fear thy spirit quakes,
Trust the Lord, trust the Lord!
Jesus knows the way he takes,
Walk with him by faith:
Clinging to his mighty arm,
Let no foe thy soul alarm,
He will keep thee safe from harm,
Constant unto death.

3 Then go singing on thy way,
Trust the Lord, trust the Lord!
He will turn thy night to day—
Every sorrow share;
Grace for every need is stored
By the promise of his word;
"Cast thy burden on the Lord;"
None can perish there!

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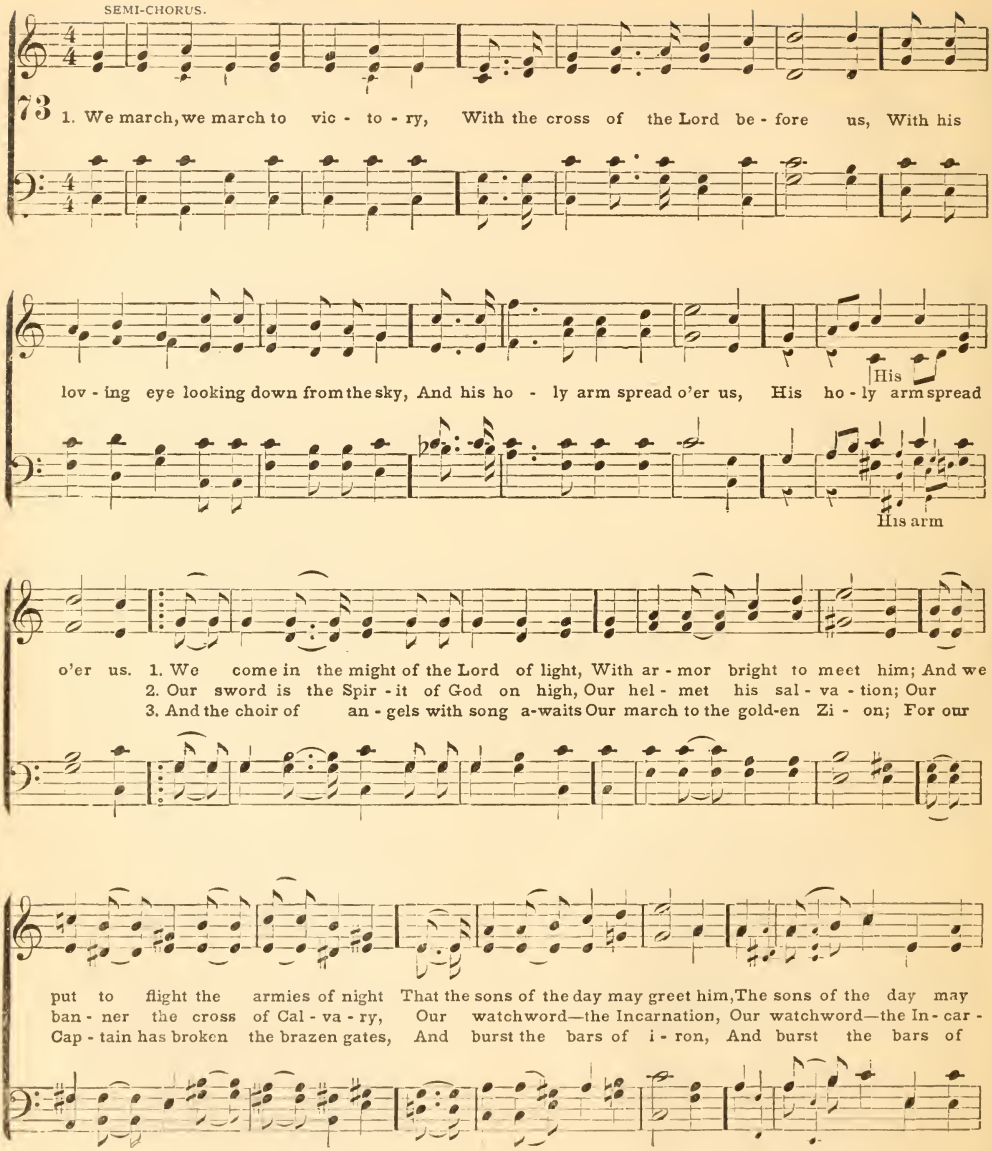
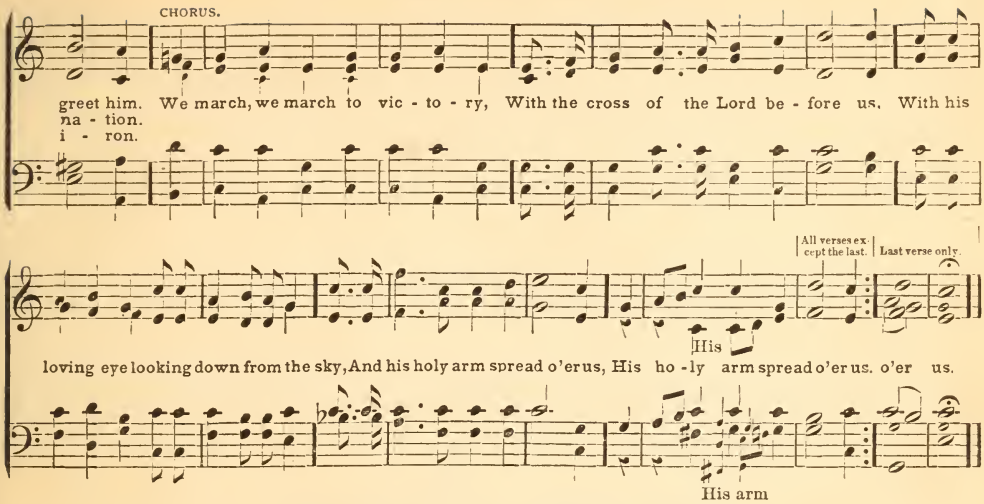
72

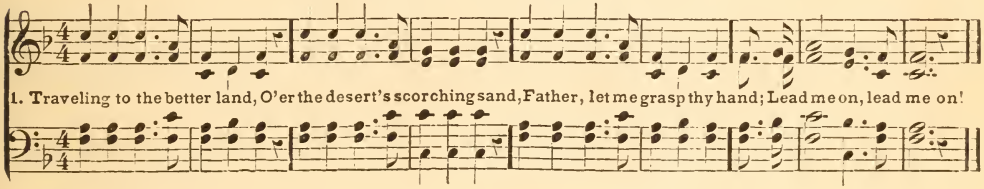
Grateful Praise.

We bring no glittering treasures,
No gems from earth's deep mine;
We come, with simple measures,
To chant thy love divine.
Children, thy favors sharing,
Their voice of thanks would raise;
Father, accept our offering,
Our song of grateful praise.

2 The dearest gift of heaven,
Love's written word of truth,
To us is early given,
To guide our steps in youth;
We hear the wondrous story,
The tale of Calvary;
We read of homes in glory,
From sin and sorrow free.

3 Redeemer, grant thy blessing!
Oh, teach us how to pray,
That each, thy fear possessing,
May tread life's onward way;
Then, where the pure are dwelling
We hope to meet again,
And, sweeter numbers swelling,
Forever praise thy name.

SEMI-CHORUS.
73
1. We march, we march to vic - to - ry, With the cross of the Lord be - fore us, With his
lov - ing eye looking down from the sky, And his ho - ly arm spread o'er us, His ho - ly arm spread
His
His arm
o'er us. 1. We come in the might of the Lord of light, With ar - mor bright to meet him; And we
2. Our sword is the Spir - it of God on high, Our hel - met his sal - va - tion; Our
3. And the choir of an - gels with song a-waits Our march to the gold-en Zi - on; For our
put to flight the armies of night That the sons of the day may greet him, The sons of the day may
ban - ner the cross of Cal - va - ry, Our watchword—the Incarnation, Our watchword—the In - car -
Cap - tain has broken the brazen gates, And burst the bars of i - ron, And burst the bars of



TRAVELING TO THE BETTER LAND.

74

Traveling to the better land,
O'er the desert's scorching sand,
Father! let me grasp thy hand;
Lead me on, lead me on!

2 When at Marah, parched with heat,
I the sparkling fountain greet,
Make the bitter water sweet;
Lead me on!

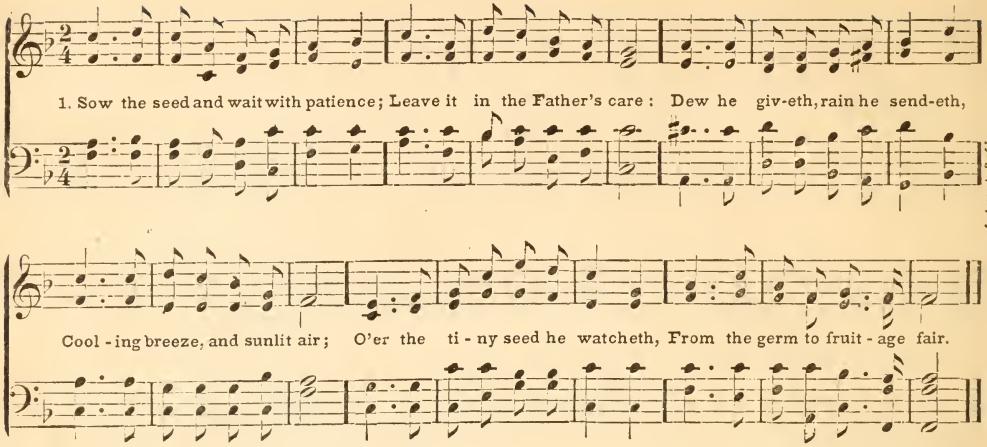
3 When the wilderness is drear,
Show me Elim's palm-grove near,
And her wells, as crystal clear:
Lead me on!

4 Through the water, through the fire,
Never let me fall or tire,
Every step brings Canaan nigher:
Lead me on!

5 Bid me stand on Nebo's height,
Gaze upon the land of light,
Then, transported with the sight,
Lead me on!

6 When I stand on Jordan's brink,
Never let me fear nor shrink;
Hold me, Father, lest I sink:
Lead me on!

7 When the victory is won,
And eternal life begun,
Up to glory lead me on!
Lead me on, lead me on!



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75 *Sow the Seed.*

Sow THE seed, and wait with patience;
Leave it in the Father's care:
Dew he giveth, rain he sendeth,
Cooling breeze, and sunlit air;
O'er the tiny seed he watcheth,
From the germ to fruitage fair.

2 Who can know the wondrous working—
Who but God who drew the plan—
Ere the dry and withered seedlet,
Bursting forth to view of man,
Shows at length its hidden glory,
Cheers us by its life's short span?

3 Ah! we know not, yet God knoweth;
Wisely hath he planned it all;
Sow the seed, then wait with patience
Till God's rain and sunshine fall;
Springing forth but at his bidding,
It shall surely bear his call.

4 Sow the seed, then, Christian worker,
Be not weary-hearted grown,
Leave it with thy Lord; he knoweth
Every pang that thou hast known;
Sow the seed; thy Father watcheth
O'er the seed that thou hast sown.

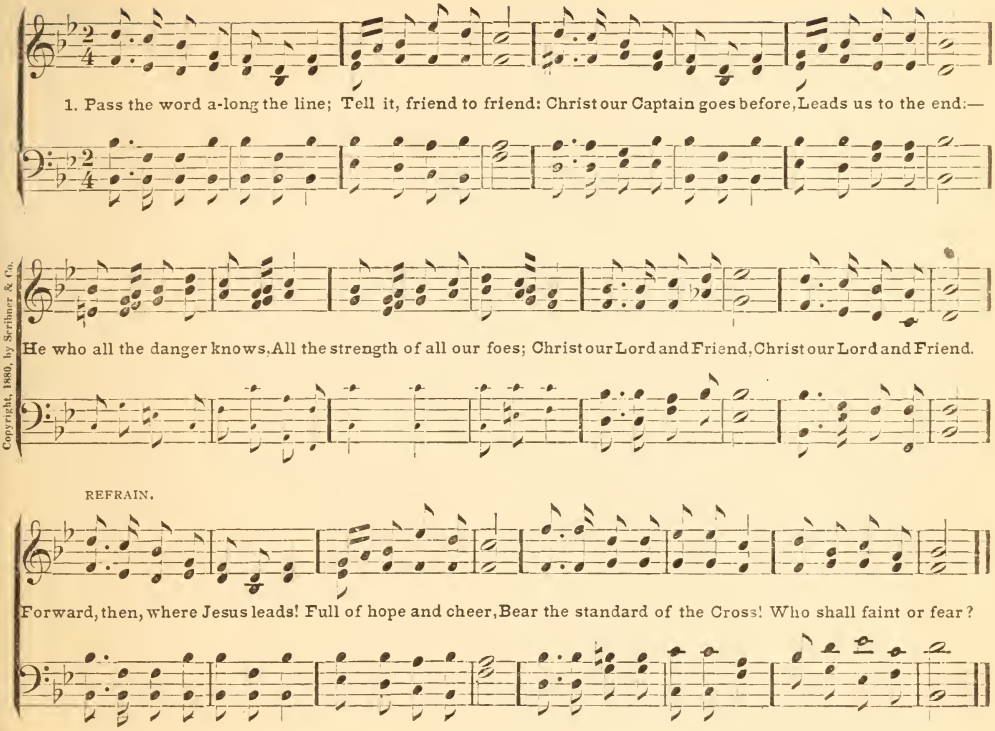
76 *"Faint, yet Pursuing."*

Lord, in whose eternal counsels
Past and future are as one,
With thy grace and thy protection
Bless thy work in us begun;
By our hands maintain thy conflict,
Till the victory be won.

2 With thy glory for our watchword,
And our confidence in thee,
In thy might our weakness prospered;
Faint, yet not distressed are we;
Still in hope, by faithful warfare,
Thy co-heirs of joy to be.

3 Great thy work for us already,
Lord, wherein we now rejoice:
Oh, with thy sure help forever
Bless the people of thy choice!
Make us follow where thou goest,
Faithful to our Shepherd's voice.

4 So to thee, O loving Father!
So to thee, incarnate Son!
So to thee, creator Spirit!
Ever Three and ever One—
Be the glory of the wonders
Which thy hand alone hath done!



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77

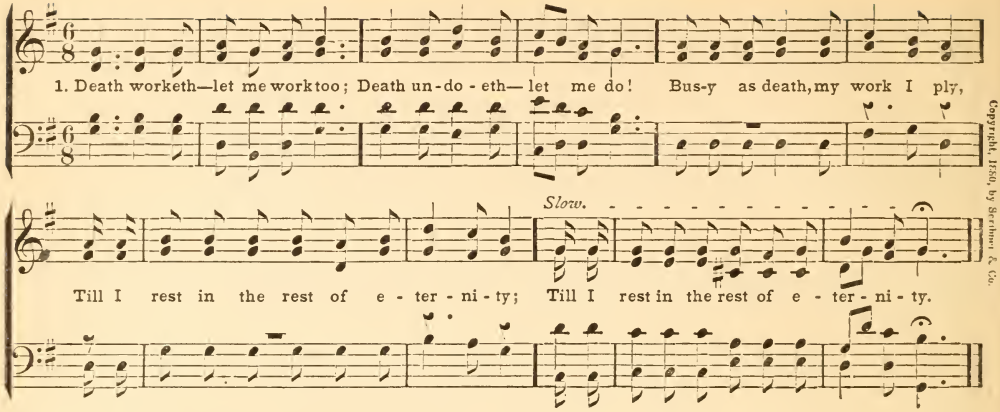
The Order for Advance.

Pass the word along the line:
Tell it, friend to friend:
Christ our Captain goes before,
Leads us to the end:—
He who all the danger knows,
All the strength of all our foes,
Christ our Lord and Friend!

Ref.—Forward, then, where Jesus leads!
Full of hope and cheer,
Bear the standard of the cross!
Who shall faint or fear?

2 He who goes where Jesus leads,
Never goes astray;
He who Jesus' order heeds,
Always gains the day;
He, who falters not, shall be
Led to glorious victory,
By a glorious way!

3 Pass the word along the line:
Lo! the promised land
Ye shall enter and possess,
By his mighty hand:
Courage, then! ye must not fail;
Strongest foes cannot prevail;
Jesus has command!



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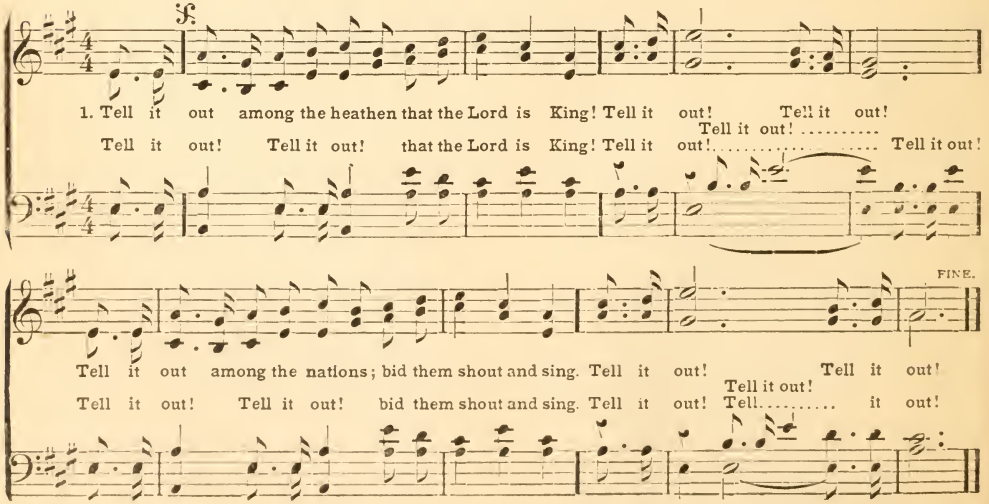
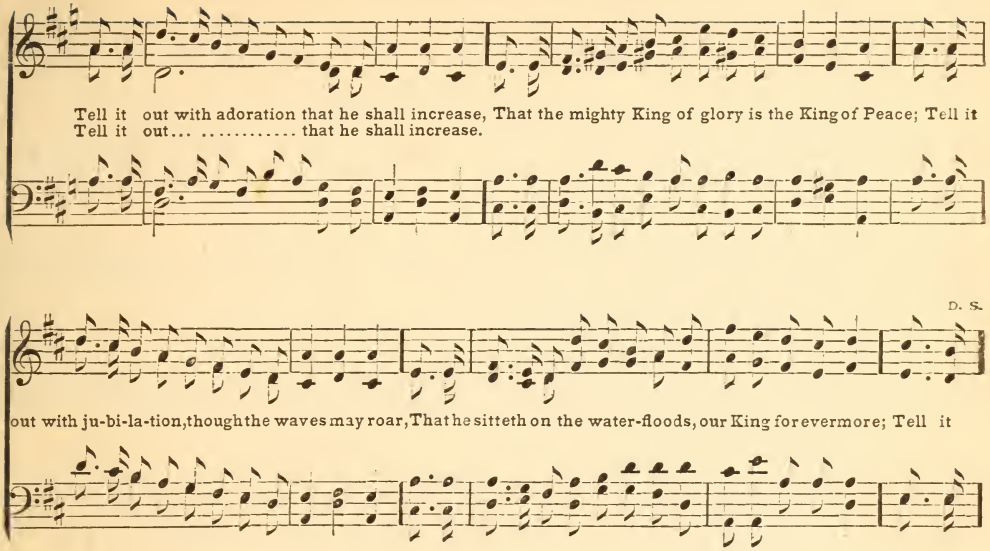
78

Redeem the Time.

DEATH worketh—let me work too;
Death undoeth—let me do!
Busy as death, my work I ply,
Till I rest in the rest of eternity.

2 Time worketh—let me work too;
Time undoeth—let me do!
Busy as time, my work I ply,
Till I rest in the rest of eternity.

3 Sin worketh—let me work too;
Sin undoeth—let me do!
Busy as sin, my work I ply,
Till I rest in the rest of eternity.

TELL IT OUT.



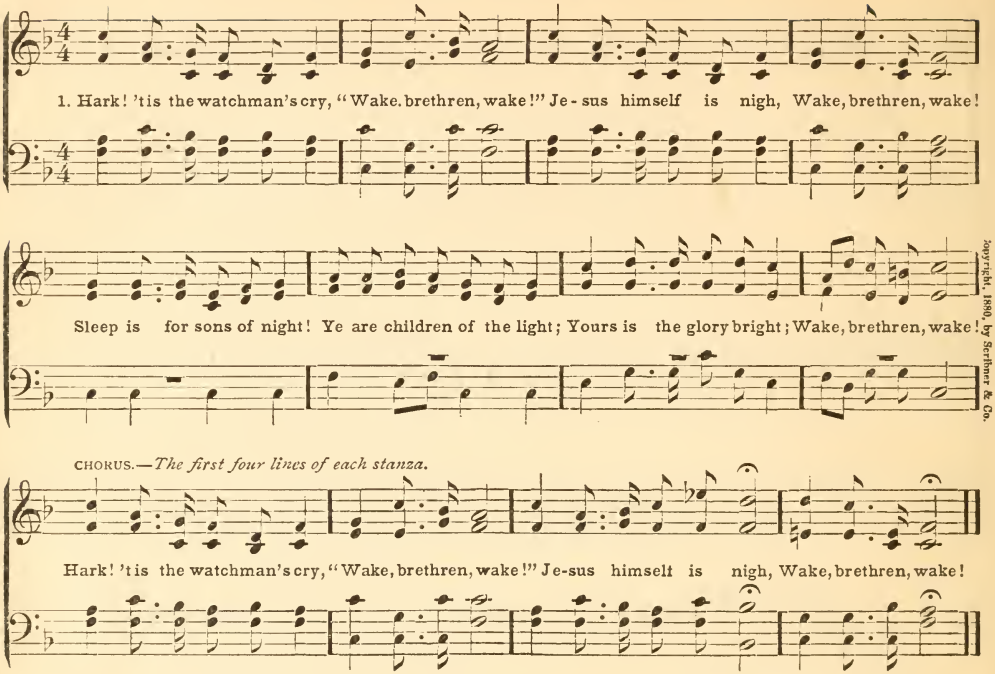
79

The Lord is King.

Tell it out among the heathen that the Lord is King!
Tell it out! Tell it out!
Tell it out among the nations; bid them shout and sing!
Tell it out! Tell it out!
Tell it out with adoration that he shall increase,
That the mighty King of Glory is the King of Peace;
Tell it out with jubilation, though the waves may roar,
That he sitteth on the water-floods, our King for evermore!

2 Tell it out among the heathen that the Saviour reigns!
Tell it out! Tell it out!
Tell it out among the nations, bid them burst their chains,
Tell it out! Tell it out!
Tell it out among the weeping ones that Jesus lives;
Tell it out among the weary ones what rest he gives;
Tell it out among the sinners that he came to save;
Tell it out among the dying that he triumphed o'er the grave.

3 Tell it out among the heathen, Jesus reigns above!
Tell it out! Tell it out!
Tell it out among the nations that his reign is love!
Tell it out! Tell it out!
Tell it out among the highways and the lanes at home;
Let it ring across the mountains and the ocean foam;
Like the sound of many waters let our glad shout be,
Till it echo and re-echo from the islands of the sea.



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80

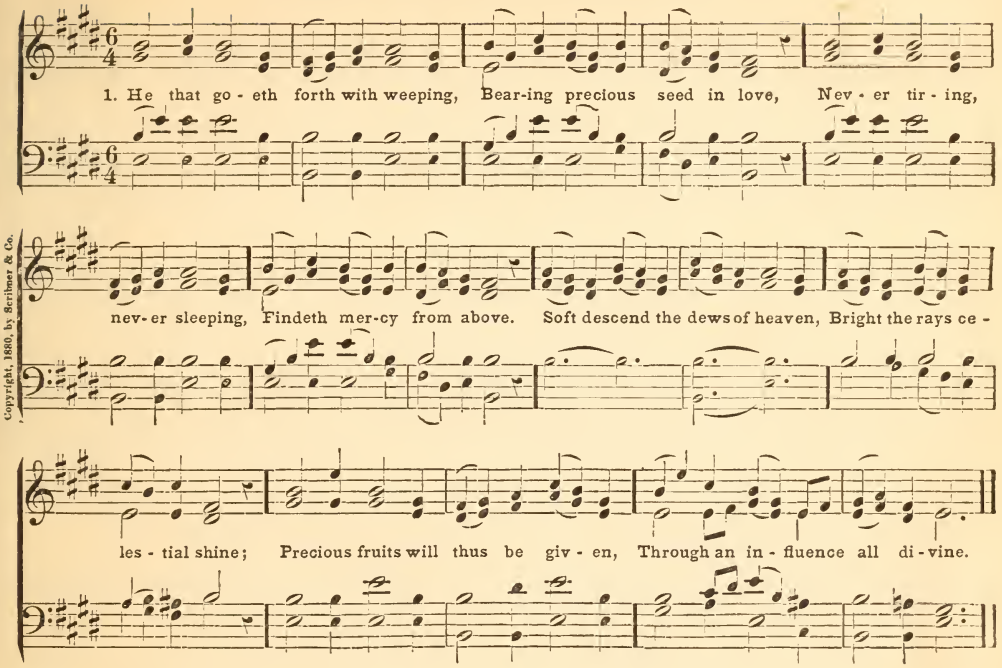
Earnest Calls.

HARK! 'tis the watchman's cry,
"Wake, brethren, wake!"
Jesus himself is nigh,
Wake, brethren, wake!
Sleep is for sons of night;
Ye are children of the light;
Yours is the glory bright;
Wake, brethren, wake!

2 Call to each wakening band,
Watch, brethren, watch!
Clear is our Lord's command,
Watch, brethren, watch!
Be ye as men that wait
Always at their Master's gate,
Ev'n though he tarry late;
Watch, brethren, watch!

3 Heed we the steward's call,
"Work, brethren, work!"
There's room enough for all;
Work, brethren, work!
This vineyard of the Lord
Constant labor will afford;
He will your work reward;
Work, brethren, work!

4 Sound now the final chord!
Praise, brethren, praise!
Thrice holy is the Lord;
Praise, brethren, praise!
What more befits the tongues
Soon to lead the angels' songs,
While heaven the note prolongs?
Praise, brethren, praise!



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81

Psalm 126: 6.

He that goeth forth with weeping,
Bearing precious seed in love,
Never tiring, never sleeping,
Findeth mercy from above.
Soft descend the dews of heaven,
Bright the rays celestial shine;
Precious fruits will thus be given,
Through an influence all divine.

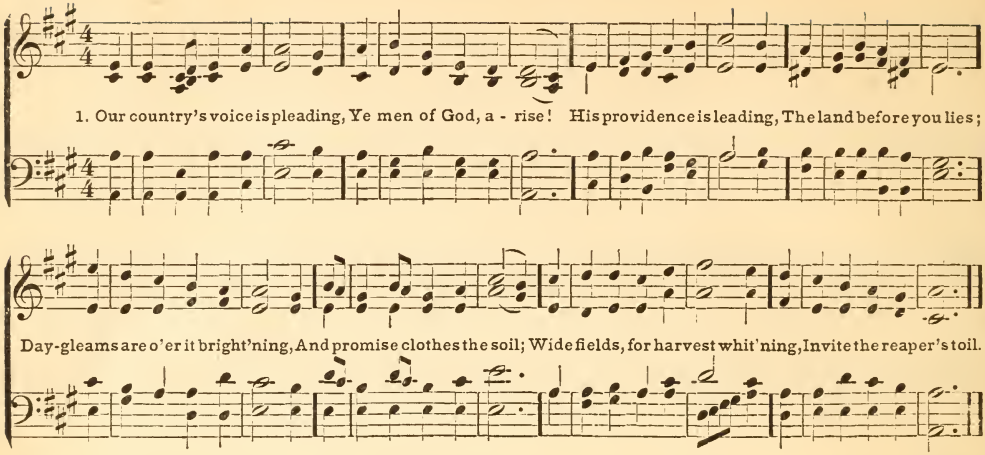
2 Sow thy seed, be never weary,
Let no fears thy soul annoy;
Be the prospect ne'er so dreary,
Thou shalt reap the fruits of joy.
Lo, the scene of verdure brightening!
See the rising grain appear;
Look again! the fields are whitening,
For the harvest time is near.

82

Eccl. 11: 1.

Cast thy bread upon the waters,
Thinking not 'tis thrown away;
God himself saith, thou shalt gather
It again some future day.
Cast thy bread upon the waters;
Wildly though the billows roll,
They but aid thee as thou toilest
Truth to spread from pole to pole.

2 As the seed by billows floated,
To some distant island lone,
So to human souls benighted,
That thou flingest may be borne.
Cast thy bread upon the waters;
Why wilt thou still doubting stand?
Bounteous shall God send the harvest,
If thou sow'st with liberal hand.



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83

Home Missions.

Our country's voice is pleading,
Ye men of God, arise!
His providence is leading,
The land before you lies;
Day-gleams are o'er it brightening,
And promise clothes the soil;
Wide fields, for harvest whitening,
Invite the reaper's toil.

2 Go, where the waves are breaking
On California's shore,
Christ's precious gospel taking,
More rich than golden ore;
On Alleghany's mountains,
Through all the western vale,
Beside Missouri's fountains,
Rehearse the wondrous tale.

3 The love of Christ unfolding,
Speed on from east to west,
Till all, his cross beholding,
In him are fully blest.
Great Author of salvation,
Haste, haste the glorious day,
When we, a ransomed nation,
Thy sceptre shall obey.

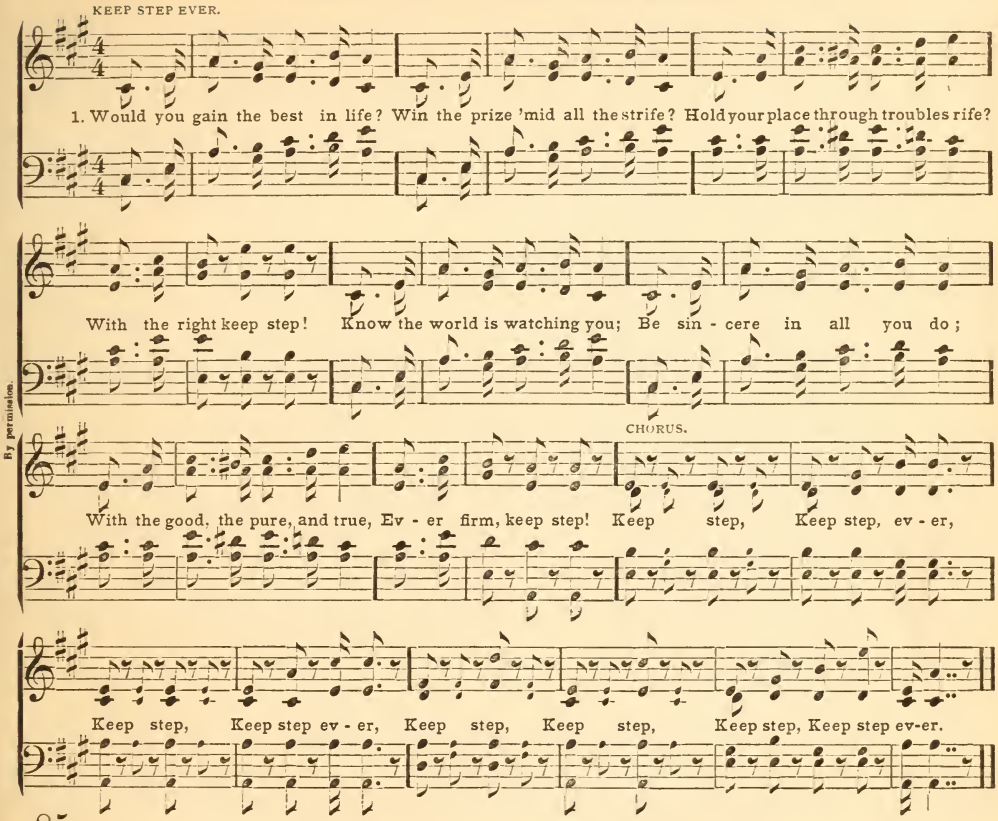
84

Words of Cheer.

O happy band of pilgrims,
If onward ye will tread,
With Jesus as your Fellow,
To Jesus as your Head!
The cross that Jesus carried,
He carried as your due:
The crown that Jesus weareth,
He weareth it for you.

2 The faith by which ye see him,
The hope in which ye yearn,
The love that through all trouble
To him alone will turn—
What are they but forerunners,
To lead you to his sight?
What are they save the effluence
Of uncreated light?

3 The trials that beset you,
The sorrows ye endure,
The manifold temptations
That death alone can cure:—
What are they, but his jewels
Of right celestial worth?
What are they but the ladder,
Set up to heaven on earth?



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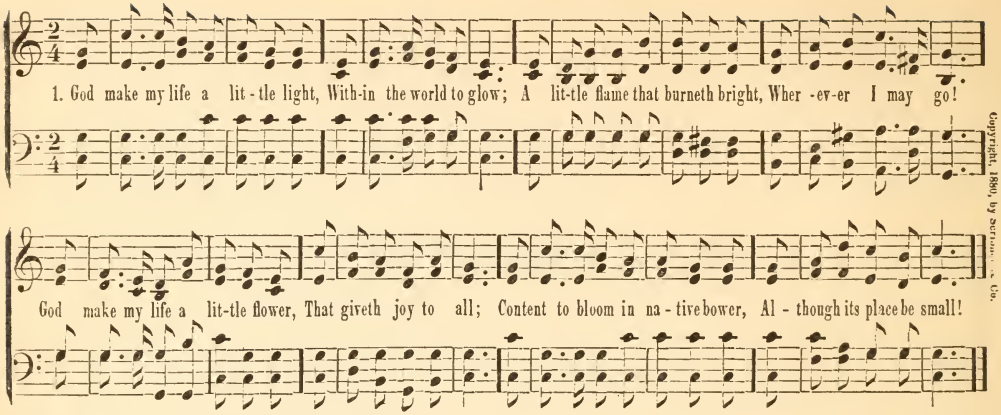
85

"Keep step ever."

Would you gain the best in life?
Win the prize 'mid all the strife?
Hold your place through troubles rife?
With the right keep step!
Know the world is watching you;
Be sincere in all you do;
With the good, the pure and true,
Ever firm keep step!

2 Life is more than idle play;
It will quickly pass away;
Use aright each golden day;
With the good keep step!
There are earnest pressing needs,
Filled alone by purest deeds;
Happy he the call who heeds—
With the true keep step!

3 Look beyond the present hour;
Never yield to Satan's power;
Though above the clouds may lower,
With the truth keep step!
Onward press! nor, on the way,
Loiter once or waste the day:
God and truth and right all say,
"Strong in faith, keep step!"



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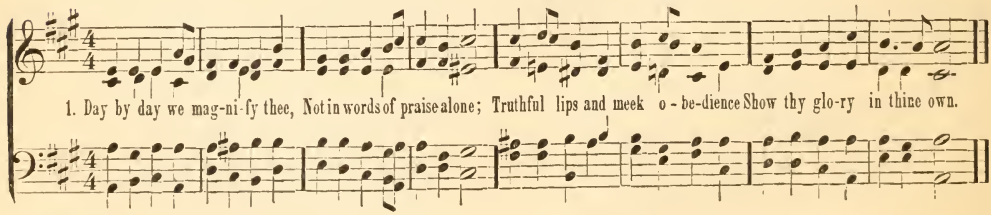
86

A little child's Prayer.

God make my life a little light,
Within the world to glow;
A little flame that burneth bright,
Wherever I may go!
God make my life a little flower,
That giveth joy to all;
Content to bloom in native bower,
Although its place be small.

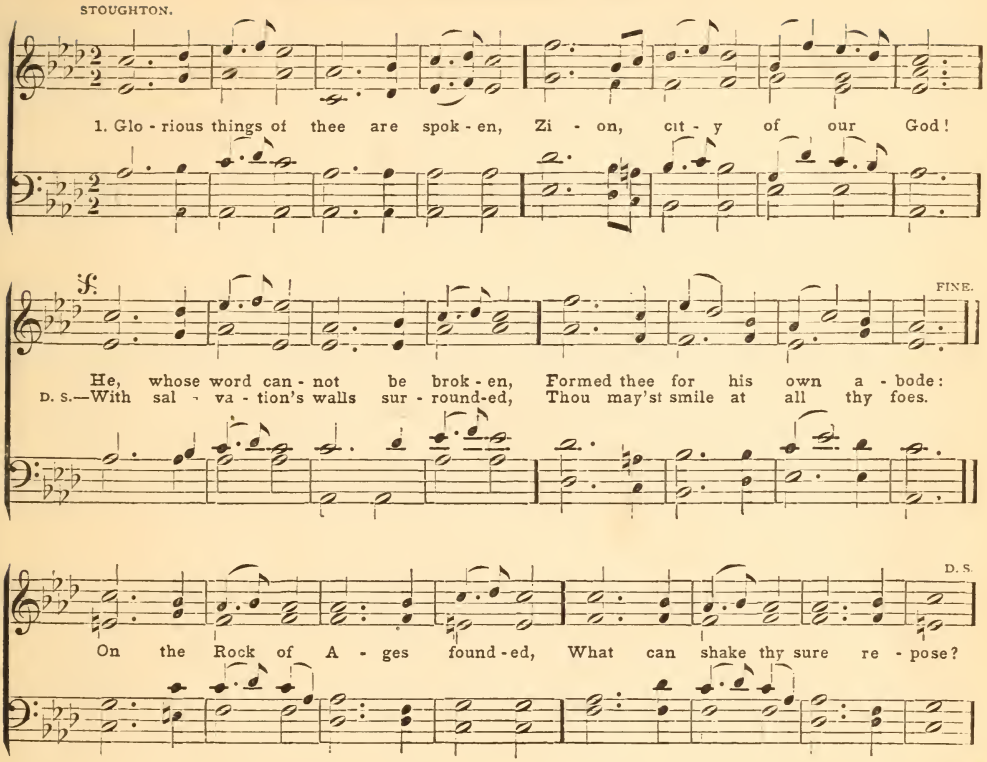
2 God make my life a little staff,
Whereon the weak may rest;
That so what breath and strength I have,
May serve my neighbor best!
God make my life a little hymn
Of tenderness and praise;
Of faith that never waxeth dim
In all his wondrous ways!

DAY BY DAY WE MAGNIFY THEE.

87

Deeds not words alone.

Day by day we magnify thee,
Not in words of praise alone;
Truthful lips and meek obedience
Show thy glory in thine own.

2 Day by day we magnify thee,
When for Jesus' sake we try
Every wrong to bear with patience,
Every sin to mortify.

3 Day by day we magnify thee,
Till our days on earth shall cease;
Till we rest from these our labors,
Waiting for thy day in peace.

88

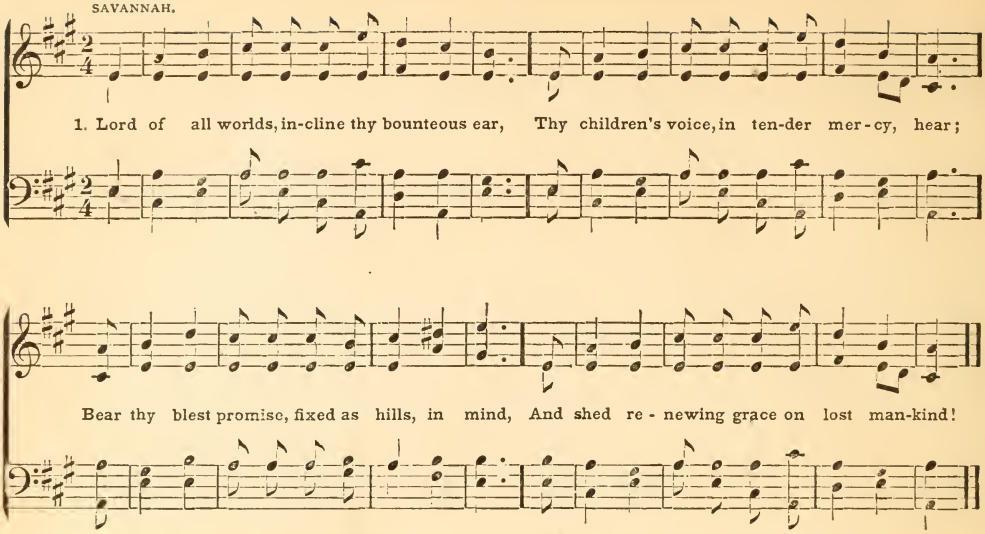
"*Glorious things.*"

Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God!
He, whose word cannot be broken,
Formed thee for his own abode:
On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

2 See! the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove:
Who can faint, while such a river
Ever flows their thirst to assuage?—
Grace, which, like the Lord, the Giver,
Never fails from age to age.

3 Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near!
Thus deriving from their banner,
Light by night, and shade by day,
Safe they feed upon the manna
Which he gives them when they pray.

SAVANNAH.



89

The Latter Day Glory.

Lord of all worlds, incline thy bounteous ear,
Thy children's voice, in tender mercy, hear;
Bear thy blest promise, fixed as hills, in mind,
And shed renewing grace on lost mankind!

2 Let Zion's walls before thee ceaseless stand,
Dear as thine eye, and graven on thy hand;
From earth's far regions Jacob's sons restore,
Oppressed by man, and scourged by thee no more.

3 Then shall mankind no more in darkness mourn,
Then happy nations in a day be born;
From east to west thy glorious Name be one,
And one pure worship hail the eternal Son.

4 Then shall thy saints exult with joy divine;
Their virtues quicken, and their lives refine;
Heaven o'er the world unfold a brighter day,
And Jesus spread his reign from sea to sea!

90

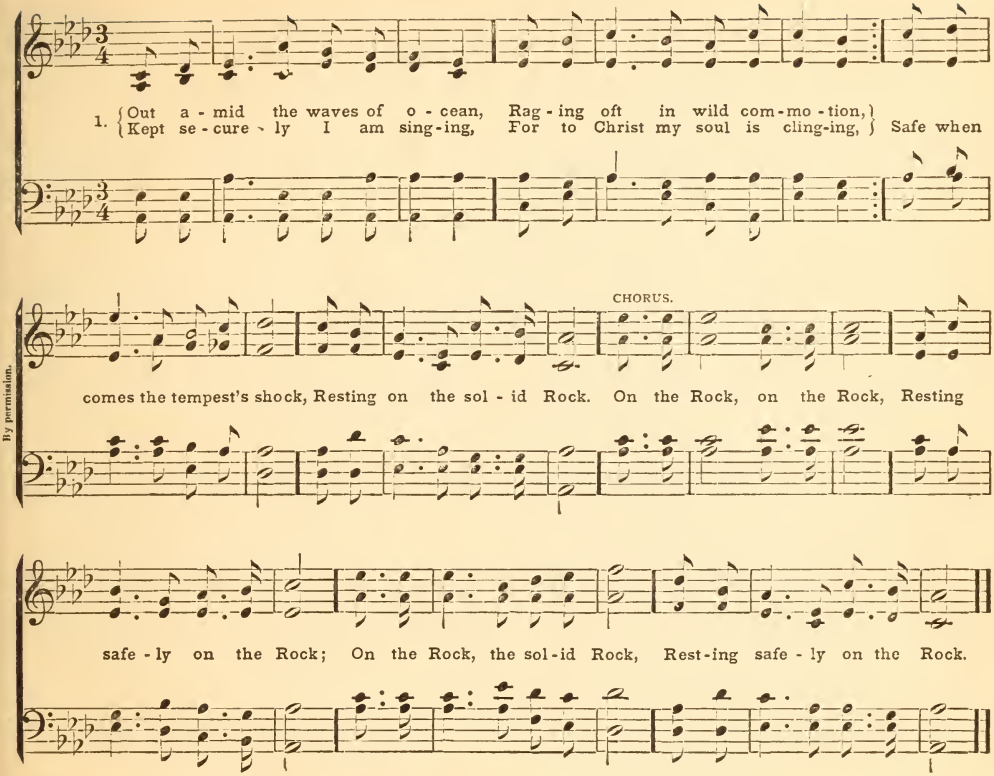
The Fulness of the Gentiles.

Rise, crowned with light, imperial Salem, rise!
Exalt thy towering head, and lift thine eyes;
See heaven its sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon thee in a flood of day.

2 See a long race thy spacious courts adorn;
See future sons and daughters yet unborn
In crowding ranks on every side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies.

3 See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in the light, and in thy temple bend;
See thy bright altars thronged with prostrate kings,
While every land its joyful tribute brings.

4 The seas shall waste, the skies to smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
But fixed his word, his saving power remains;
Thy realm shall last, thy own Messiah reigns!



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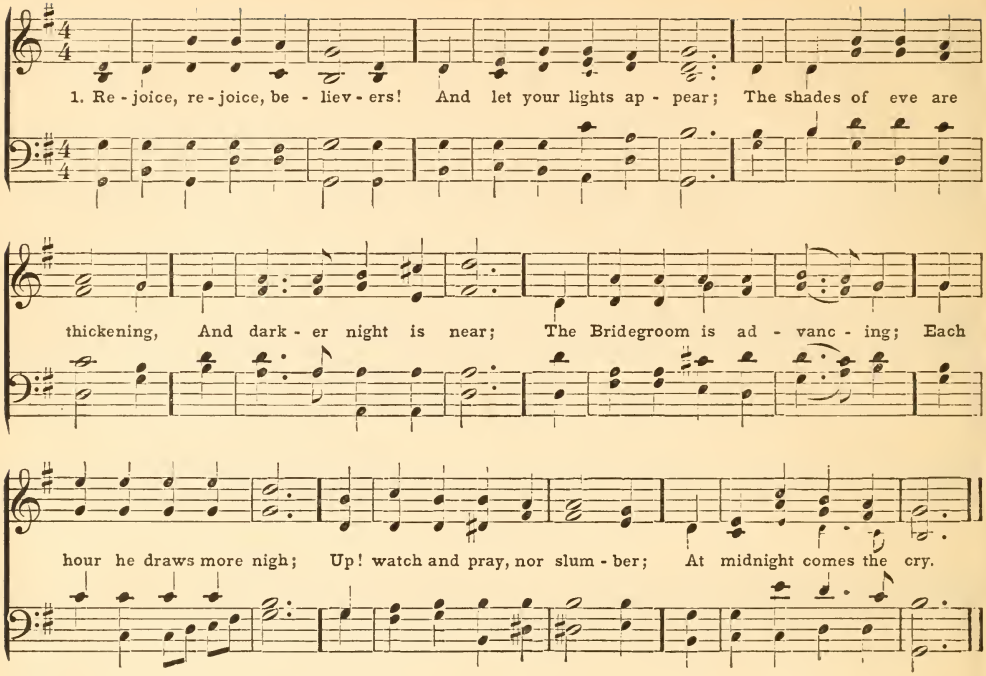
91

On the Rock.

Out amid the waves of ocean,
Raging oft in wild commotion,
Kept securely I am singing,
For to Christ my soul is clinging,
Safe when comes the tempest's shock,
Resting on the solid Rock.

2 What though darkness now surround me?
What though winds be howling round me,
Threatening with desolation?
Christ the Rock is my salvation!
Calm amid the wildest shock,
On the everlasting Rock.

3 With my Saviour, what can harm me?
Satan's hosts cannot alarm me!
Jesus' mighty arms enclosing,
Sweetly is my soul reposing,
Sheltered from the fiercest shock,
By the ever-blesséd Rock.

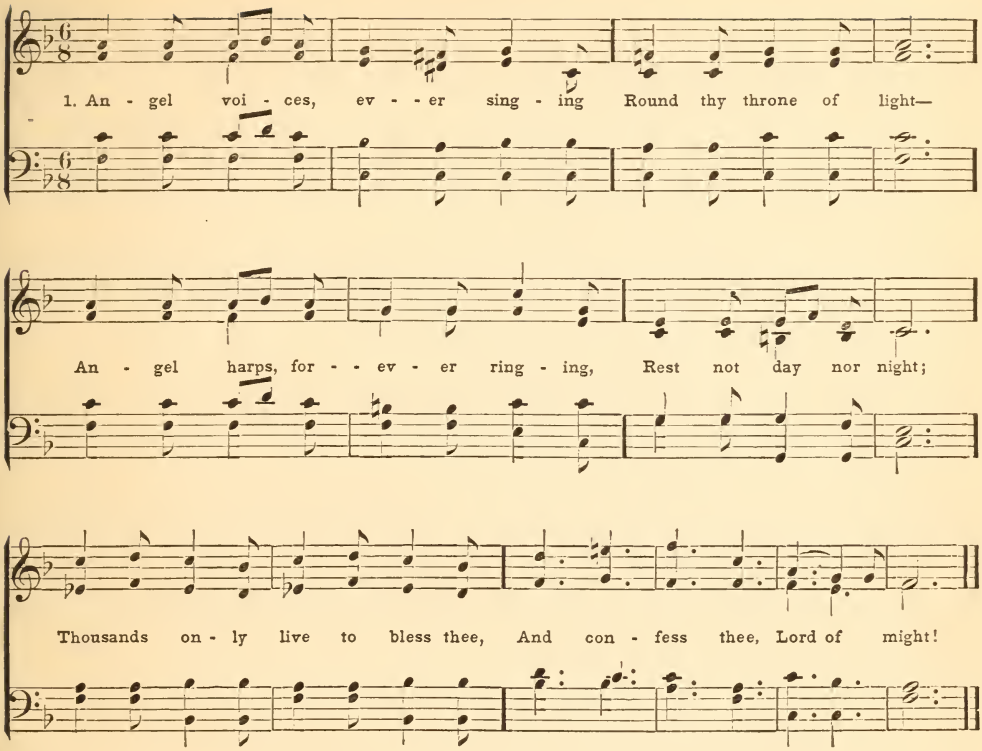
4 Praise the Rock of our salvation!
With increasing adoration,
Laud and bless his name forever,
From whose love no force can sever!
Saved, we wait the final shock
On the strong eternal Rock.

92

"Your lamps trimmed."

Rejoice, rejoice, believers!
And let your lights appear;
The shades of eve are thickening,
And darker night is near;
The Bridegroom is advancing;
Each hour he draws more nigh;
Up! watch and pray, nor slumber;
At midnight comes the cry.

2 See that your lamps are burning,
Your vessels filled with oil;
Wait calmly your deliverance
From earthly pain and toil:
The watchers on the mountains
Proclaim the Bridegroom near;
Go, meet him, as he cometh,
With hallelujahs clear.

3 The saints, who here in patience
Their cross and sufferings bore,
With him shall reign forever,
When sorrow is no more:
Around the throne of glory
The Lamb shall they behold,
Adoring cast before him
Their diadems of gold.

4 Our hope and expectation,
O Jesus, now appear!
Arise, thou Sun so looked-for,
O'er this benighted sphere!
With hearts and hands uplifted,
We plead, O Lord, to see
The day of our redemption,
And ever be with thee.

93

"*Lord of Might.*"

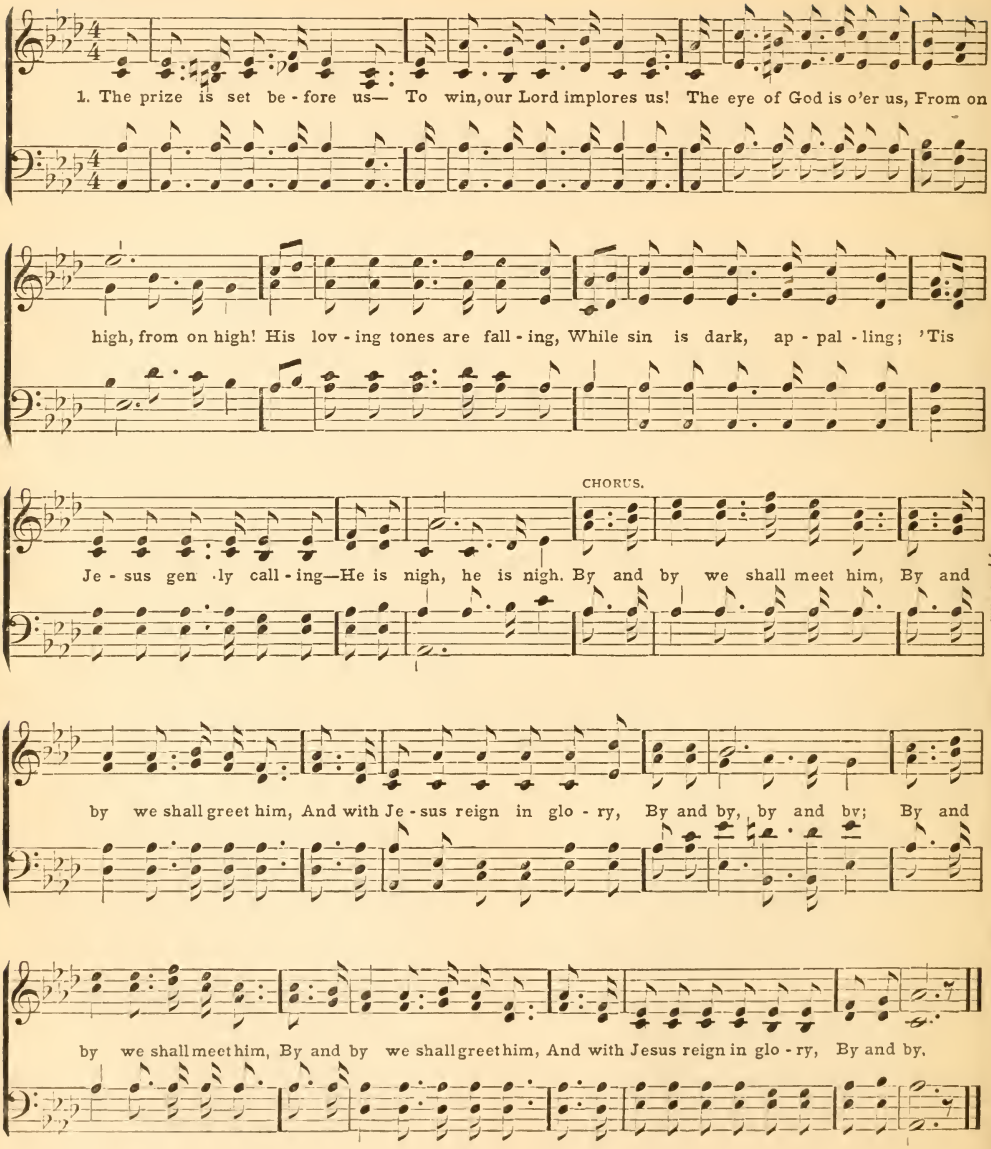
Angel voices, ever singing
Round thy throne of light—
Angel harps, forever ringing,
Rest not day nor night;
Thousands only live to bless thee,
And confess thee, Lord of might!

2 Thou, who art beyond the farthest
Mortal eye can scan,
Can it be that thou regardest
Songs of sinful man?
Can we feel that thou art near us,
And wilt hear us? Yea, we can!

3 Here, great God, to-day we offer
Of thine own to thee;
And for thine acceptance proffer,
All unworthily,
Hearts and minds, and hands and voices,
In our choicest melody.

4 Honor, glory, might, and merit,
Thine shall ever be,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
Blessèd Trinity!
Of the best that thou hast given,
Earth and heaven render thee!

THE PRIZE IS SET BEFORE US.

TRIUMPH BY AND BY.

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94

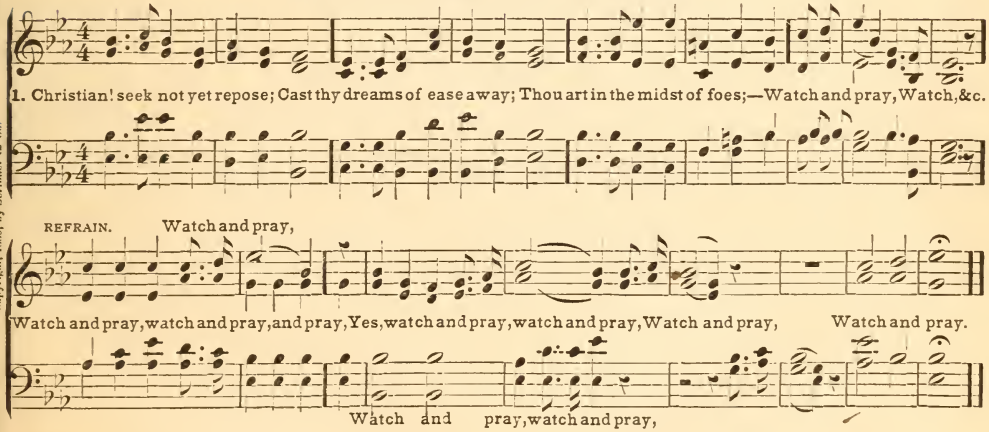
Triumph by and by.

THE prize is set before us—
To win, our Lord implores us,
The eye of God is o'er us,
From on high!
His loving tones are falling,
While sin is dark, appalling;
'Tis Jesus gently calling—
He is nigh.

2 We follow where he leadeth—
We pasture where he feedeth—
We yield to him who pleadeth
From on high:
For naught from him can sever;
Our hope shall brighten ever;
And faith shall fail us never—
He is nigh.

3 Our home is bright above us;
No trials there to move us,
But Christ our Lord to love us,
Dwells on high:
We give our best endeavor;
We praise his name forever;
His precious words can never—
Never die.

CHRISTIAN! SEEK NOT YET REPOSE.



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95

"Watch and pray."

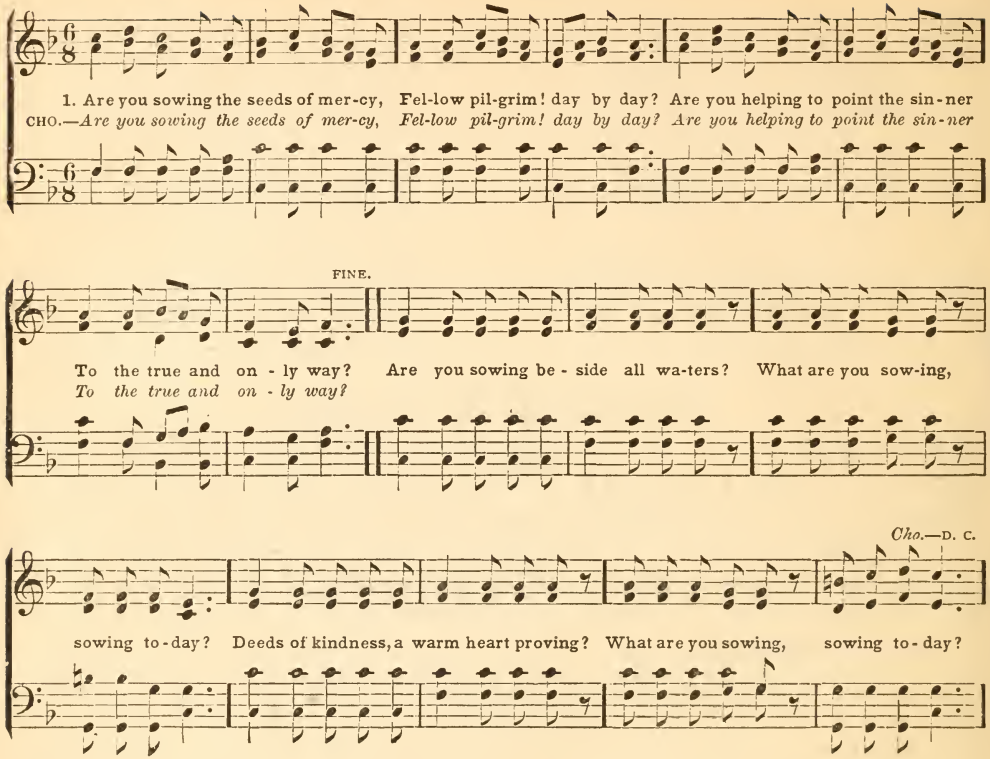
CHRISTIAN! seek not yet repose;
Cast thy dreams of ease away;
Thou art in the midst of foes;—
Watch and pray!

2 Gird thy heavenly armor on;
Near thee ever, night and day,
Ambushed lies the evil one;—
Watch and pray!

3 Hear the victors who o'ercame;
Still they mark each warrior's way;
All with warning voice exclaim—
"Watch and pray!"

4 Hear above all—hear thy Lord!
Him thou lovest to obey;
Hide within thy heart his word—
"Watch and pray!"

5 Watch—as if on that alone
Hung the issue of the day;
Pray that help may be sent down;—
Watch and pray!



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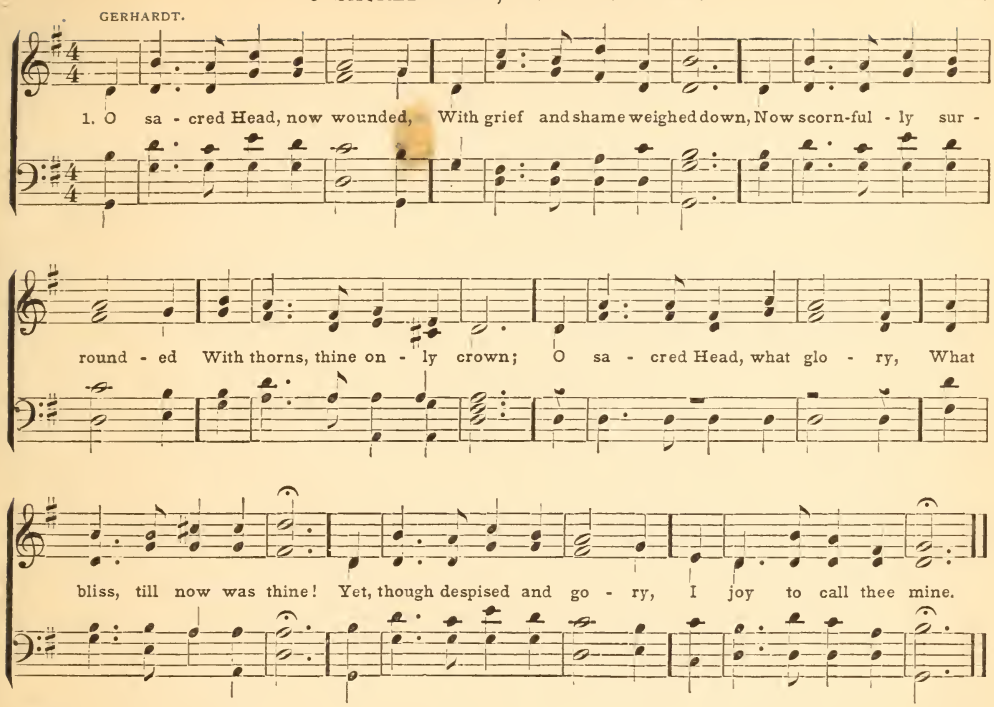
96

What are you Sowing?

Are you sowing the seeds of mercy,
Fellow pilgrim! day by day?
Are you helping to point the sinner
To the true and only way?
Are you sowing beside all waters?
What are you sowing to-day?
Deeds of kindness, a warm heart proving?
What are you sowing, sowing to-day?

2 Are you sowing in life's bright morning
Seeds you e'er would wish to reap?
Trusting unto the Lord till evening
All this precious seed to keep?
Haste! the field even now is ready:
What are you sowing to-day?
Soon the time will be gone forever:
What are you sowing, sowing to-day?

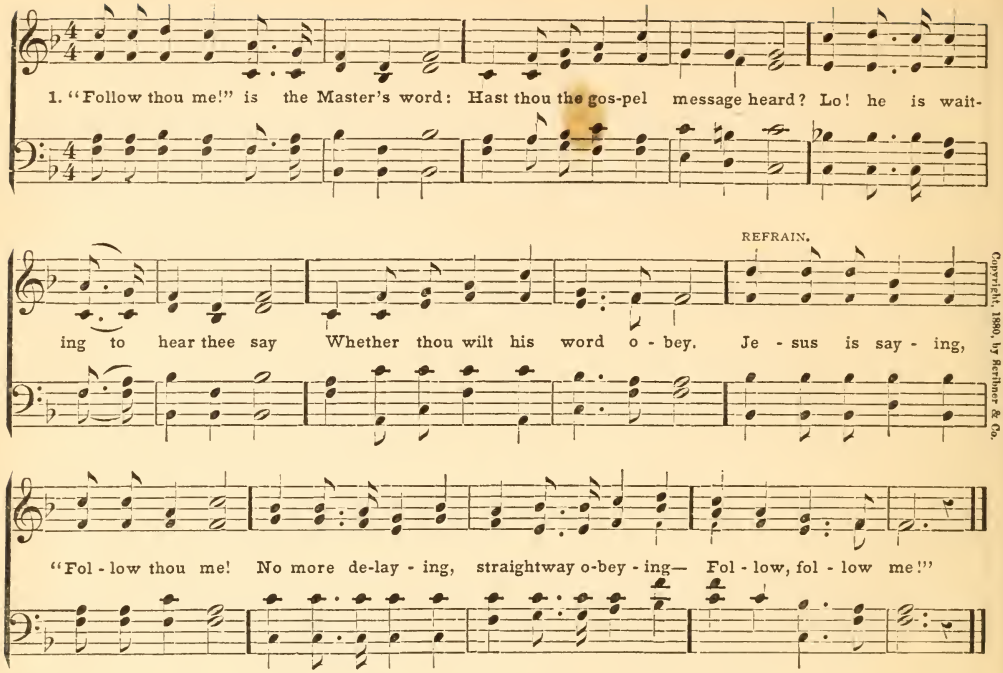
3 Are you sowing the seeds of kindness,
Bringing forth the golden grain?
Are you telling in words so tender
Of the Lamb for sinners slain?
Soon the harvest will all be gathered:
What are you sowing to-day?
Hear the voice of the Master saying,
"What are you sowing, sowing to-day?"

97

At the Cross.

O SACRED Head, now wounded,
With grief and shame weighed down,
Now scornfully surrounded
With thorns, thine only crown;
O sacred Head, what glory,
What bliss, till now was thine!
Yet, though despised and gory,
I joy to call thee mine.

2 What thou, my Lord, hast suffered,
Was all for sinners' gain:
Mine, mine was the transgression,
But thine the deadly pain;
Lo, here I fall, my Saviour!
'Tis I deserved thy place;
Look on me with thy favor,
Vouchsafe to me thy grace.

3 What language shall I borrow,
To thank thee, dearest Friend,
For this, thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end?
Lord, make me thine forever,
Nor let me faithless prove:
Oh, let me never, never,
Abuse such dying love!

4 Be near when I am dying,
Oh, show thy cross to me!
And for my succor flying,
Come, Lord, and set me free!
These eyes, new faith receiving,
From Jesus shall not move;
For he who dies believing,
Dies safely—through thy love.

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98 *Christ's Call.*

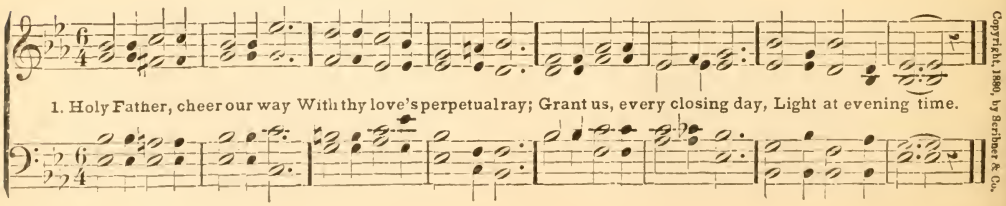
"Follow thou me!" is the Master's word:
Hast thou the gospel message heard?
Lo! he is waiting to hear thee say
Whether thou wilt his word obey.

REF.—Jesus is saying, "Follow thou me!
No more delaying, straightway obeying—
Follow, follow me!"

2 "Follow thou me!" and "take up thy cross!"
Jesus now calls; count all but loss!
Follow him now: why longer stray,
Wandering from God another day?

3 "Follow thou me!" for, though dark the way,
Soon it shall lead to endless day:
Bearing the cross till thou lay down
All of thy burdens, for thy crown!

HOLY FATHER, CHEER OUR WAY.



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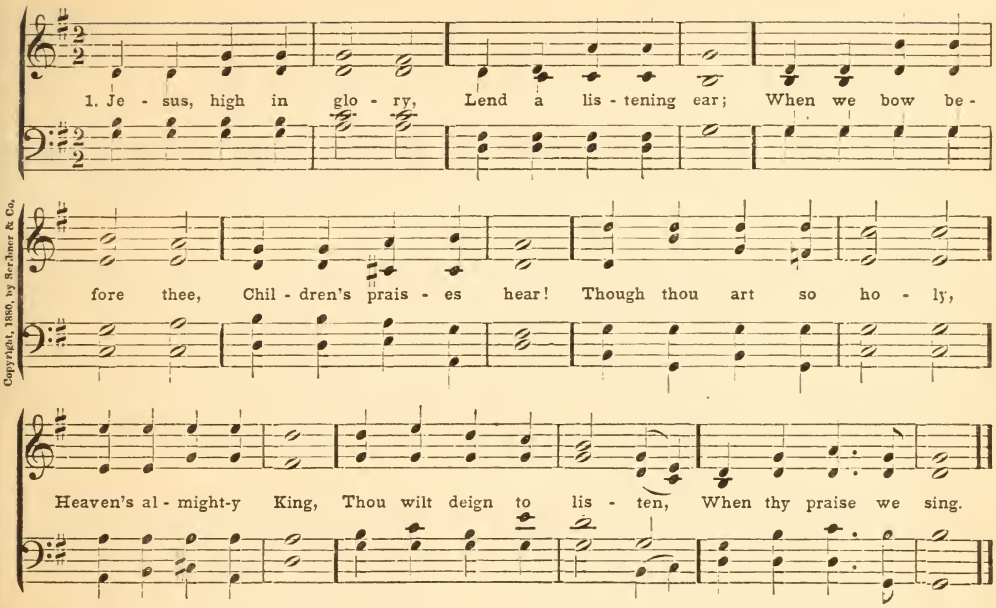
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99

"Save us, Lord!"

JESUS, high in glory,
Lend a listening ear;
When we bow before thee,
Children's praises hear!
Though thou art so holy,
Heaven's almighty King,
Thou wilt deign to listen,
When thy praise we sing.

2 Save us, Lord from sinning;
Watch us day by day;
Help us now to love thee;
Take our sins away:
Then, when Jesus calls us
To our heavenly home,
We would gladly answer,
"Saviour, Lord, we come!"

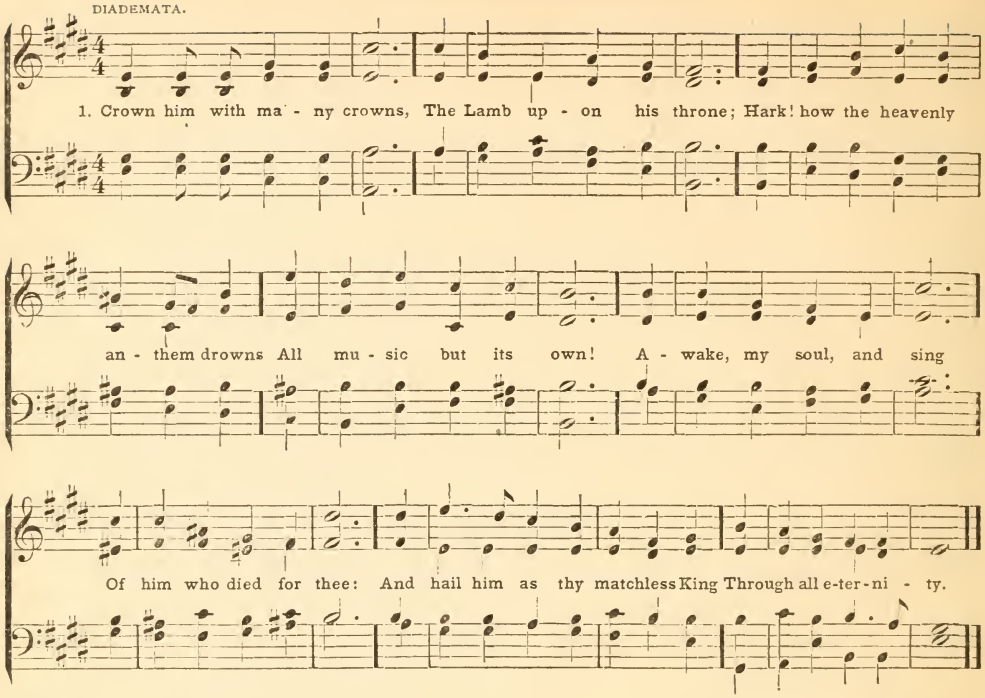
100

Evening Hymn.

HOLY Father, cheer our way
With thy love's perpetual ray;
Grant us, every closing day,
Light at evening time.

2 Holy Saviour, calm our fears,
When earth's brightness disappears;
Grant us, in our later years,
Light at evening time.

3 Holy Spirit, be thou nigh,
When in mortal pains we lie;
Grant us, as we come to die,
Light at evening time.

4 Holy, blesséd Trinity!
Darkness is not dark with thee;
Those thou keepest always see
Light at evening time.

101

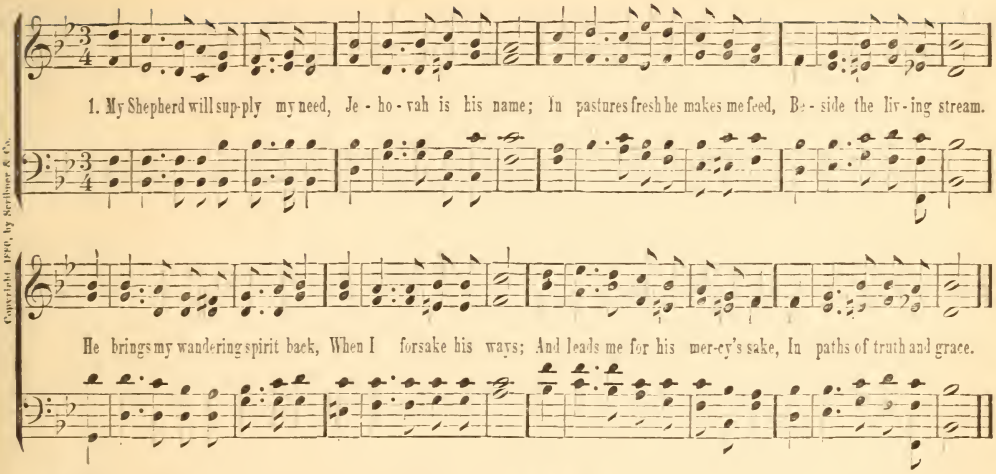
"*Many Crowns.*"

Crown him with many crowns,
The Lamb upon his throne;
Hark! how the heavenly anthem drowns
All music but its own!
Awake, my soul, and sing
Of him who died for thee;
And hail him as thy matchless King
Through all eternity.

2 Crown him the Lord of love!
Behold his hands and side,—
Those wounds, yet visible above,
In beauty glorified:
No angel in the sky
Can fully bear that sight,
But downward bends his wondering eye
At mysteries so bright.

3 Crown him the Lord of life!
Who triumphed o'er the grave;
Who rose victorious in the strife
For those he came to save:
His glories now we sing,
Who died and rose on high,
Who died eternal life to bring,
And lives that death may die.

4 Crown him the Lord of heaven!
One with the Father known,—
And the blest Spirit through him given
From yonder Triune throne!
All hail, Redeemer, hail!
For thou hast died for me:
Thy praise and glory shall not fail
Throughout eternity.



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102

In the Fold.

My Shepherd will supply my need,
Jehovah is his name;
In pastures fresh he makes me feed,
Beside the living stream.
He brings my wandering spirit back,
When I forsake his ways;
And leads me, for his mercy's sake,
In paths of truth and grace.

2 When I walk through the shades of death,
Thy presence is my stay;
A word of thy supporting breath
Drives all my fears away.
Thy hand, in sight of all my foes,
Doth still my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows,
Thine oil anoints my head.

3 The sure provisions of my God
Attend me all my days;
Oh, may thy house be mine abode,
And all my works be praise:
There would I find a settled rest,
While others go and come,—
No more a stranger, or a guest,
But like a child at home.

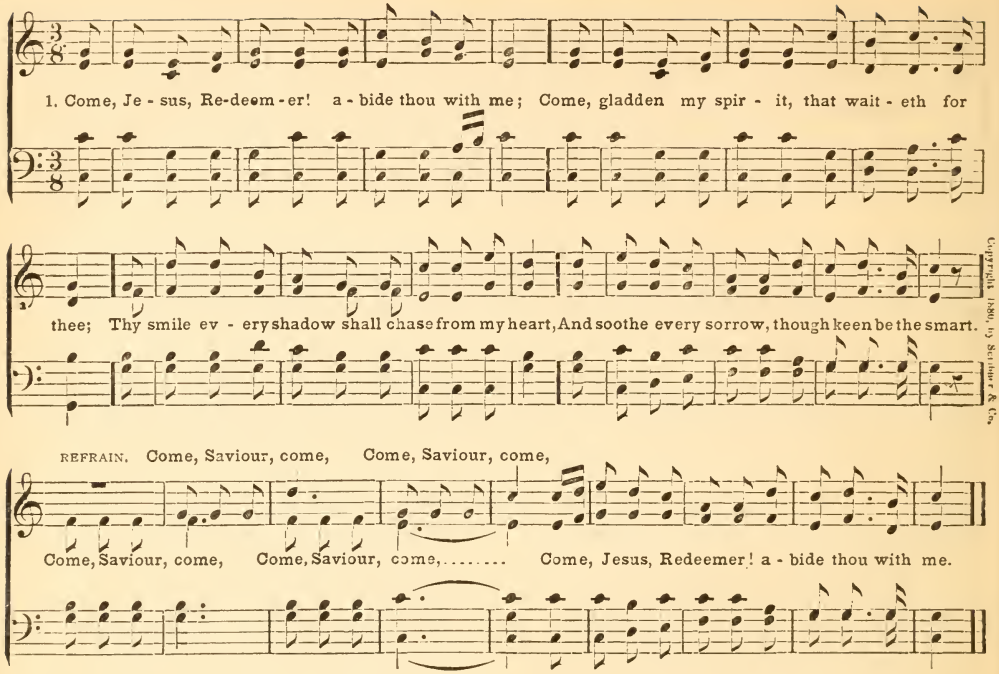
103

Our Heavenly Father.

My God, how wonderful thou art,
Thy majesty how bright,
How beautiful thy mercy-seat
In depths of burning light.
How dread are thine eternal years,
O everlasting Lord;
By prostrate spirits day and night
Incessantly adored.

2 How beautiful, how beautiful,
The sight of thee must be,
Thine endless wisdom, boundless power,
And awful purity!
Oh, how I fear thee, living God,
With deepest, tenderest fears,
And worship thee with trembling hope,
And penitential tears.

3 Yet I may love thee too, O Lord,
Almighty as thou art:
For thou hast stooped to ask of me
The love of my poor heart.
No earthly father loves like thee,
No mother half so mild
Bears and forbears, as thou hast done
With me, thy sinful child.



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104

"Abide with me."

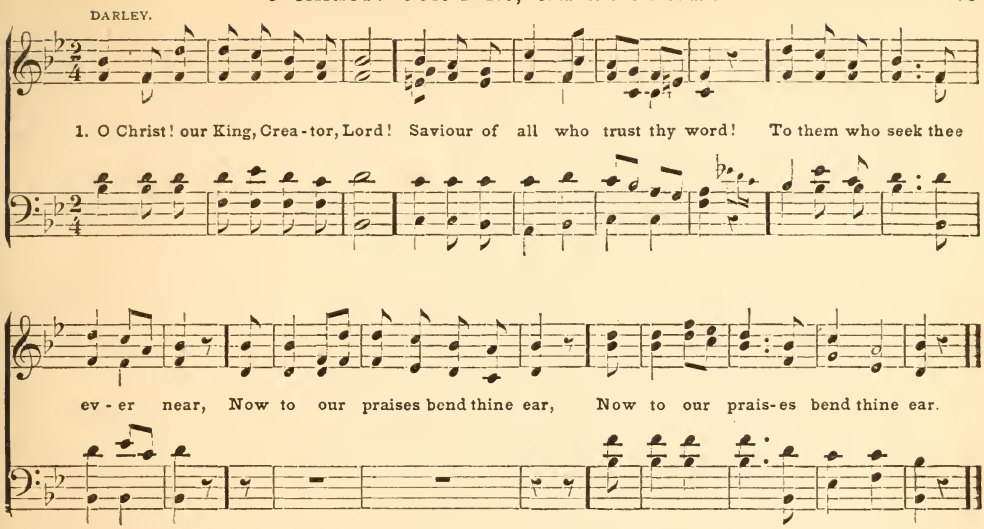
COME, Jesus, Redeemer! abide thou with me;
Come, gladden my spirit that waiteth for thee;
Thy smile every shadow shall chase from my heart,
And soothe every sorrow, though keen be the smart.

2 Without thee but weakness, with thee I am strong;
By day thou shalt lead me, by night be my song;
Though dangers surround me, I still every fear,
Since thou the Most Mighty, my Helper, art near.

3 Thy love, oh, how faithful! so tender, so pure;
Thy promise, faith's anchor, how steadfast and sure!
That love like sweet sunshine, my cold heart can warm,
That promise make steady my soul in the storm.

4 Breathe, breathe on my spirit, oft ruffled, thy peace;
From restless vain wishes bid thou my heart cease;
In thee all its longings henceforward shall end,
Till glad to thy presence my soul shall ascend.

5 Oh, then, blessèd Jesus! who once for me died,
Made clean in the fountain that gushed from thy side,
I shall see thy full glory, thy face shall behold,
And praise thee forever with rapture untold.



105

"King, Creator, Lord."

O Christ! our King, Creator, Lord!
Saviour of all who trust thy word!
To them who seek thee ever near,
Now to our praises bend thine ear.

2 In thy dear cross a grace is found,—
It flows from every streaming wound,—
Whose power our inbred sin controls,
Breaks the firm bond, and frees our souls.

3 Thou didst create the stars of night;
Yet thou hast vailed in flesh thy light,
Hast deigned a mortal form to wear,
A mortal's painful lot to bear.

4 When thou didst hang upon the tree,
The quaking earth acknowledged thee;
When thou didst there yield up thy breath,
The world grew dark as shades of death.

5 Now in the Father's glory high,
Great Conqueror! never more to die,
Us by thy mighty power defend,
And reign through ages without end.

106

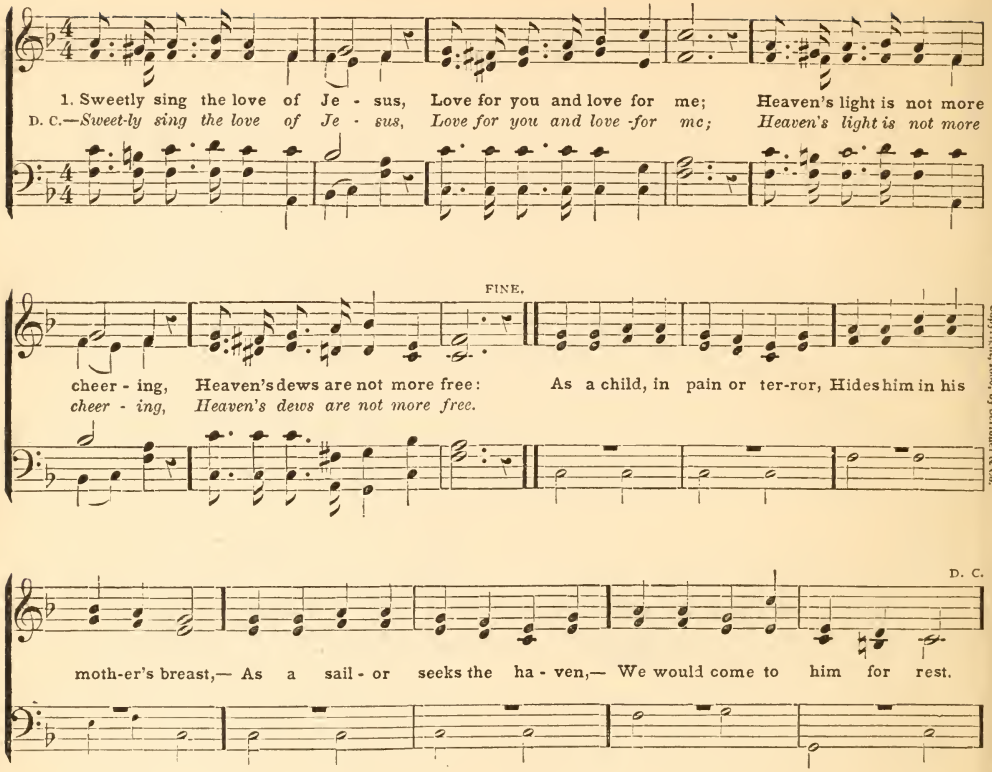
"Lord of heaven."

O Christ, the Lord of heaven! to thee,
Clothed with all majesty divine,
Eternal power and glory be!
Eternal praise, of right, is thine.

2 Reign, Prince of life! that once thy brow
Didst yield to wear the wounding thorn;
Reign, throned beside the Father now,
Adored the Son of God first-born.

3 From angel hosts that round thee stand,
With forms more pure than spotless snow,
From the bright burning seraph band,
Let praise in loftiest numbers flow.

4 To thee, the Lamb, our mortal songs,
Born of deep fervent love, shall rise;
All honor to thy name belongs,
Our lips would sound it to the skies.

5 "Jesus!"—all earth shall speak the word;
"Jesus!"—all heaven resound it still;
Immanuel, Saviour, Conqueror, Lord!
Thy praise the universe shall fill.

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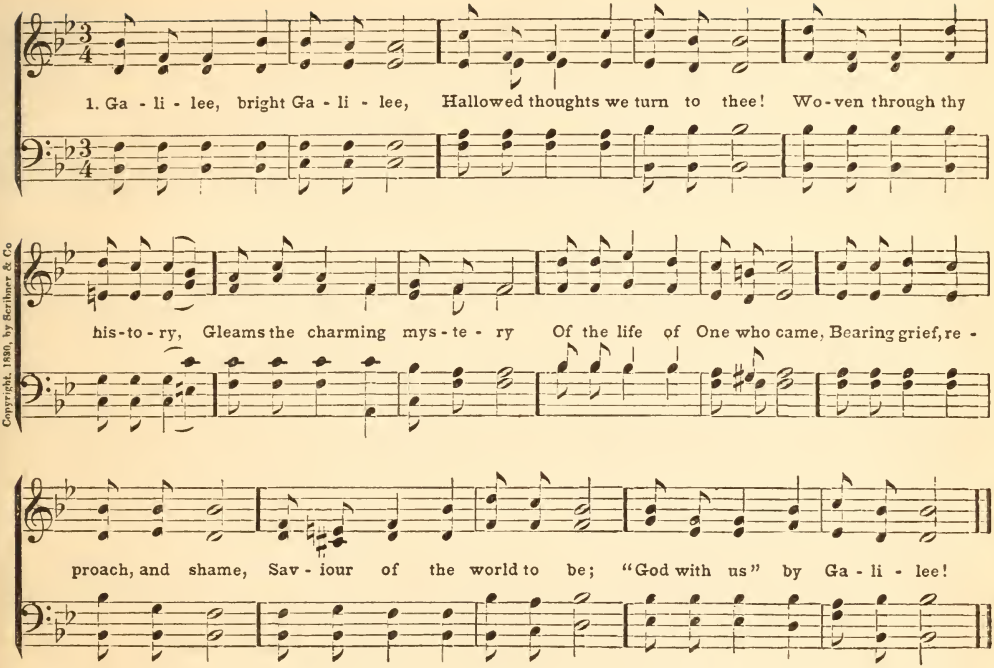
107

Our Lord's Love.

SWEETLY sing the love of Jesus,
Love for you and love for me;
Heaven's light is not more cheering,
Heaven's dews are not more free:
As a child, in pain or terror,
Hides him in his mother's breast,—
As a sailor seeks the haven,—
We would come to him for rest.

2 Softly sing the love of Jesus,
For our hearts are full of tears,
As we think how—walking humbly
This low earth for weary years,
Without riches, without dwelling,
Wounded sore by foe and friend,
In the garden, and in dying—
Jesus loved us to the end.

3 Gladly sing the love of Jesus;
Let us lean upon his arm;
If he loves us, what can grieve us?
If he keeps us, what can harm?
Still he lays his hand in blessing
On each up-turned seeking face,
And in heaven his children's angels
Near the throne have always place.



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108

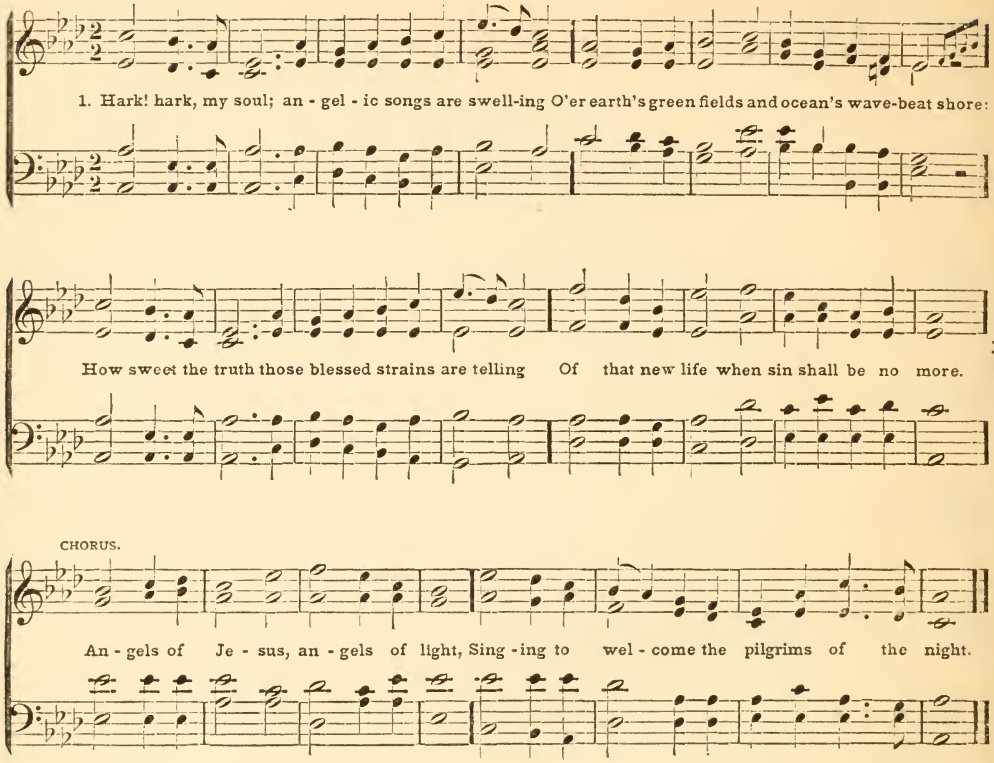
The Sea of Galilee.

GALILEE, bright Galilee,
Hallowed thoughts we turn to thee!
Woven through thy history,
Gleams the charming mystery
Of the life of One who came—
Bearing grief, reproach, and shame—
Saviour of the world to be;
"God with us" by Galilee.

2 Once along that rugged shore,
He, who all our sorrows bore,
Journeyed oft with weary feet,
Through the storm or burning heat;
Healing all who came in faith,
Calling back to life from death:
King of kings from heaven was he,
Though so poor by Galilee!

3 Wild the night on Galilee;
Loudly roared the angry sea,
When upon the tossing wave
Jesus walked, his own to save—
Calmed the tumult by his will,
Only saying, "Peace, be still!"
Ruler of the storm was he,
On the raging Galilee!

4 Still in loving tenderness
Doth the Master wait to bless;
Still his touch upon the soul
Bringeth balm and maketh whole;
Still he comforts mourning hearts,
Life, and joy, and peace imparts;
Still the sinner's Friend is he,
As of old by Galilee!



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109

The heavenly rest.

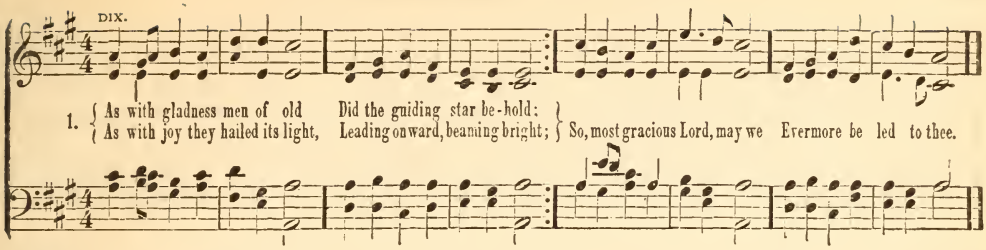
HARK! hark, my soul; angelic songs are swelling
O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore:
How sweet the truth those blesséd strains are telling
Of that new life when sin shall be no more.

CHO.—Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

2 Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
"Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come:"
And, through the dark its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the gospel leads us home.

3 Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,
And laden souls by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to thee.

4 Angels, sing on! your faithful watches keeping;
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above,
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.



110

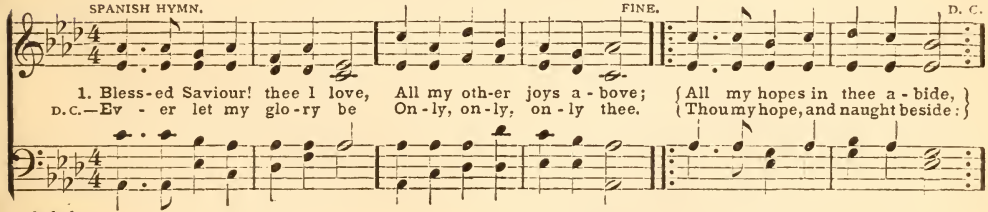
The Guiding Star.

As WITH gladness men of old
Did the guiding star behold,
As with joy they hailed its light,
Leading onward, beaming bright;
So, most gracious Lord, may we
Evermore be led to thee.

2 As with joyful steps they sped,
Saviour, to thy manger bed,
There to bend the knee before
Thee whom heaven and earth adore;
So may we with willing feet
Ever seek the mercy-seat.

3 As they offered gifts most rare
At thy cradle rude and bare,
So may we with holy joy,
Pure and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ, to thee our heavenly King.

4 Holy Jesus, every day
Keep us in the narrow way;
And, when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls at last
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds thy glory hide.

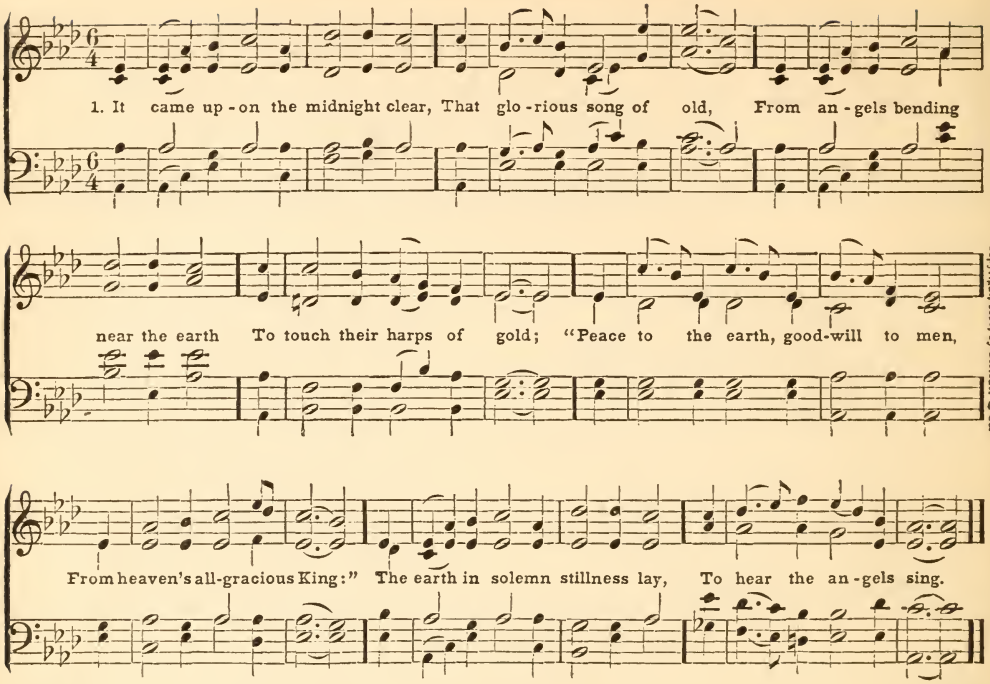
BLESSED SAVIOUR, THEE I LOVE.

111

"Only Thee."

BLESSED Saviour! thee I love,
All my other joys above;
All my hopes in thee abide,
Thou my hope, and naught beside:
Ever let my glory be,
Only, only, only thee.

2 Once again beside the cross,
All my gain I count but loss;
Earthly pleasures fade away,—
Clouds they are that hide my day:
Hence, vain shadows! let me see
Jesus crucified for me.

3 Blesséd Saviour, thine am I,
Thine to live, and thine to die;
Height or depth, or earthly power,
Ne'er shall hide my Saviour more:
Ever shall my glory be
Only, only, only thee!



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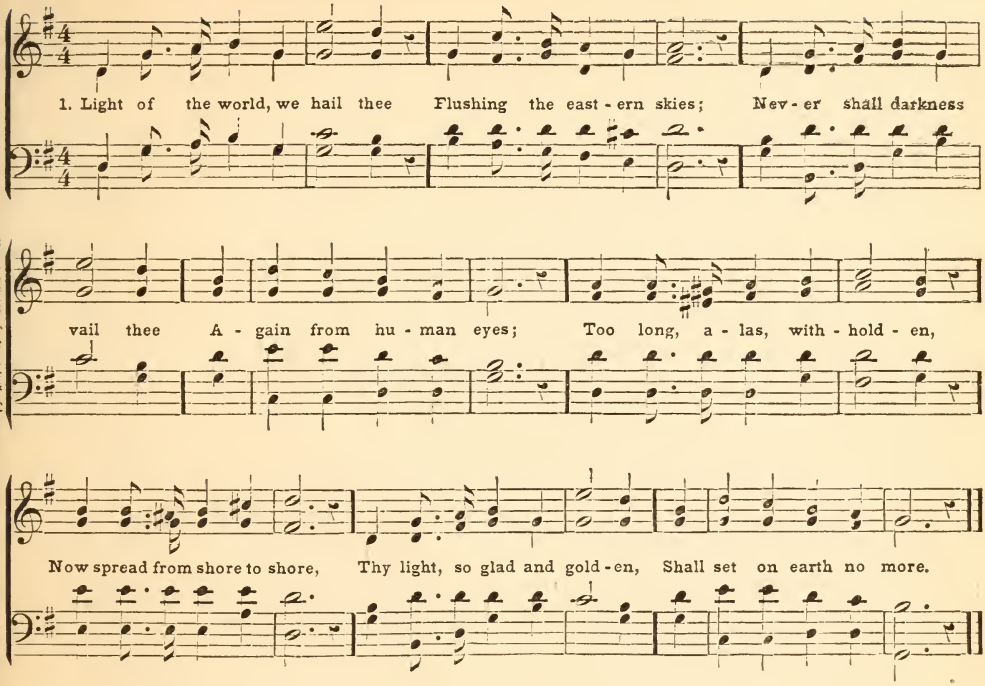
112

The Angels' Song.

It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold;
"Peace to the earth, good-will to men,
From heaven's all-gracious King:"
The earth in solemn stillness lay,
To hear the angels sing.

2 Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still celestial music floats
O'er all the weary world;
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on heavenly wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds,
The blessèd angels sing.

3 O ye, beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way,
With painful steps and slow;—
Look up! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing;
Oh, rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing!

4 For lo! the days are hastening on,
By prophet-bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years
Comes round the age of gold!
When peace shall over all the earth
Its final splendors fling,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing!

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113

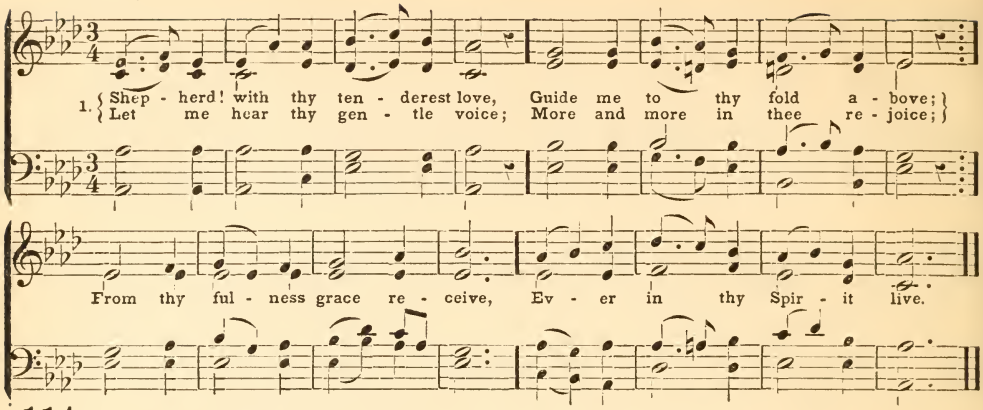
"I am the light."

Light of the world, we hail thee
Flushing the eastern skies;
Never shall darkness vail thee
Again from human eyes;
Too long, alas, withholden,
Now spread from shore to shore,
Thy light, so glad and golden,
Shall set on earth no more.

2 Light of the world, thy beauty
Steals into every heart,
And glorifies with duty
Life's poorest, humblest part;
Thou robest in thy splendor
The simple ways of men,
And helpest them to render
Light back to thee again.

3 Light of the world, before thee
Our spirits prostrate fall;
We worship, we adore thee,
Thou Light, the life of all;
With thee is no forgetting
Of all thine hand hath made;
Thy rising hath no setting,
Thy sunshine hath no shade.

4 Light of the world, illumine
This darkened land of thine,
Till everything that's human
Be filled with what's divine;
Till every tongue and nation,
From sin's dominion free,
Rise in the new creation
Which springs from Love and thee.

THARAW.

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114 *Psalm 23.*

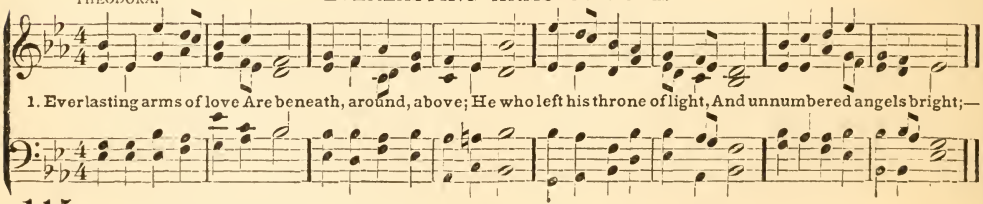
SHEPHERD! with thy tenderest love,
Guide me to thy fold above;
Let me hear thy gentle voice;
More and more in thee rejoice;
From thy fulness grace receive,
Ever in thy Spirit live.

2 Filled by thee my cup o'erflows,
For thy love no limit knows:
Guardian angels, ever nigh,
Lead and draw my soul on high;
Constant to my latest end,
Thou my footsteps wilt attend.

3 Jesus, with thy presence blest,
Death is life, and labor rest;
Guide me while I draw my breath,
Guard me through the gate of death,
And at last, oh, let me stand
With the sheep at thy right hand.

EVERLASTING ARMS OF LOVE.

THEODORA.



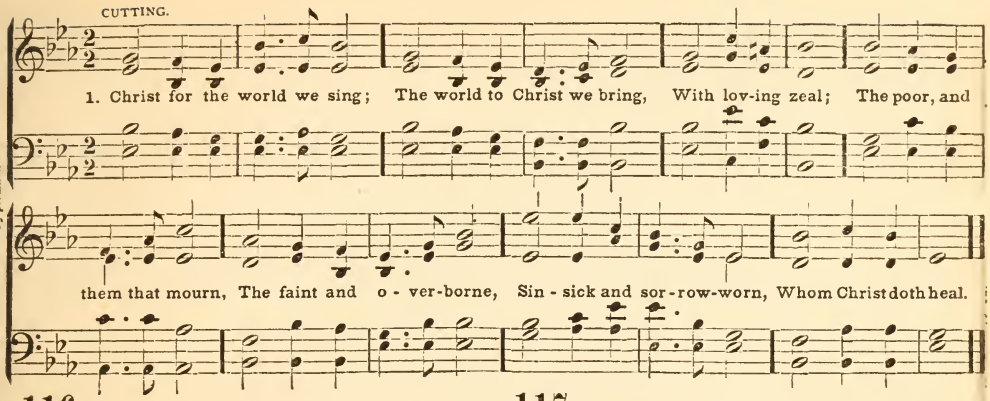
115 *"The Everlasting Arms."*

EVERLASTING arms of love
Are beneath, around, above;
He who left his throne of light,
And unnumbered angels bright;—

2 He who on the accursèd tree
Gave his precious life for me;
He it is that bears me on,
His the arm I lean upon.

3 All things hasten to decay,
Earth and sea will pass away;
Soon will yonder circling sun
Cease his blazing course to run.

4 Scenes will vary, friends grow strange,
But the Changeless cannot change:
Gladly will I journey on,
With his arm to lean upon.



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116 *Christ for the World.*

CHRIST for the world we sing;
The world to Christ we bring,
With loving zeal;
The poor, and them that mourn,
The faint and overborne,
Sin-sick and sorrow-worn,
Whom Christ doth heal.

2 Christ for the world we sing;
The world to Christ we bring,
With fervent prayer;
The wayward and the lost,
By restless passions tossed,
Redeemed, at countless cost,
From dark despair.

3 Christ for the world we sing;
The world to Christ we bring,
With one accord;
With us the work to share,
With us reproach to dare,
With us the cross to bear,
For Christ our Lord.

4 Christ for the world we sing;
The world to Christ we bring,
With joyful song;
The new-born souls, whose days,
Reclaimed from error's ways,
Inspired with hope and praise,
To Christ belong.

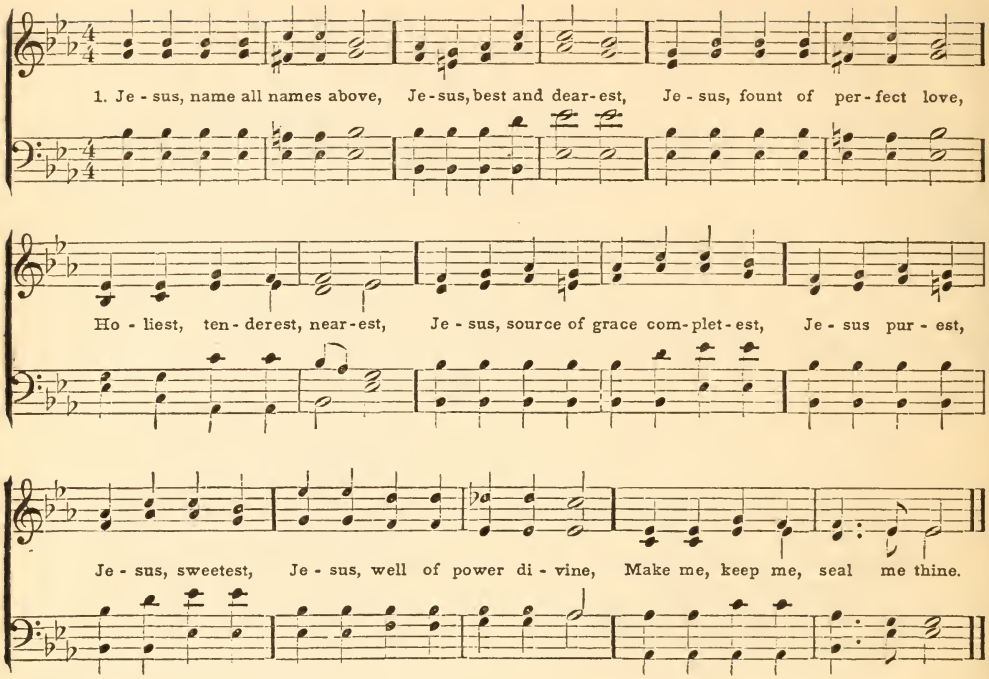
117 *Ancient Hymn.*

SHEPHERD of tender youth,
Guiding in love and truth,
Through devious ways;
Christ, our triumphant King,
We come thy name to sing,
And here our children bring,
To shout thy praise.

2 Thou art our holy Lord;
The all-subduing Word,
Healer of strife;
Thou didst thyself abase,
That from sin's deep disgrace
Thou mightest save our race,
And give us life.

3 Ever be thou our Guide,
Our Shepherd and our pride,
Our staff and song;
Jesus, thou Christ of God,
By thy perennial word,
Lead us where thou hast trod,
Our faith make strong.

4 So now, and till we die,
Sound we thy praises high,
And joyful sing:
Let all the holy throng,
Who to thy church belong,
Unite and swell the song
To Christ our King!



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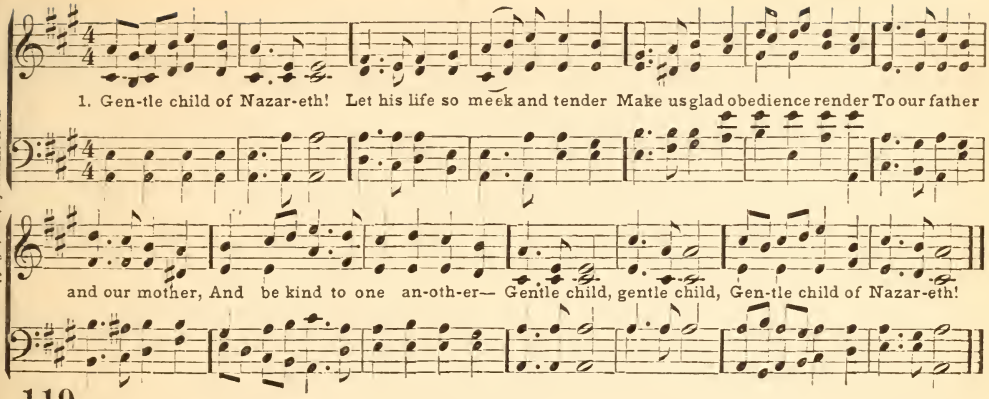
118

A Mediæval Hymn.

Jesus, name all names above,
Jesus, best and dearest,
Jesus, fount of perfect love,
Holiest, tenderest, nearest,
Jesus, source of grace completest,
Jesus purest, Jesus sweetest,
Jesus, well of power divine,
Make me, keep me, seal me thine.

2 Jesus, open me the gate
That of old he entered
Who, in that most lost estate,
Wholly on thee ventured;
Thou, whose wounds are ever pleading,
And thy passion interceding,
From my misery let me rise
To a home in Paradise.

3 Jesus, crowned with thorns for me,
Scourged for my transgression,
Witnessing, through agony—
That, thy good confession;
Jesus, clad in purple raiment,
For my evils making payment,
Let not all thy woe and pain,
Let not Calvary, be in vain.

4 When I reach death's bitter sea
And its waves roll higher,
Help the more forsaking me
As the storm draws nigher,
Jesus, leave me not to languish,
Helpless, hopeless, full of anguish:
Tell me,—'Verily I say,
Thou shalt be with me to-day.'

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119

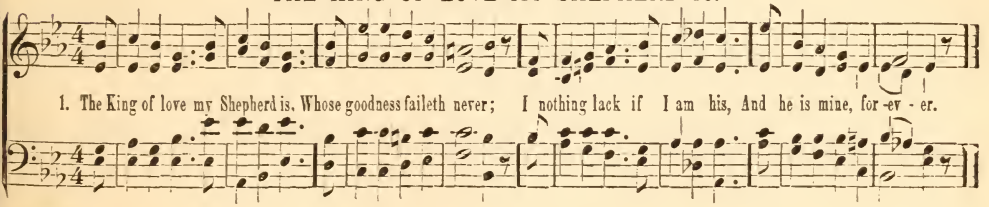
An ancient hymn.

GENTLE child of Nazareth!
Let his life so meek and tender
Make us glad obedience render
To our father and our mother,
And be kind to one another—
Gentle child of Nazareth!

2 Wondrous boy of Nazareth!
Let his early love for learning
Set our youthful spirits burning
Daily to be growing wiser,
Thou our teacher and adviser,
Wondrous boy of Nazareth!

3 Holy One of Nazareth!
Help us use the powers lent us,
Do the work of him who sent us,
Draw to thee in closer union,
Share thy people's blest communion;
Holy One of Nazareth!

THE KING OF LOVE MY SHEPHERD IS.



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120

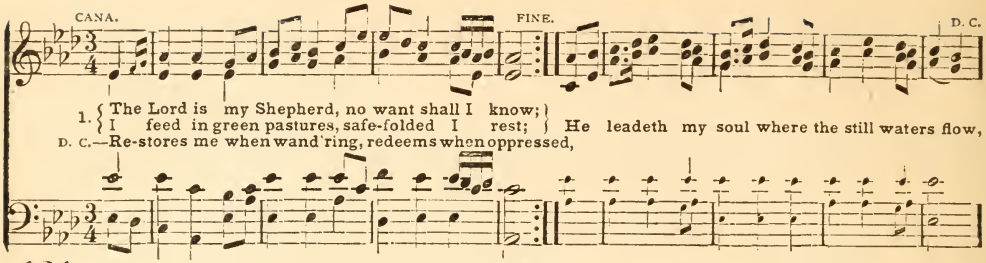
Psalm 23.

THE King of love my Shepherd is,
Whose goodness faileth never;
I nothing lack if I am his,
And he is mine, forever.

2 Where streams of living water flow,
My ransomed soul he leadeth;
And, where the verdant pastures grow,
With food celestial feedeth.

3 In death's dark vale I fear no ill,
With thee, dear Lord, beside me;
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy cross before to guide me.

4 And so, through all the length of days,
Thy goodness faileth never;
Good Shepherd, may I sing thy praise
Within thy house forever!



121

Psalm 23.

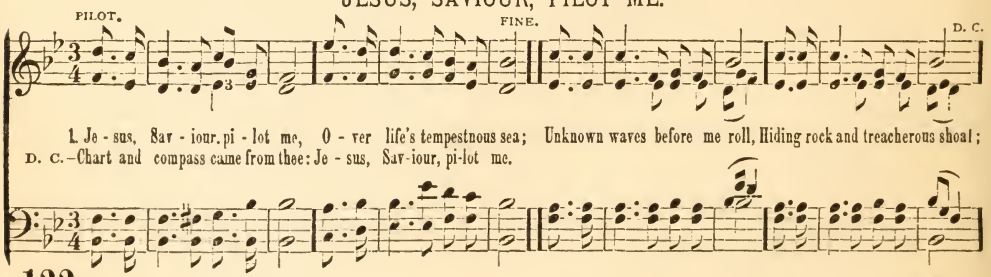
THE Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know;
I feed in green pastures, safe-folded I rest;
He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow,
Restores me when wandering, redeems when oppressed.

2 Through the valley and shadow of death though I stray,
Since thou art my Guardian, no evil I fear;
Thy rod shall defend me, thy staff be my stay;
No harm can befall, with my Comforter near.

3 In the midst of affliction, my table is spread;
With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth o'er;
With perfume and oil thou anointest my head;
Oh, what shall I ask of thy providence more?

4 Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God!
Still follow my steps till I meet thee above;
I seek, by the path which my forefathers trod
Through the land of their sojourn, thy kingdom of love.

JESUS, SAVIOUR, PILOT ME.



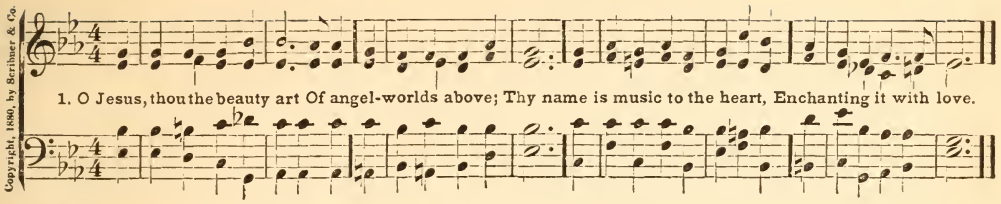
122

Life's Sea.

JESUS, Saviour, pilot me,
Over life's tempestuous sea;
Unknown waves before me roll,
Hiding rock and treacherous shoal;
Chart and compass came from thee:
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

2 As a mother stills her child,
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
Boisterous waves obey thy will
When thou say'st to them "Be still!"
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea,
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

3 When at last I near the shore,
And the fearful breakers roar
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest,
Then, while leaning on thy breast,
May I hear thee say to me,
"Fear not, I will pilot thee!"



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123

"Altogether lovely."

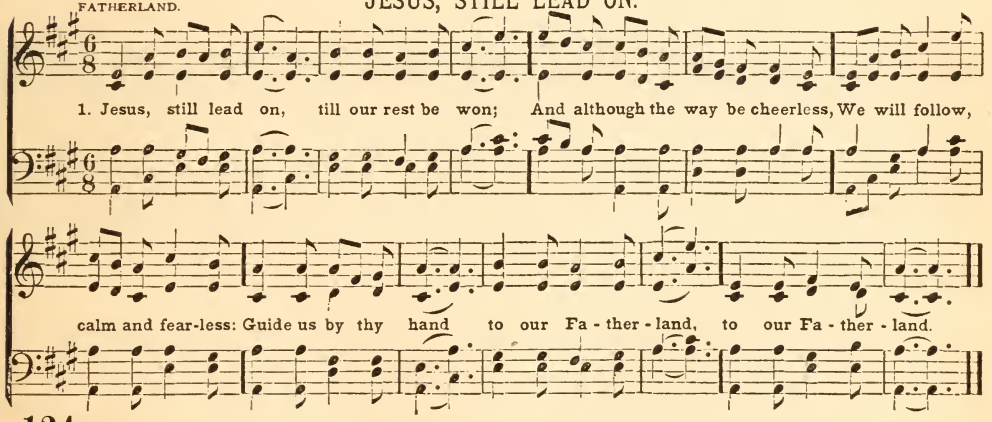
O Jesus, thou the beauty art
Of angel-worlds above;
Thy name is music to the heart,
Enchanting it with love.

2 O Jesus, Saviour, hear the sighs
Which unto thee I send;
To thee my inmost spirit cries,
My being's hope and end.

3 Stay with us Lord, and with thy light
Illume the soul's abyss;
Scatter the darkness of our night,
And fill the world with bliss.

4 O Jesus, King of earth and heaven,
Our Life and Joy! to thee
Be honor, thanks, and blessing given
Through all eternity!

JESUS, STILL LEAD ON.



124

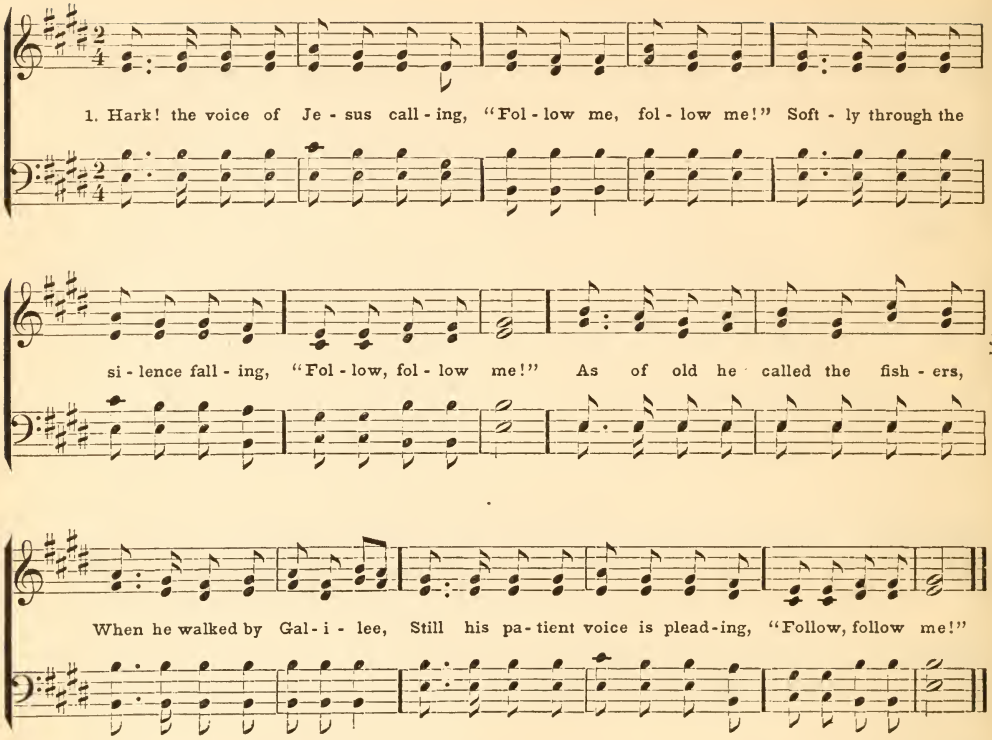
"Lead on."

Jesus still lead on, till our rest be won;
And although the way be cheerless,
We will follow calm and fearless;
Guide us by thy hand to our Fatherland.

2 If the way be drear, if the foe be near,
Let not faithless fears o'ertake us,
Let not faith and hope forsake us;
For, through many a foe, to our home we go.

3 When we seek relief from a long-felt grief,
When temptations come, alluring,
Make us patient and enduring; [more.
Show us that bright shore where we weep no

4 Jesus, still lead on, till our rest be won;
Heavenly Leader, still direct us,
Still support, console, protect us,
Till we safely stand in our Fatherland.



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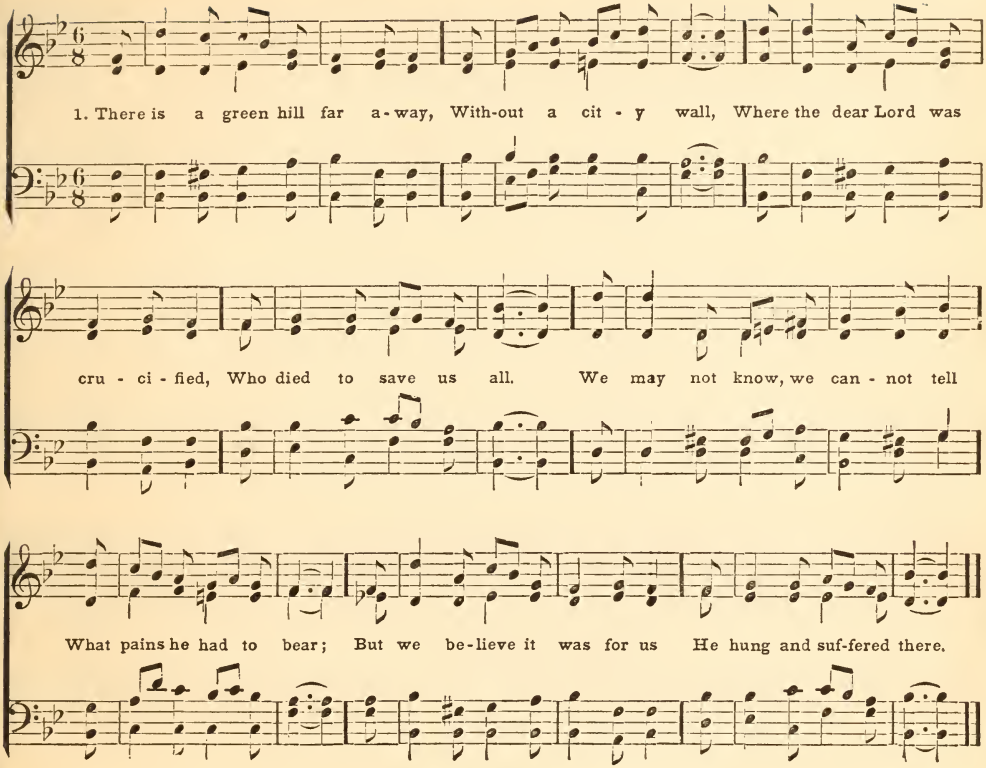
125

The Call of the Disciples.

HARK! the voice of Jesus calling,
"Follow me, follow me!"
Softly through the silence falling,
"Follow, follow me!"
As of old he called the fishers,
When he walked by Galilee,
Still his patient voice is pleading,
"Follow, follow me!"

2 Who will heed the holy mandate,
"Follow me, follow me!"
Leaving all things at his bidding,
"Follow, follow me!"
Hark! that tender voice entreating
Mariners on life's rough sea,
Gently, lovingly, repeating,
"Follow, follow me!"

3 Hearken, lest he plead no longer,
"Follow me, follow me!"
Once again, oh, hear him calling,
"Follow, follow me!"
Turning swift at thy sweet summons,
Evermore, O Christ, would we,
For thy love all else forsaking,
Follow, follow thee!

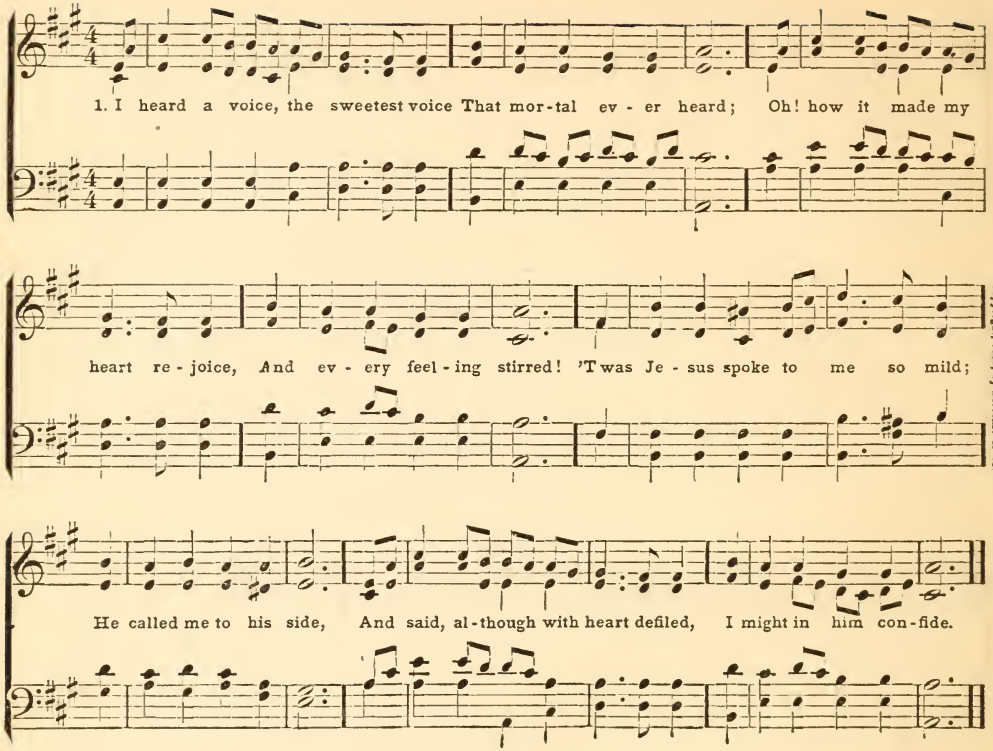


126

Christ dying to save us.

THERE is a green hill far away,
Without a city wall,
Where the dear Lord was crucified,
Who died to save us all.
We may not know, we cannot tell
What pains he had to bear;
But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffered there.

2 He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good,
That we might go at last to heaven,
Saved by his precious blood.
There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin;
He only could unlock the gate
Of heaven, and let us in.

3 Oh, dearly, dearly has he loved,
And we must love him too,
And trust in his redeeming blood,
And try his works to do.
For there's a green hill far away,
Without a city wall,
Where the dear Lord was crucified,
Who died to save us all.

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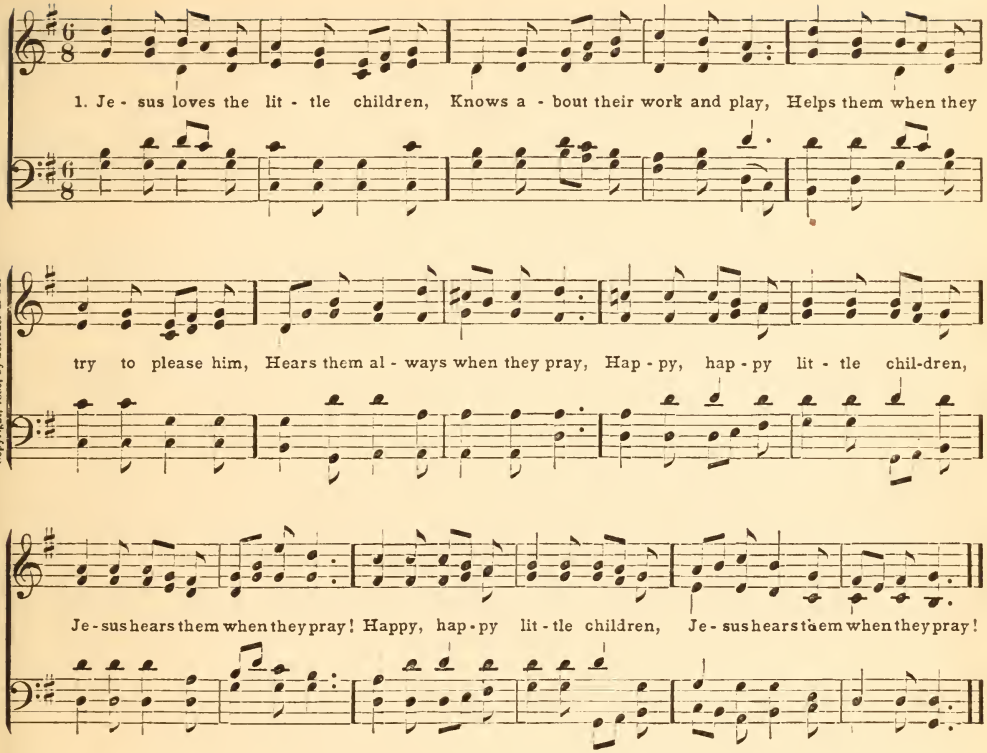
127

"*The Fairest Face.*"

I HEARD a voice, the sweetest voice
That mortal ever heard;
Oh, how it made my heart rejoice,
And every feeling stirred!
'Twas Jesus spoke to me so mild;
He called me to his side,
And said, although with heart defiled,
I might in him confide.

2 I saw his face, the fairest face
That mortal ever saw;
I longed the Saviour to embrace,
From him new life to draw.
"Come unto me," he kindly said,
"And I will give thee rest;
The ransom-price I fully paid—
Repent! believe! be blest!"

3 I felt his love, the strongest love
That mortal ever felt;
Oh, how it drew my soul above,
And made my hard heart melt!
My burden at his feet I laid,
And knew the joy of heaven,
As in my willing ear he said
The blessèd word, "*Forgiven!*"



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128

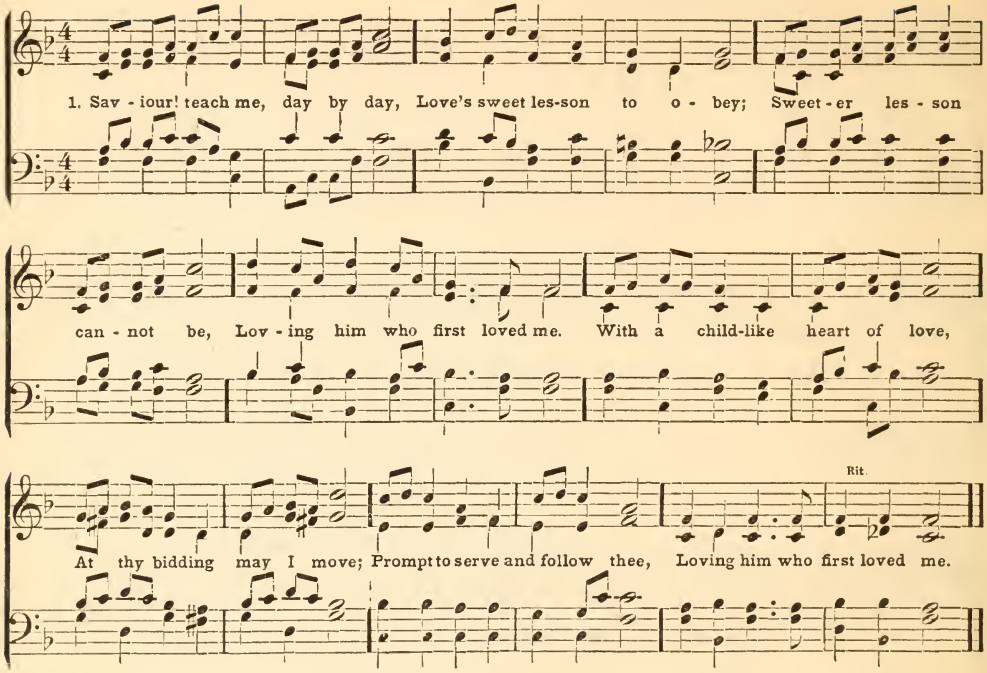
The Infant Class.

Jesus loves the little children,
Knows about their work and play.
Helps them when they try to please him,
Hears them always when they pray.
Happy, happy little children,
Jesus hears them when they pray!

2 Jesus thinks about the children
All the nights and all the days;
Leads the little feet that follow
Into wisdom's pleasant ways.
Happy, happy little children,
Led in wisdom's pleasant ways!

3 He will keep them, when they ask him,
Always patient, true and mild;
Jesus knows about their troubles,
He was once a little child.
Blesséd, happy little children,
He was once a little child!

4 By and by, for those who love him,
He will come, some happy day,—
Lead them to the pleasant pastures
Of the land not far away.
Oh, the safe and happy children,
In the land not far away!



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129

"He first loved us."

SAVIOUR! teach me, day by day,
Love's sweet lesson to obey;
Sweeter lesson cannot be,
Loving him who first loved me.
With a childlike heart of love,
At thy bidding may I move;
Prompt to serve and follow thee,
Loving him who first loved me.

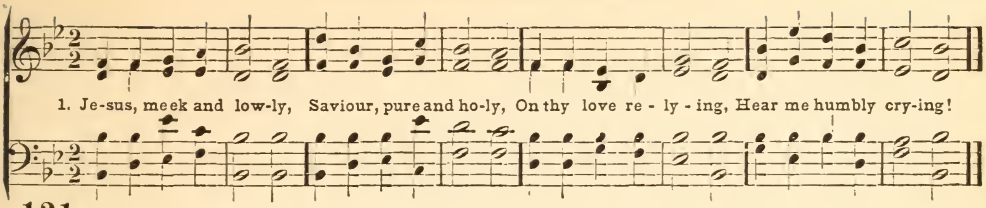
2 Teach me all thy steps to trace,
Strong to follow in thy grace;
Learning how to love from thee,
Loving him who first loved me.
Thus may I rejoice to show
That I feel the love I owe;
Singing, till thy face I see,
Of his love who first loved me.

130

A little child.

GENTLE Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child;
Pity my simplicity;
Suffer me to come to thee.
Lamb of God, I look to thee,
Thou shalt my example be;
Thou art gentle, meek, and mild,
Thou wast once a little child.

2 Fain I would be as thou art;
Give me thy obedient heart;
Thou art pitiful and kind;
Let me have thy loving mind.
Let me above all fulfil
God my heavenly Father's will,
Never his good Spirit grieve,
Only to his glory live.



131

Christ on the cross.

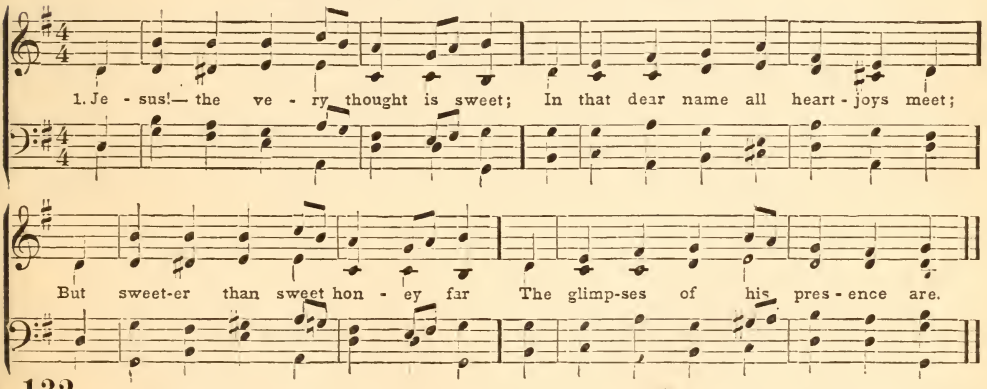
Jesus, meek and lowly,
Saviour, pure and holy,
On thy love relying,
Hear me humbly crying!

2 Prince of life and power,
My salvation's tower,
On the cross I view thee,
Calling sinners to thee.

3 There behold me gazing
At the sight amazing:
Bending low before thee,
Helpless, I adore thee!

4 By that fount of blessing
Thy dear love expressing,
All my aching sadness
Turn thou into gladness.

5 Lord, in mercy guide me!
Be thou e'er beside me;
In thy ways direct me;
'Neath thy wings protect me.

JESUS! THE VERY THOUGHT IS SWEET.

132

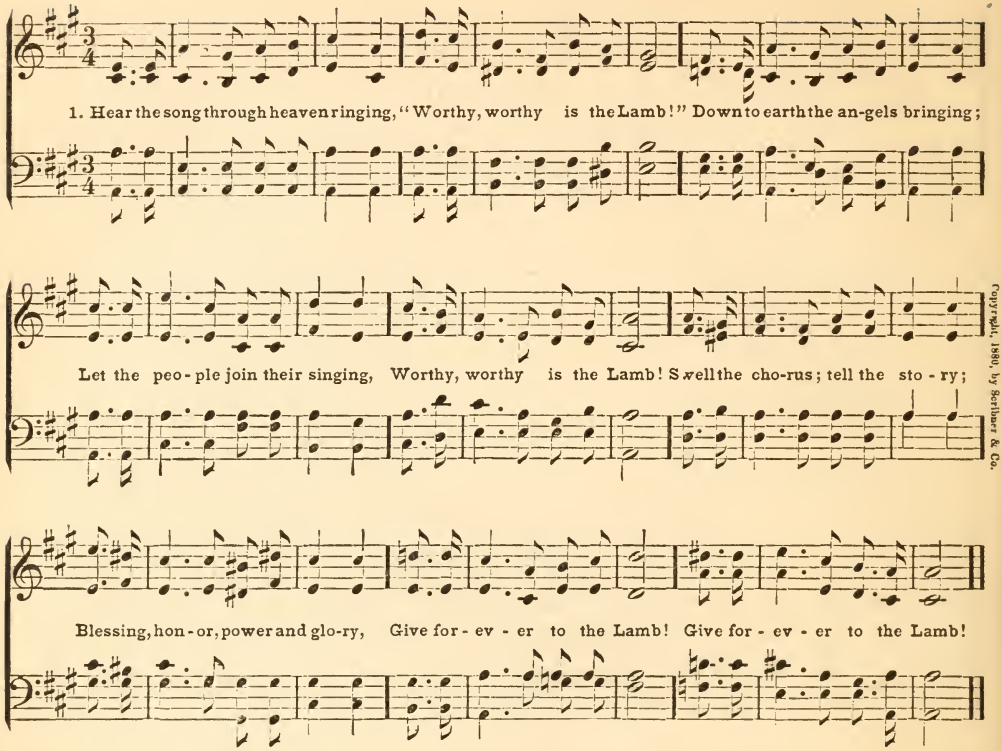
Jesus' Name.

Jesus!—the very thought is sweet;
In that dear name all heart-joys meet;
But sweeter than sweet honey far
The glimpses of his presence are.

2 No word is sung more sweet than this:
No name is heard more full of bliss:
No thought brings sweeter comfort nigh,
Than Jesus, Son of God most high.

3 I seek for Jesus in repose,
When round my heart its chambers close:
Abroad, and when I shut the door,
I long for Jesus evermore.

4 We follow Jesus now, and raise
The voice of prayer, the hymn of praise,
That he at last may make us meet
With him to gain the heavenly seat.



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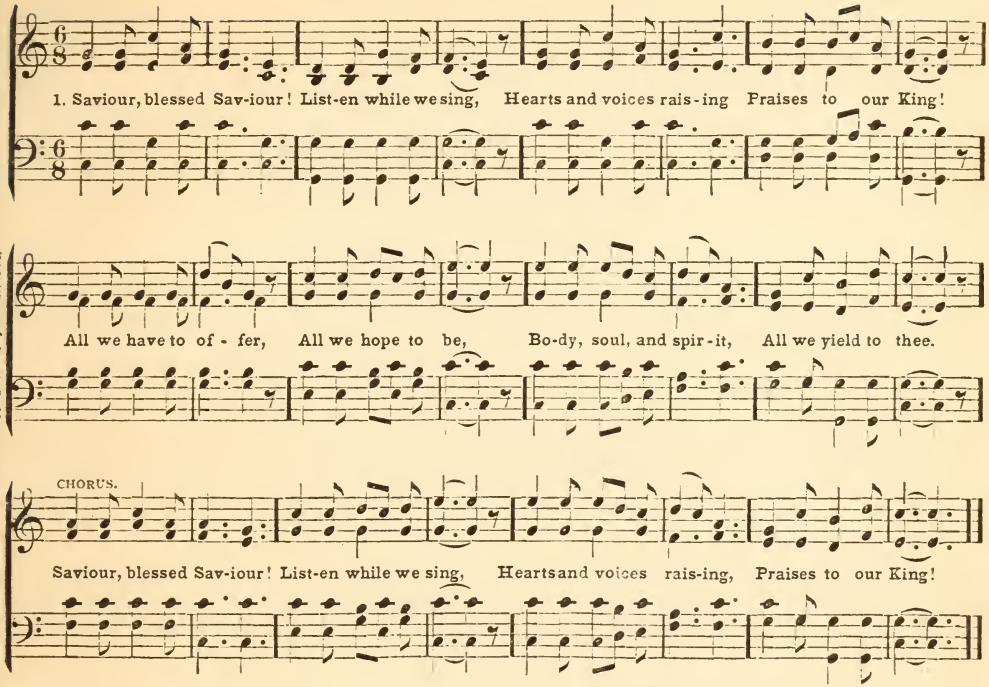
133

The Heavenly Song.

Hear the song through heaven ringing,
"Worthy, worthy is the Lamb!"
Down to earth the angels bringing;
Let the people join their singing,
Worthy, worthy is the Lamb!
Swell the chorus; tell the story;
Blessing, honor, power and glory,
Give forever to the Lamb!

2 With his precious blood he bought us,—
Worthy, worthy is the Lamb!
Lost in sin, he came and sought us;
To the paths of peace he brought us;—
Worthy, worthy is the Lamb!
From our sins he came to save us,
All the wayward past forgave us;
Praise forever to the Lamb!

3 O'er and o'er, our lips confessing,
Worthy, worthy is the Lamb!
Give him honor, power and blessing,
All we have in him possessing;
Worthy, worthy is the Lamb!
Let our lives repeat the story;
Blessing, honor, power and glory,
Be forever to the Lamb!



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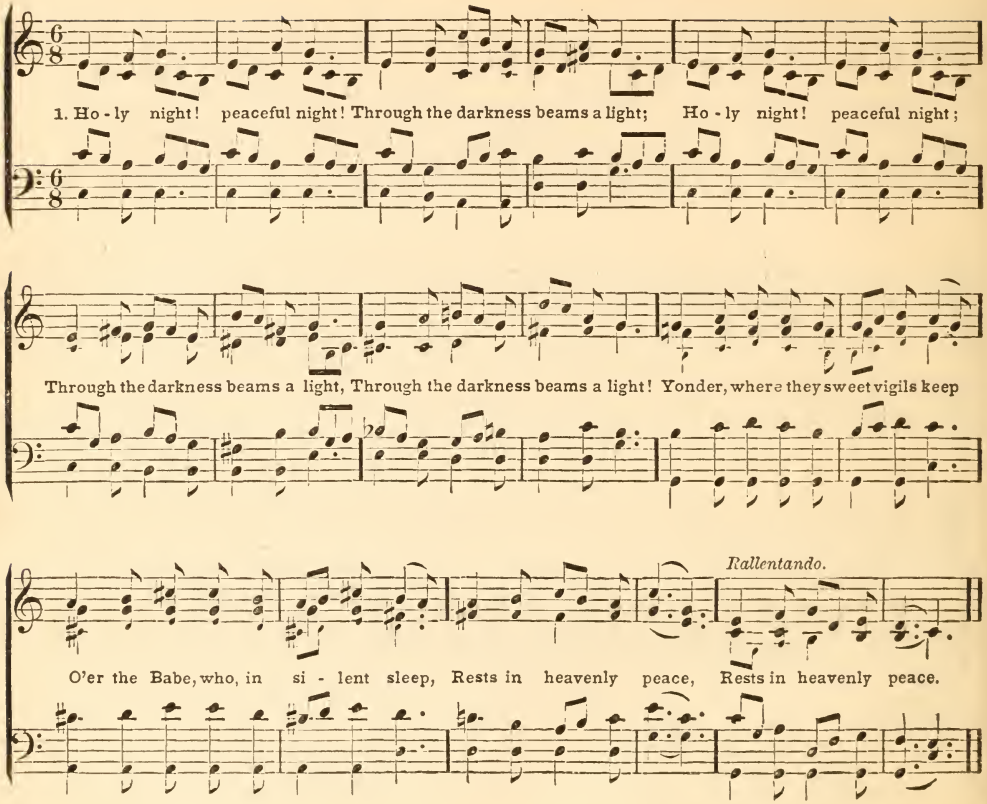
134

Christ, our Leader.

Saviour, blessèd Saviour!
Listen while we sing,
Hearts and voices raising
Praises to our King!
All we have to offer,
All we hope to be,
Body, soul, and spirit,
All we yield to thee.

2 Clearer still and clearer
Dawns the light from heaven,
In our sadness bringing
News of sins forgiven:
Life has lost its shadows,
Pure the light within;
Thou hast shed thy radiance
On a world of sin.

3 Onward, ever onward,
Journeying o'er the road
Worn by saints before us,
Journeying on to God:
Leaving all behind us,
May we hasten on,
Backward never looking
Till the prize is won.

4 Higher, then, and higher,
Bear the ransomed soul,
Earthly toils forgotten,
Saviour! to its goal;
Where, in joys unthought of,
Saints with angels sing,
Never weary, raising
Praises to their King!

135

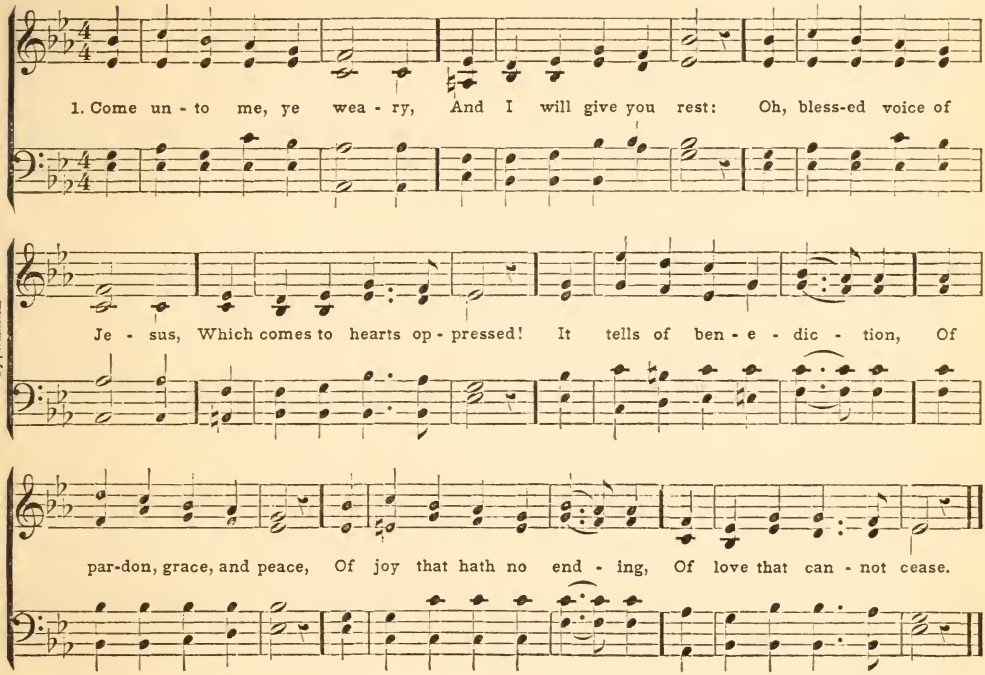
The Birth at Bethlehem.

Holy night! peaceful night!
Through the darkness beams a light
Yonder, where they sweet vigils keep
O'er the Babe, who, in silent sleep,
Rests in heavenly peace.

2 Silent night! holiest night!
Darkness flies and all is light!
Shepherds hear the angels sing—
"Hallelujah! hail the King!
Jesus Christ is here!"

3 Silent night! holiest night!
Guiding Star, oh, lend thy light!
See the eastern wise men bring
Gifts and homage to our King!
Jesus Christ is here!

4 Silent night! holiest night!
Wondrous Star! oh, lend thy light!
With the angels let us sing
Hallelujah to our King!
Jesus Christ is here!



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136

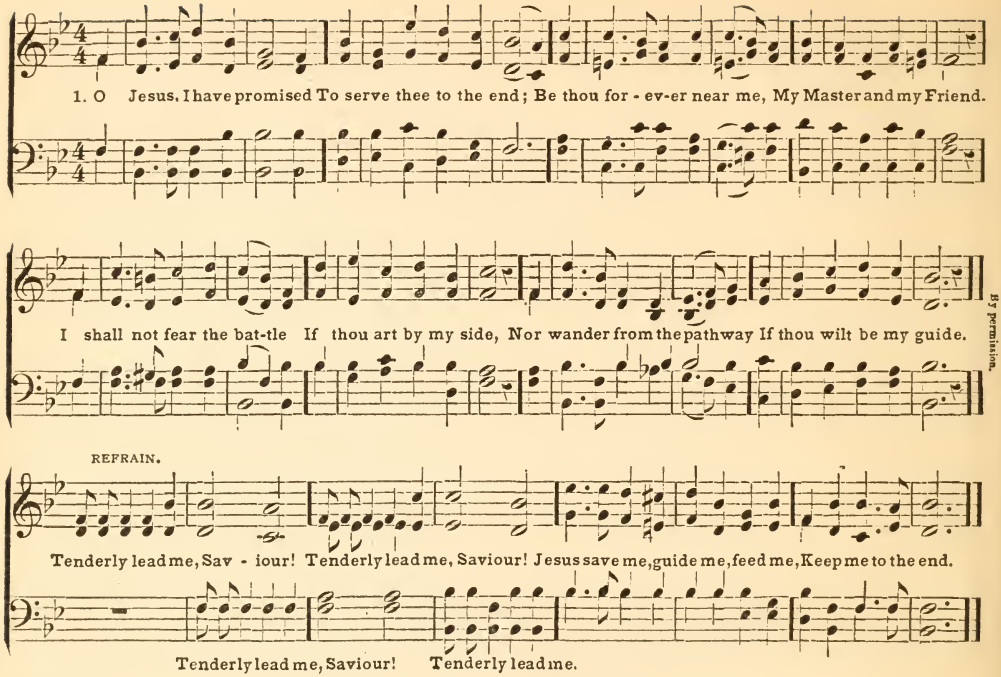
"Come unto me."

Come unto me, ye weary,
And I will give you rest:
Oh, blessèd voice of Jesus,
Which comes to hearts oppressed!
It tells of benediction,
Of pardon, grace, and peace,
Of joy that hath no ending,
Of love that cannot cease.

2 Come unto me, ye wanderers,
And I will give you light:
Oh, loving voice of Jesus,
Which comes to cheer the night!
Our hearts were filled with sadness,
And we had lost our way,
But he has brought us gladness,
And songs at break of day.

3 Come unto me, ye fainting,
And I will give you life:
Oh, cheering voice of Jesus,
Which comes to aid our strife!
The foe is stern and eager,
The fight is fierce and long;
But he has made us mighty,
And stronger than the strong.

4 And whosoever cometh,
I will not cast him out:
Oh, welcome voice of Jesus,
Which drives away our doubt!
Which calls us—guilty sinners—
Unworthy though we be
Of love so free and boundless,
To come, dear Lord, to thee.



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137

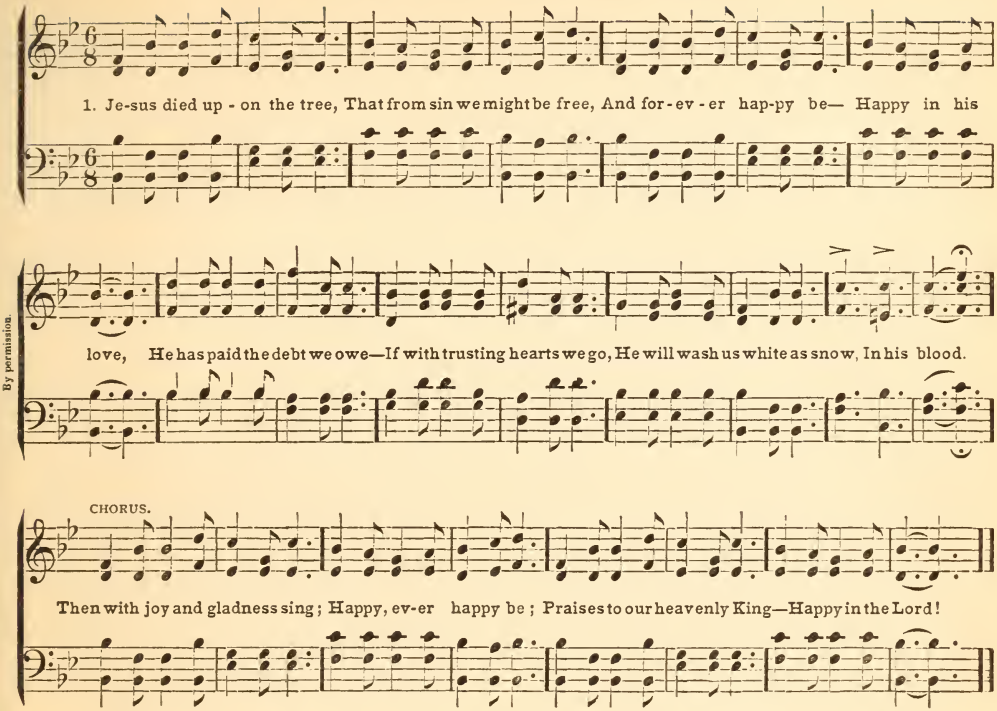
The Promise.

O Jesus, I have promised
To serve thee to the end;
Be thou forever near me,
My Master and my Friend.
I shall not fear the battle
If thou art by my side,
Nor wander from the pathway
If thou wilt be my guide.

2 Oh, let me feel thee near me—
The world is ever near;
I see the sights that dazzle,
The tempting sounds I hear.
My foes are ever near me,
Around me and within;
But, Jesus, draw thou nearer,
And shield my soul from sin.

3 Oh, let me hear thee speaking
In accents clear and still,
Above the storms of passion,
The murmurs of self-will.
Oh, speak to re-assure me,
To hasten or control:
Oh, speak, and make me listen,
Thou Guardian of my soul.

4 Oh, Jesus, thou hast promised
To all who follow thee,
That where thou art in glory
There shall thy servant be;
And Jesus, I have promised
To serve thee to the end:
Oh, give me grace to follow
My Master and my Friend.



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138

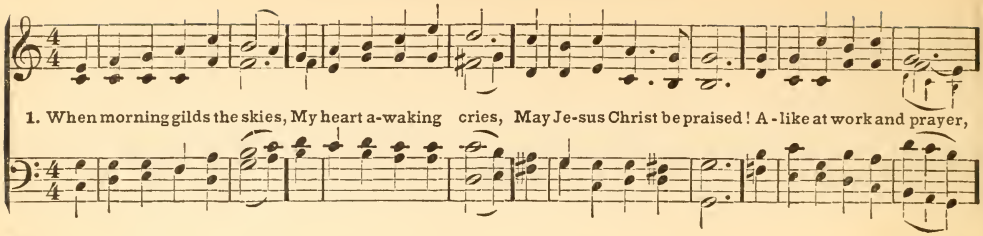
Happy in the Lord.

Jesus died upon the tree,
That from sin we might be free,
And forever happy be—
Happy in his love.
He has paid the debt we owe—
If with trusting hearts we go,
He will wash us white as snow,
In his blood.

Cho.—Then with joy and gladness sing;
Happy, ever happy be—
Praises to our heavenly King—
Happy in the Lord!

2 Lord, we bring our hearts to thee;
Dying love is all our plea,
Thine forever we would be—
Jesus, ever thine.
Jesus smiles and bids us come,
In his loving arms there's room;
He will bear us safely home—
Home above.

3 When we reach that shining shore,
All our suffering will be o'er—
We shall sigh and weep no more,
In that land of love;
But in robes of spotless white,
And with crowns of glory bright,
We will range the fields of light,
Evermore.



139

Praise to Jesus.

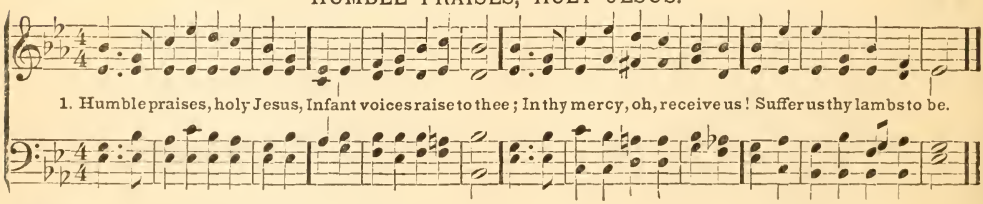
When morning gilds the skies,
My heart awaking cries,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
Alike at work and prayer,
To Jesus I repair;
May Jesus Christ be praised!

2 Does sadness fill my mind?
A solace here I find,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
Or fades my earthly bliss?
My comfort still is this,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

3 The night becomes as day,
When from the heart we say,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
The powers of darkness fear,
When this sweet chant they hear,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

4 In heaven's eternal bliss
The loveliest strain is this,
Let Jesus Christ be praised!
Let earth and sea, and sky,
From depth to height reply,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

HUMBLE PRAISES, HOLY JESUS.



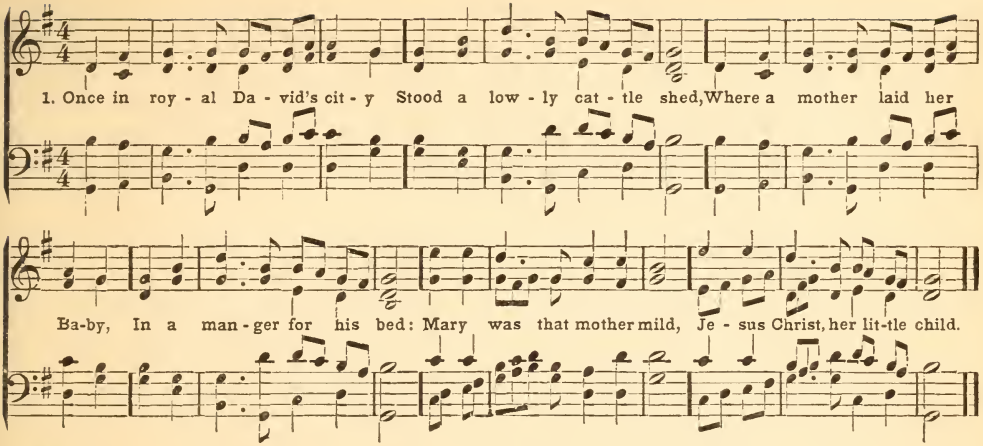
140

"Suffer little Children."

Humble praises, holy Jesus,
Infant voices raise to thee:
In thy mercy, oh, receive us!
Suffer us thy lambs to be.

2 Blessèd Jesus! thou hast bidden
Babes like us to come to thee,
Though by thy disciples chidden,
Thou didst tell them not to flee.

3 Saviour, condescend to feed us;
Richly let thy mercy flow:
Send thy Spirit, blessèd Jesus!
Light and life on us bestow.



141

Bethlehem.

ONCE in royal David's city
Stood a lowly cattle shed,
Where a mother laid her Baby,
In a manger for his bed:
Mary was that mother mild,
Jesus Christ her little child.

2 He came down from earth to heaven
Who is God and Lord of all,
And his shelter was a stable,
And his cradle was a stall:
With the poor, and mean, and lowly,
Lived on earth our Saviour holy.

3 Oh, our eyes at last shall see him,
Through his own redeeming love,
For that child so dear and gentle
Is our God in heaven above;
And he leads his children on
To the place where he is gone.

4 Not in that poor lowly stable,
With the oxen standing by,
We shall see him; but in heaven,
Set at God's right hand on high;
When like stars his children crowned
All in white shall wait around.

142

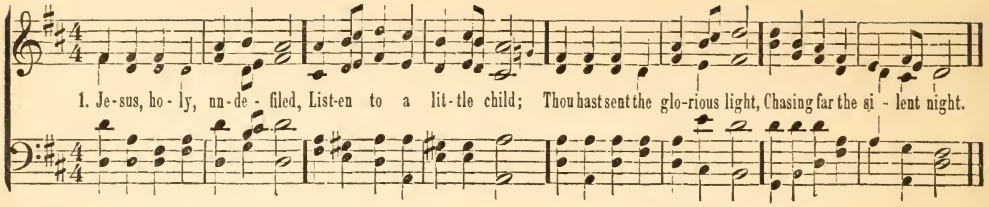
"Jesus wept."

JESUS wept! those tears are over,
But his heart is still the same;
Kinsman, Friend, and elder Brother,
Is his everlasting name.
Saviour, who can love like thee,
Gracious One of Bethany?

2 When the pangs of trial seize us,
When the waves of sorrow roll,
I will lay my head on Jesus,
Pillow of the troubled soul.
Surely, none can feel like thee,
Weeping One of Bethany!

3 Jesus wept! and still in glory,
He can mark each mourner's tear;
Living to retrace the story
Of the hearts he solaced here.
Lord, when I am called to die,
Let me think of Bethany.

4 Jesus wept! that tear of sorrow
Is a legacy of love;
Yesterday, to-day, to-morrow,
He the same doth ever prove.
Thou art all in all to me,
Living One of Bethany.



143 *Morning Prayer.*

JESUS, holy, undefiled,
Listen to a little child;
Thou hast sent the glorious light
Chasing far the silent night.

2 Thou hast sent the sun to shine
O'er this glorious world of thine,
Warmth to give, and pleasant glow,
On each tender flower below.

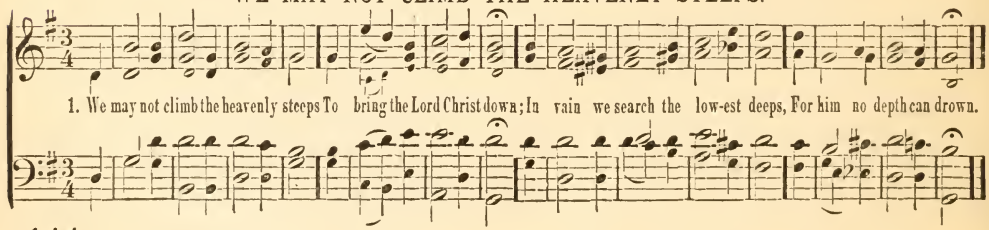
3 Make me, Lord, obedient, mild,
As becomes a little child,
All day long, in every way,
Teach me what to do and say.

4 Help me never to forget,
That in thy great book is set
All that children think and say,
For the awful Judgment Day.

5 Let me never speak a word
That will make thee angry, Lord;
Help me so to live in love,
As thine angels do above.

6 Make me, Lord, in work and play,
Thine more truly every day,
And when thou at last shalt come,
Take me to thy heavenly home.

WE MAY NOT CLIMB THE HEAVENLY STEEPS.



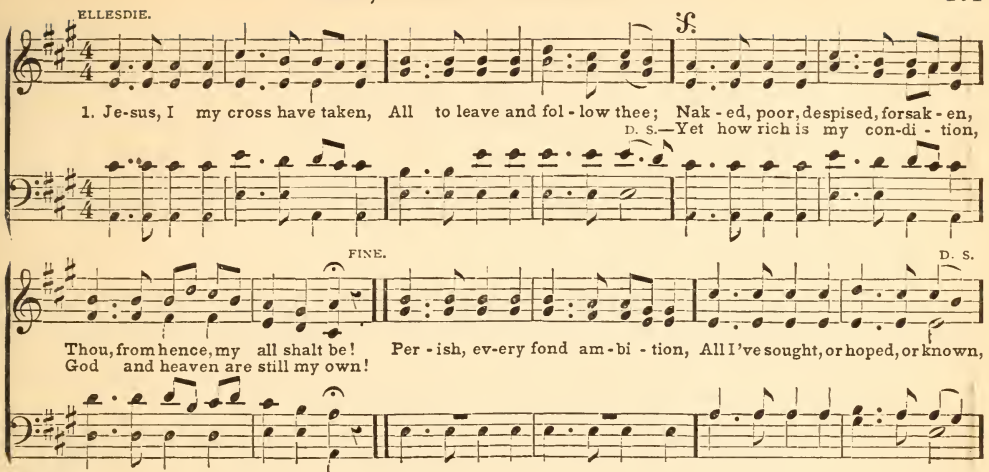
144 *The true Test.*

WE may not climb the heavenly steeps
To bring the Lord Christ down;
In vain we search the lowest deeps,
For him no depths can drown.

2 But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is he;
And faith has yet its Olivet,
And love its Galilee.

3 The healing of the seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain;
We touch him in life's throng and press,
And we are whole again.

4 Through him the first fond prayers are said
Our lips of childhood frame;
The last low whispers of our dead
Are burdened with his name.

5 O Lord and Master of us all,
Whate'er our name or sign,
We own thy sway, we hear thy call,
We test our lives by thine!

145 *Bearing the Cross.*

JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave, and follow thee;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be!
Perish, every fond ambition,
All I've sought, or hoped, or known,
Yet how rich is my condition,
God and heaven are still my own!

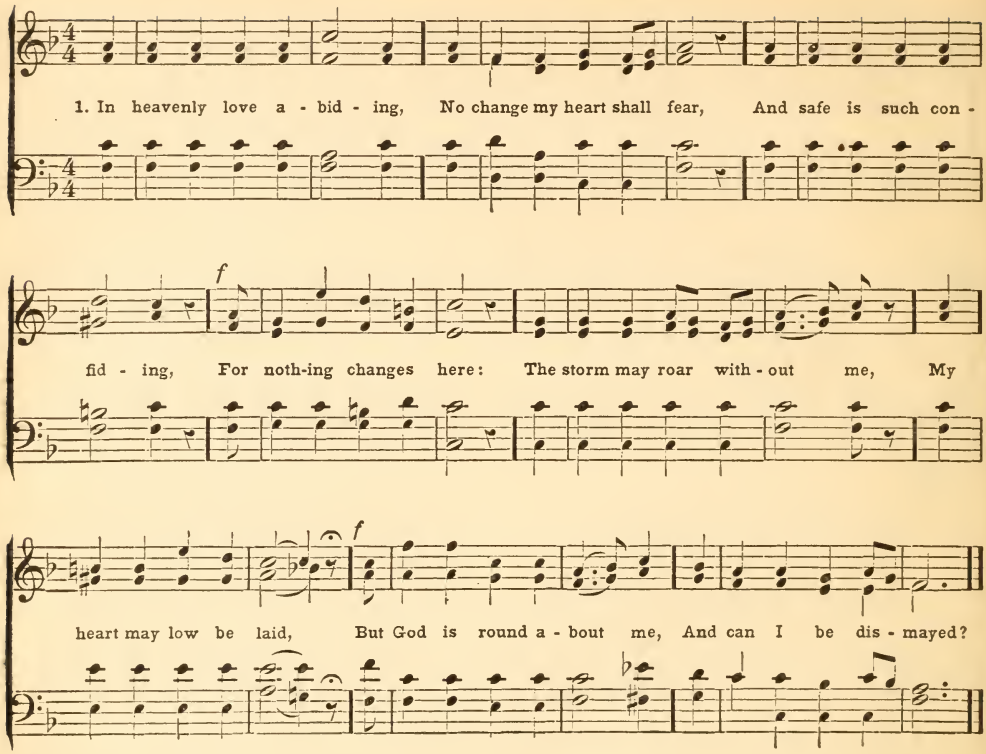
2 Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Saviour, too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me—
Thou art not, like them, untrue;
Oh, while thou dost smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends disown me,
Show thy face, and all is bright.

3 Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me;
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest!
Oh, 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While thy love is left to me;
Oh, 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with thee.

4 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure!
Come, disaster, scorn, and pain!
In thy service pain is pleasure,
With thy favor, loss is gain.
I have called thee—Abba, Father!
I have stayed my heart on thee!
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
All must work for good to me.

146 *The Crown coming.*

SOUL, then know thy full salvation,
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy, to find in every station
Something still to do or bear.
Think what Spirit dwells within thee;
Think what Father's smiles are thine;
Think that Jesus died to win thee!
Child of heaven, canst thou repine?

2 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith and winged by prayer!
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there:
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days,
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

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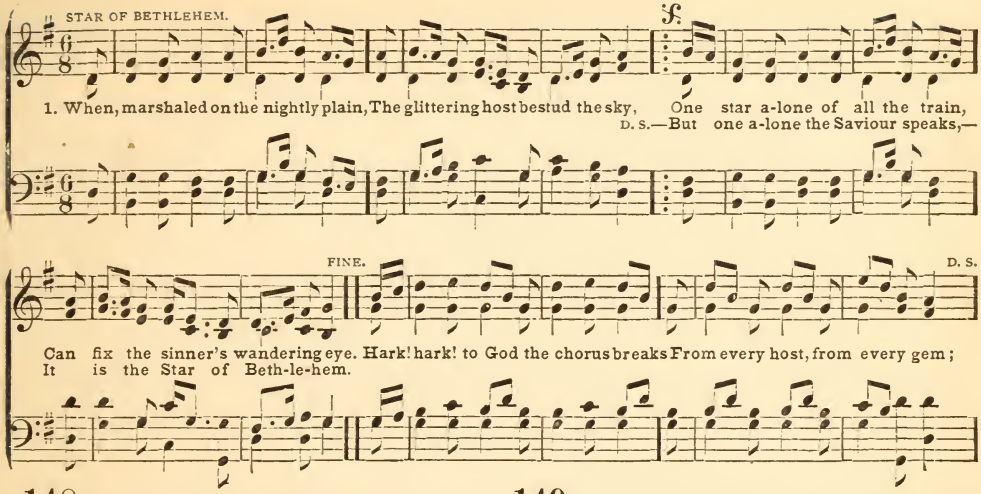
147

Perfect Peace.

In heavenly love abiding,
No change my heart shall fear,
And safe is such confiding,
For nothing changes here:
The storm may roar without me,
My heart may low be laid,
But God is round about me,
And can I be dismayed?

2 Wherever he may guide me,
No want shall turn me back;
My Shepherd is beside me,
And nothing can I lack:
His wisdom ever waketh,
His sight is never dim:
He knows the way he taketh,
And I will walk with him.

3 Green pastures are before me,
Which yet I have not seen;
Bright skies will soon be o'er me,
Where darkest clouds have been:
My hope I cannot measure;
My path to life is free;
My Saviour has my treasure,
And he will walk with me.



148

"They saw the Star."

When, marshaled on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky,
One star alone of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.
Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone the Saviour speaks,—
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

2 Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud, the night was dark,
The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed
The wind that tossed my foundering bark.
Deep horror then my vitals froze;
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
When suddenly a star arose,—
It was the Star of Bethlehem!

3 It was my guide, my light, my all;
It bade my dark forebodings cease,
And through the storm and danger's thrall
It led me to the port of peace.
Now safely moored, my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
For ever and for evermore,
The Star, the Star of Bethlehem!

149

God's Leading.

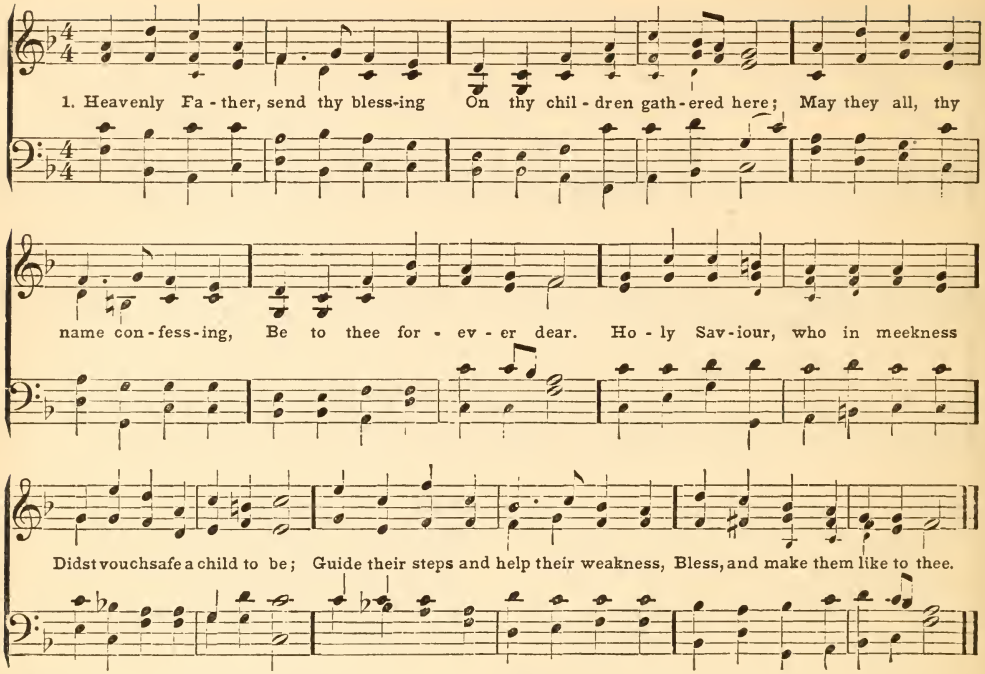
He leadeth me! oh, blessèd thought,
Oh, words with heavenly comfort fraught!
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

Refrain.—

He leadeth me! he leadeth me!
By his own hand he leadeth me;
His faithful follower I would be,
For by his hand he leadeth me!

2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
By waters still, o'er troubled sea,—
Still 'tis his hand that leadeth me!

3 Lord! I would clasp thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine;
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.

4 And when my task on earth is done,
When by thy grace the victory's won,
E'n death's cold wave I will not flee,
Since God through Jordan leadeth me.

150

The Spirit's blessing.

Heavenly Father, send thy blessing
On thy children gathered here;
May they all, thy name confessing,
Be to thee forever dear.
Holy Saviour, who in meekness
Didst vouchsafe a child to be;
Guide their steps and help their weakness,
Bless, and make them like to thee.

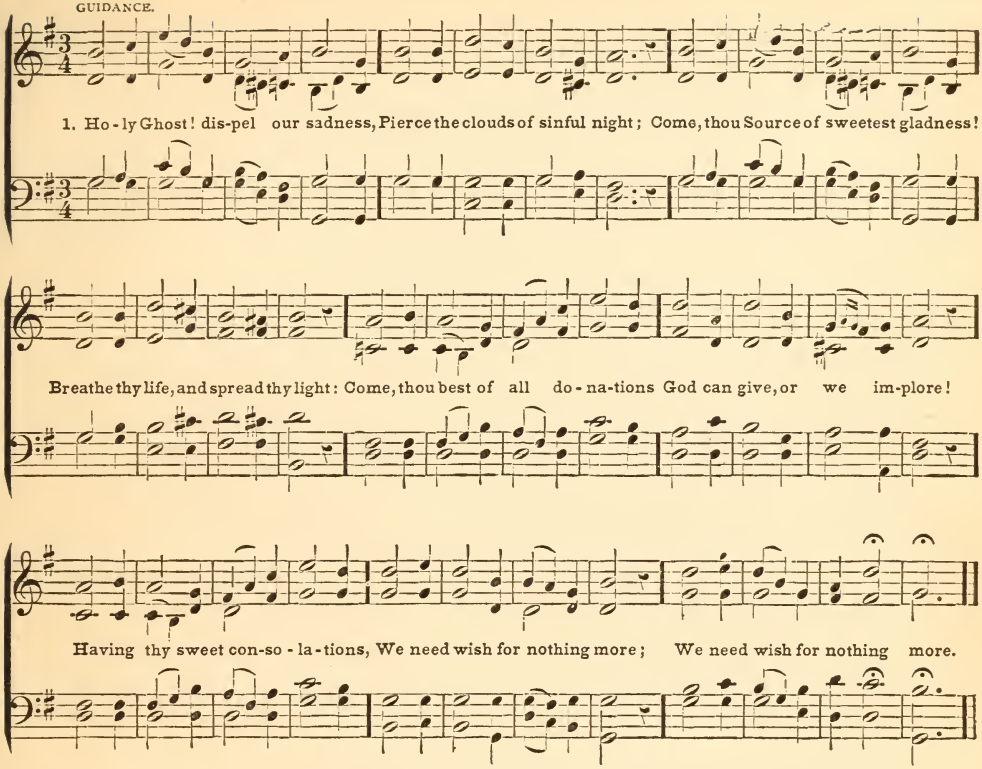
2 Bear the lambs, when they are weary,
In thine arms and on thy breast;
Through life's desert dark and dreary
Bring them to thy heavenly rest.
Spread thy wings of blessing o'er them,
Holy Spirit, from above;
Guide, and lead, and go before them,
Give them peace, and joy, and love.

151

God's Perfections.

God, my King, thy might confessing,
Ever will I bless thy name;
Day by day thy throne addressing,
Still will I thy praise proclaim.
Nor shall fail from memory's treasure,
Works by love and mercy wrought—
Works of love surpassing measure,
Works of mercy passing thought.

2 Full of kindness and compassion,
Slow to anger, vast in love,
God is good to all creation;
All his works his goodness prove.
All thy works, O Lord, shall bless thee,
Thee shall all thy saints adore;
King supreme shall they confess thee,
And proclaim thy sovereign power.



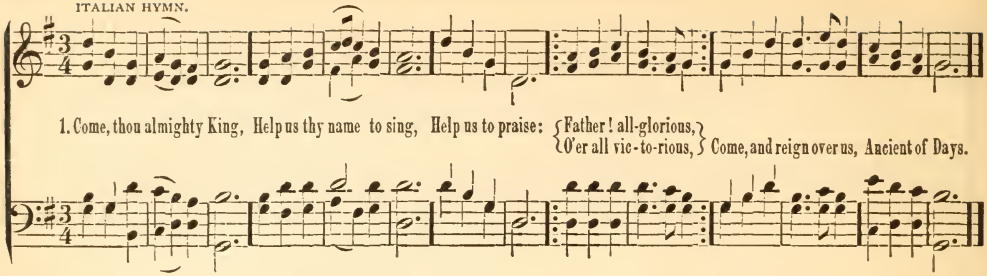
152

The Spirit sought.

Holy Ghost! dispel our sadness,
Pierce the clouds of sinful night;
Come, thou Source of sweetest gladness!
Breathe thy life, and spread thy light:
Come, thou best of all donations
God can give, or we implore!
Having thy sweet consolations,
We need wish for nothing more.

2 From that height which knows no measure,
As a gracious shower descend,
Bringing down the richest treasure
Man can wish, or God can send:
Author of the new creation!
Come, with unction and with power;
Make our hearts thy habitation;
On our souls thy graces shower.

3 Manifest thy love forever;
Fence us in on every side;
In distress be our Reliever;
Guard and teach, support and guide:
Hear, oh, hear our supplication,
Loving Spirit, God of peace!
Rest upon this congregation,
With the fulness of thy grace!

ITALIAN HYMN.

153

"One in Three."

Come, thou almighty King,
Help us thy name to sing,
  Help us to praise:
Father! all-glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come, and reign over us,
  Ancient of Days!

2 Come, thou incarnate Word,
Gird on thy mighty sword;
  Our prayer attend;
Come, and thy people bless,
And give thy word success;
Spirit of holiness!
  On us descend.

3 Come, holy Comforter!
Thy sacred witness bear,
  In this glad hour:
Thou, who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
  Spirit of power!

4 To the great One in Three,
The highest praises be,
  Hence evermore!
His sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
  Love and adore.

154

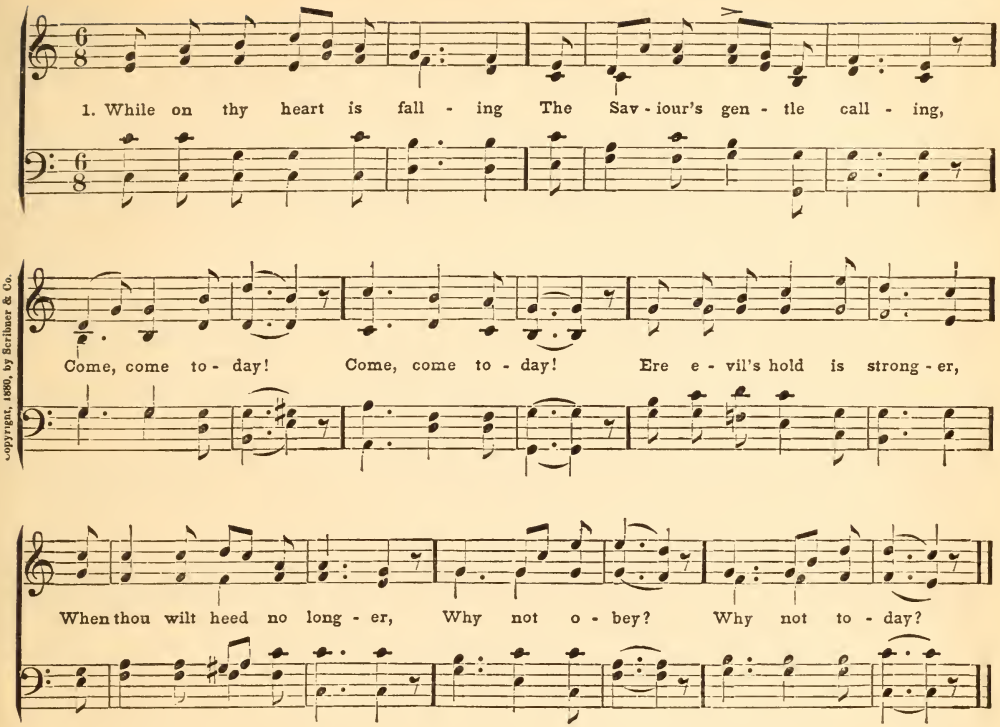
"Let there be light."

Thou! whose almighty word
Chaos and darkness heard,
  And took their flight,
Hear us, we humbly pray,
And, where the gospel's day
Sheds not its glorious ray,
  "Let there be light!"

2 Thou! who didst come to bring,
On thy redeeming wing,
  Healing and sight,
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind,—
Oh, now to all mankind,
  "Let there be light!"

3 Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving holy Dove!
  Speed forth thy flight:
Move o'er the waters' face,
Bearing the lamp of grace,
And in earth's darkest place,
  "Let there be light!"

4 Blessèd and holy Three,
All-glorious Trinity,—
  Wisdom, Love, Might!
Boundless as ocean's tide
Rolling in fullest pride,
Through the world, far and wide,—
  "Let there be light!"



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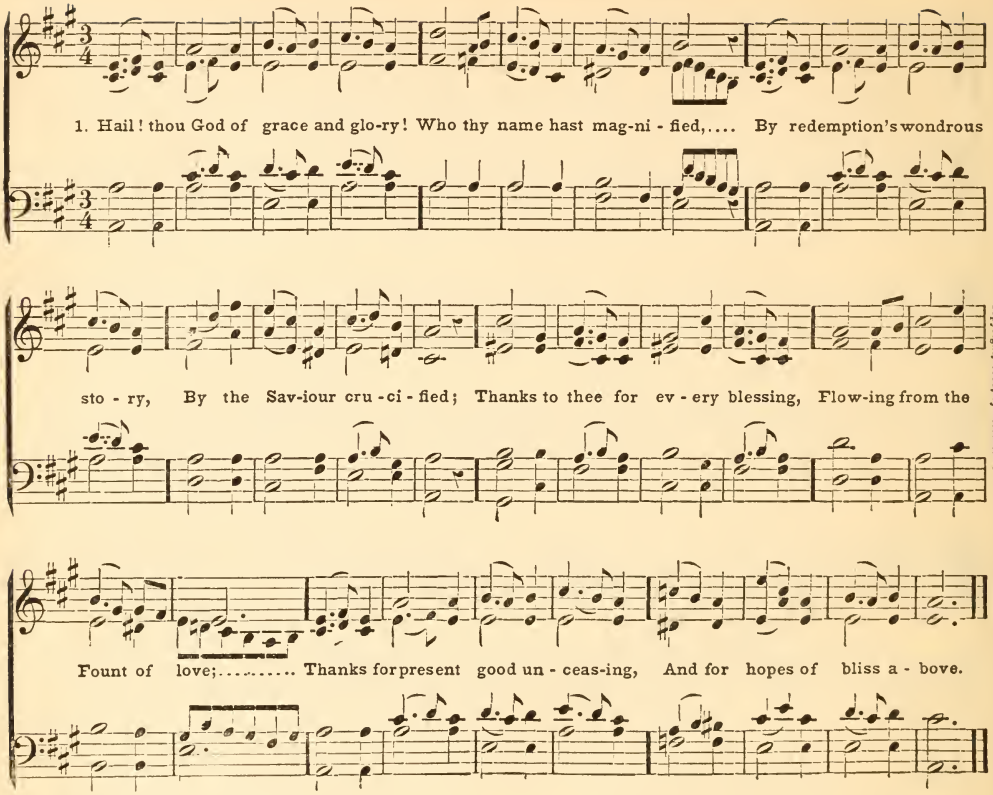
155

The Spirit's Striving.

While on thy heart is falling
The Saviour's gentle calling,
Come, come to-day!
Ere evil's hold is stronger,
When thou wilt heed no longer,
Why not obey?
Why not to-day?

2 Thy heart is sorely needing
To listen to his pleading—
Wherefore delay?
Will waiting bring thee nearer,
Or make thy vision clearer
To see the way?
Oh, come to-day!

3 Behold, the Spirit knoweth
What strong temptation groweth
Across thy way:
And prayer for strength in trial
Hath never met denial;
Oh, then, to-day
Turn not away?

4 Neglected, scorned, and hated,
Was ever friend who waited
Such long delay?
Oh, come, thy wrong confessing,
Nor put thy day of blessing
Too far away:
Oh, come to-day!

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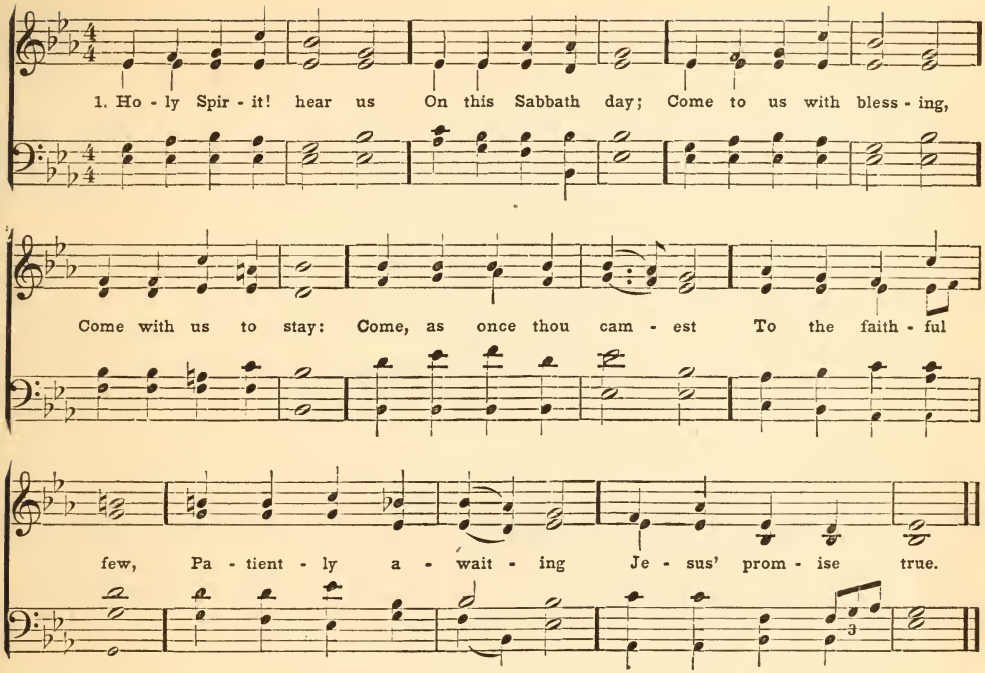
156

The Baptism of the Spirit.

HAIL! thou God of grace and glory!
Who thy name hast magnified,
By redemption's wondrous story,
By the Saviour crucified;
Thanks to thee for every blessing,
Flowing from the Fount of love;
Thanks for present good unceasing,
And for hopes of bliss above.

2 Hear us, as thus bending lowly,
Near thy bright and burning throne,
We invoke thee, God most holy!
Through thy well-beloved Son;
Send the baptism of thy Spirit,
Shed the pentecostal fire;
Let us all thy grace inherit,
Waken, crown each good desire.

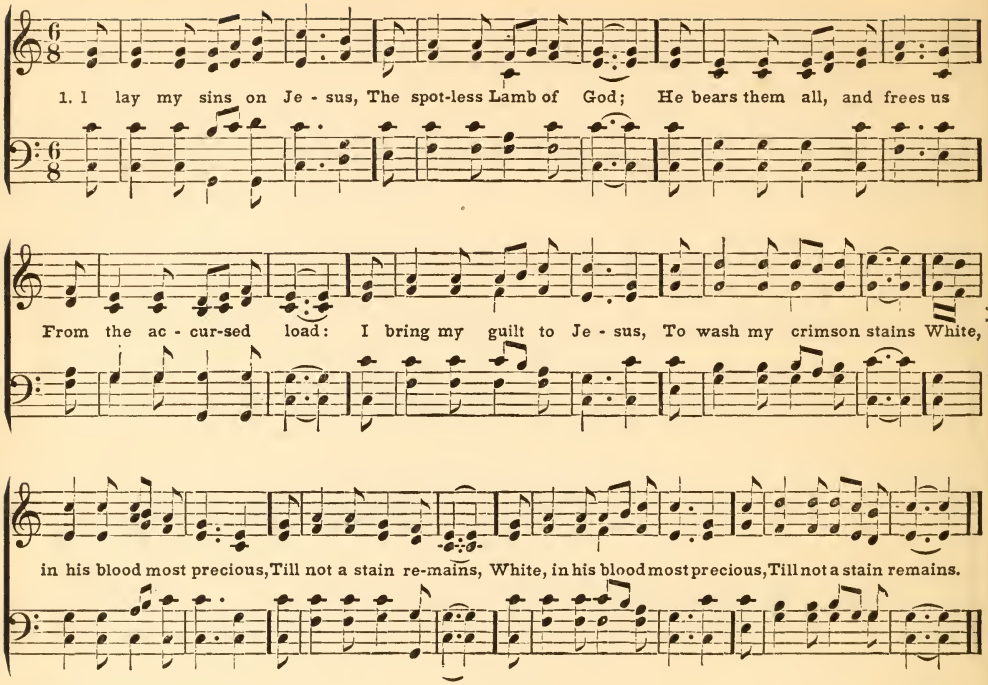
3 Bind thy people, Lord! in union,
With the sevenfold cord of love;
Breathe a spirit of communion
With the glorious hosts above;
Let thy work be seen progressing;
Bow each heart, and bend each knee,
Till the world, thy truth possessing,
Celebrates its jubilee.

157 *"Come with us to stay!"*

HOLY Spirit! hear us
On this Sabbath day;
Come to us with blessing,
Come with us to stay:
Come, as once thou camest
To the faithful few,
Patiently awaiting
Jesus' promise true.

2 Up to heaven ascending
Our dear Lord has gone;
Yet his little children
Leaves he not alone.
To his blessèd promise
Now in faith we cling;—
Comforter, most holy!
Spread o'er us thy wing!

3 Lighten thou our darkness,
Be thyself our light;
Strengthen thou our weakness,
Spirit of all might!
In our doubt give counsel,
In temptation aid;
Say to us in danger,
"Be not ye afraid!"

4 Spirit of adoption!
Make us overflow
With thy sevenfold blessing,
And in grace to grow;
"Into Christ baptizéd,"
Grant that we may be,
Day and night, dear Spirit,
Perfected by thee!

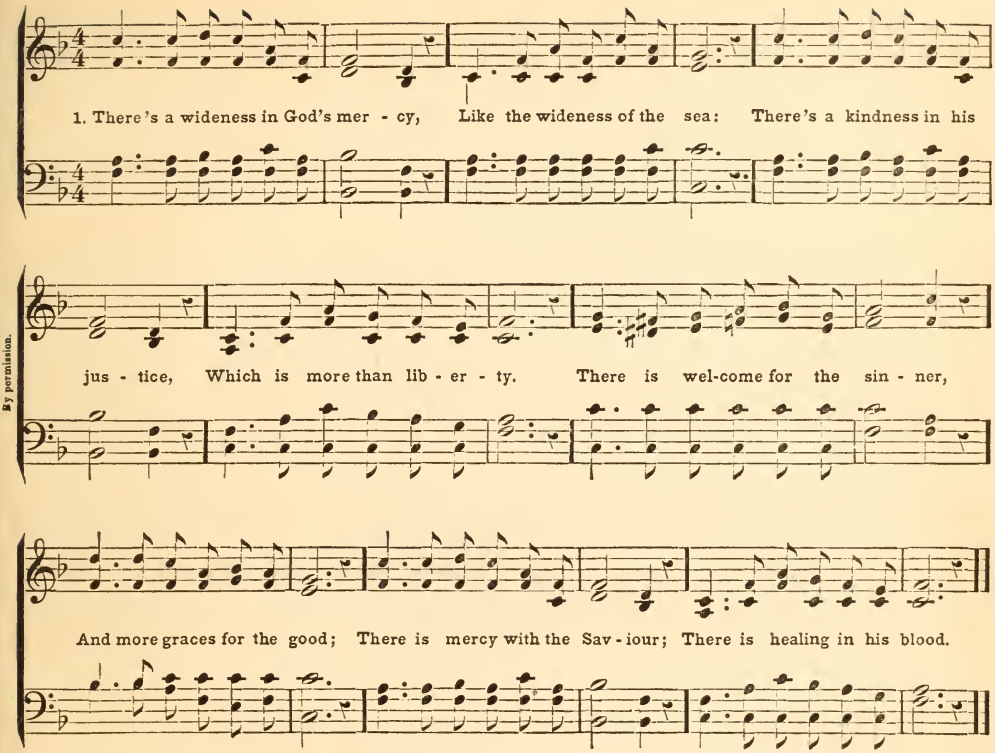


158 *"He hath borne our iniquities."*

I LAY my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God;
He bears them all, and frees us
From the accurséd load:
I bring my guilt to Jesus,
To wash my crimson stains
White, in his blood most precious,
Till not a stain remains.

2 I lay my wants on Jesus;
All fulness dwells in him;
He healeth my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem:
I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares;
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrows shares.

3 I rest my soul on Jesus,
This weary soul of mine;
His right hand me embraces,
I on his breast recline:
I love the name of Jesus,
Immanuel, Christ, the Lord;
Like fragrance on the breezes,
His name abroad is poured.

4 I long to be like Jesus,
Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's holy child:
I long to be with Jesus
Amid the heavenly throng,
To sing with saints his praises,
And learn the angels' song.

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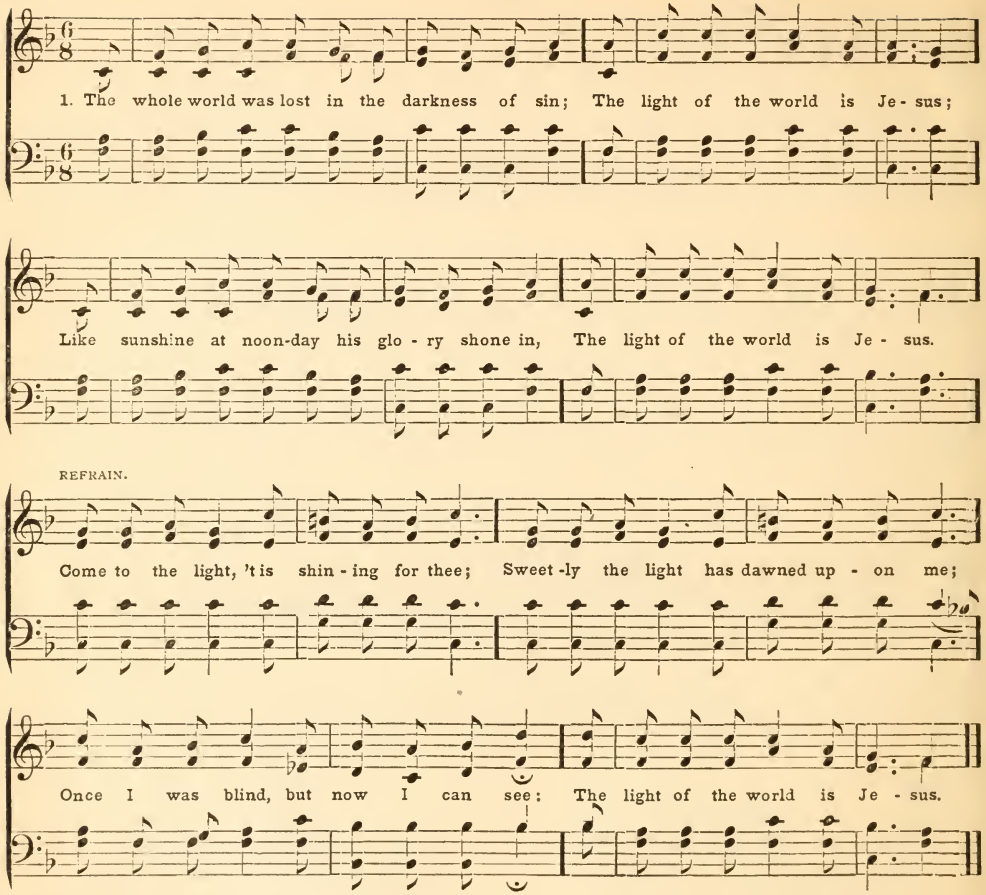
159

God's Welcome.

THERE'S a wideness in God's mercy,
Like the wideness of the sea:
There's a kindness in his justice,
Which is more than liberty.
There is welcome for the sinner,
And more graces for the good;
There is mercy with the Saviour;
There is healing in his blood.

2 There is no place where earth's sorrows
Are more felt than up in heaven;
There is no place where earth's failings
Have such kindly judgment given.
There is plentiful redemption
In the blood that has been shed;
There is joy for all the members
In the sorrows of the Head.

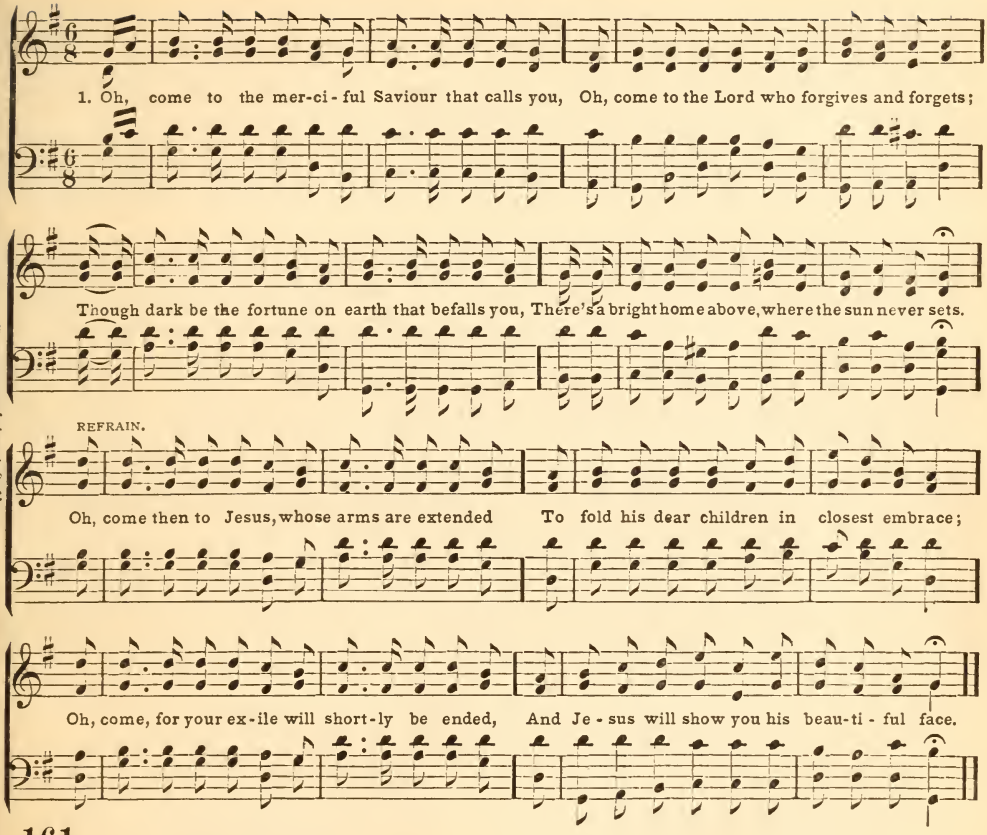
3 For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.
If our love were but more simple,
We should take him at his word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

160

"*I am the Light.*"

THE whole world was lost in the darkness of sin;
The light of the world is Jesus;
Like sunshine at noon-day his glory shone in,
The light of the world is Jesus.

REF.—Come to the light, 'tis shining for thee;
Sweetly the light has dawned upon me;
Once I was blind, but now I can see:
The light of the world is Jesus.

2 No darkness have we who in Jesus abide,
The light of the world is Jesus;
We walk in the light when we follow our guide,
The light of the world is Jesus.

3 No need of the sunlight in heaven, we're told,
The light of the world is Jesus;
The Lamb is the light in the City of Gold,
The light of the world is Jesus.

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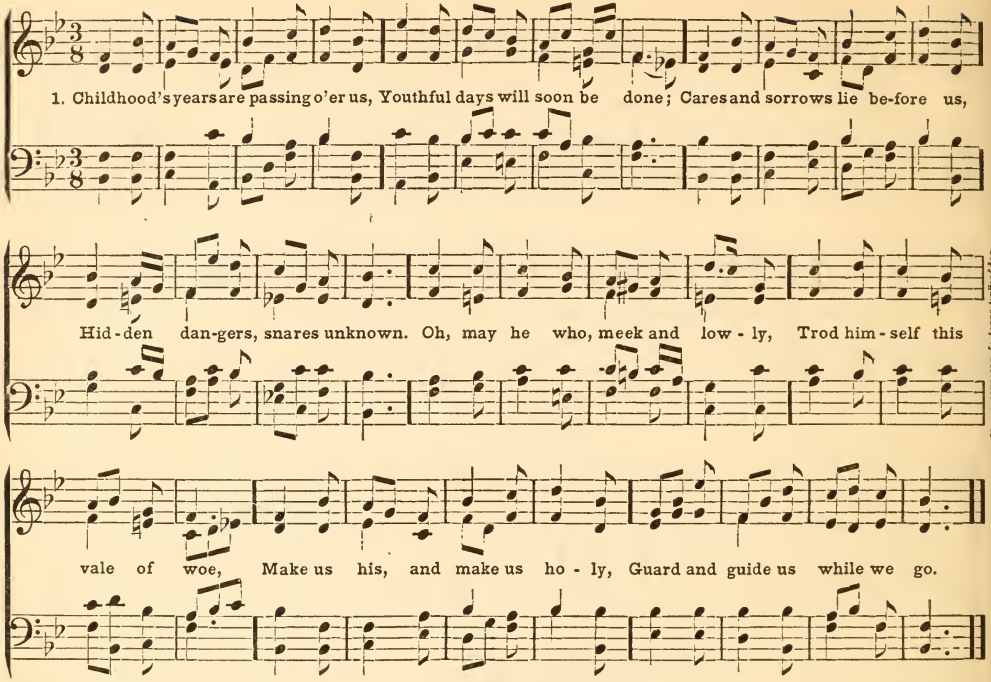
161

"*His beautiful face.*"

Oh, come to the merciful Saviour that calls you;
Oh, come to the Lord who forgives and forgets;
Though dark be the fortune on earth that befalls you,
There's a bright home above where the sun never sets.

2 Come, come to his feet and lay open your story
Of suffering and sorrow, of guilt and of shame;
For the pardon of sin is the crown of his glory,
And the joy of our Lord to be true to his name.

3 Then come to the Saviour, whose mercy grows brighter
The longer you look at the depths of his love;
And fear not—'tis Jesus, and life's cares grow lighter
As you think of the home and the glory above.



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162

The Crown of Life.

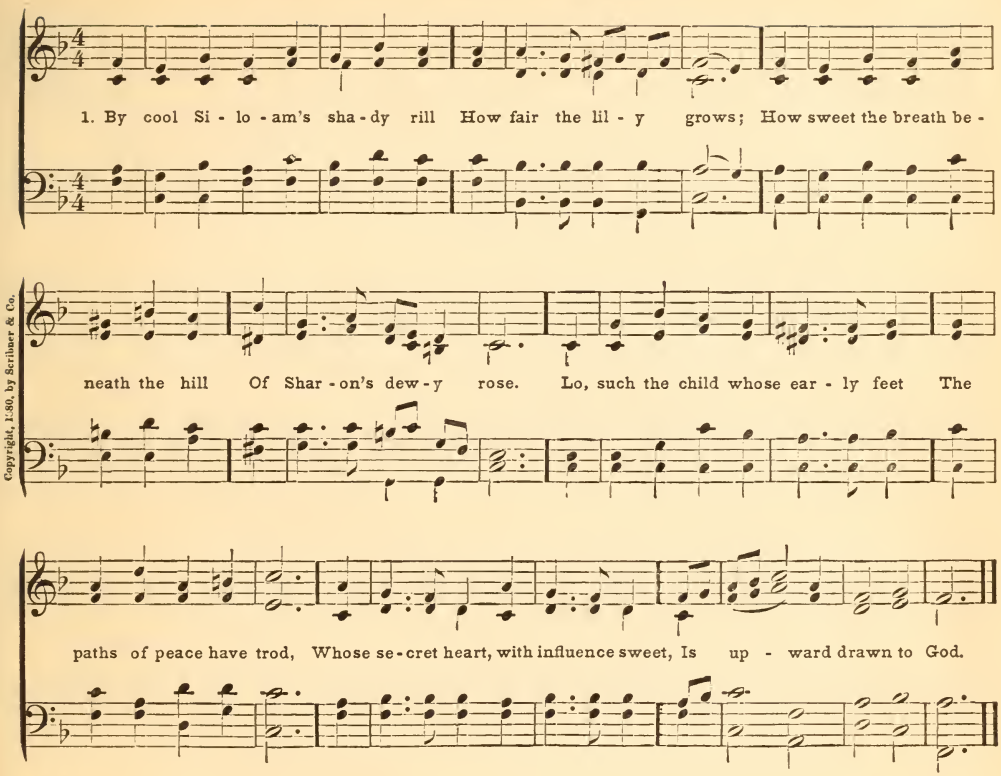
Childhood's years are passing o'er us,
Youthful days will soon be done;
Cares and sorrows lie before us,
Hidden dangers, snares unknown.
Oh, may he who, meek and lowly,
Trod himself this vale of woe,
Make us his, and make us holy,
Guard and guide us while we go.

2 Hark! it is the Saviour calling,
"Little children, follow me!"
Jesus, keep our feet from falling;
Teach us all to follow thee.
Soon we part—it may be never,
Never here to meet again;
Oh, to meet in heaven forever!
Oh, the crown of life to gain!

163

Guidance.

Gently, Lord, oh, gently lead us
Through this lonely vale of tears,
Through the changes thou'st decreed us,
Till our last great change appears;
When temptation's darts assail us,
When in devious paths we stray,
Let thy goodness never fail us,
Lead us in thy perfect way.

2 In the hour of pain and anguish,
In the hour when death draws near,
Suffer not our hearts to languish,
Suffer not our souls to fear;
And when mortal life is ended,
Bid us in thine arms to rest,
Till, by angel bands attended,
We awake among the blest.

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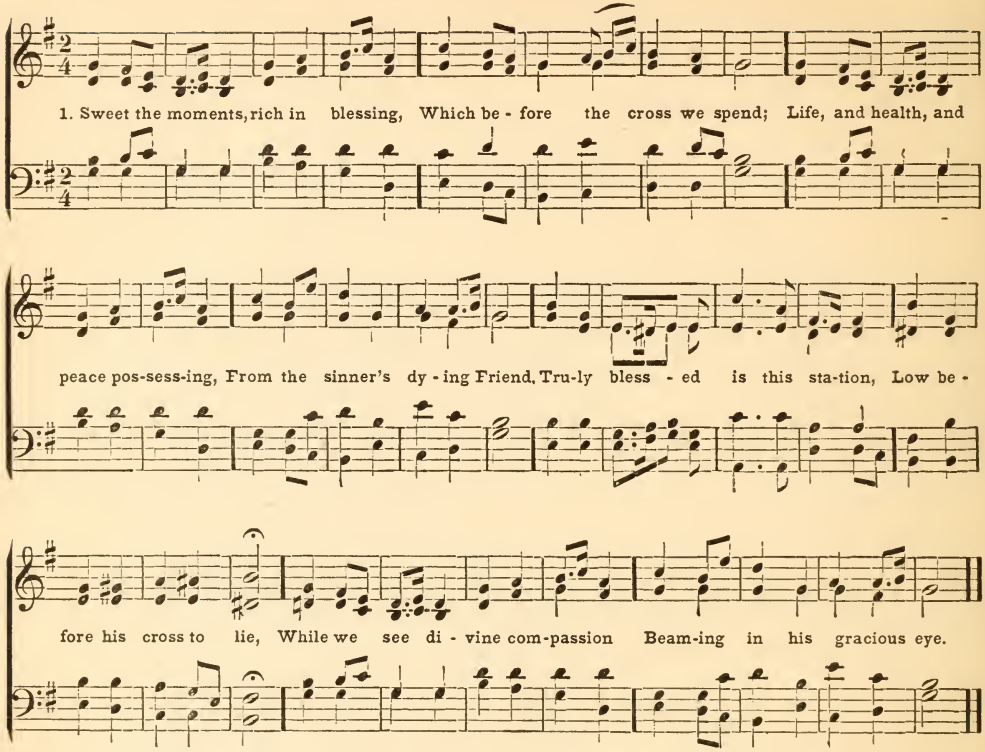
164

"In the way he should go."

By cool Siloam's shady rill
How fair the lily grows;
How sweet the breath beneath the hill
Of Sharon's dewy rose.
Lo, such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod,
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.

2 By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.
And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
May shake the soul with sorrow's power,
And stormy passion's rage.

3 O thou, whose infant feet were found
Within thy Father's shrine,
Whose years, with changeless virtue crowned,
Were all alike divine!
Dependent on thy bounteous breath,
We seek thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still thine own.

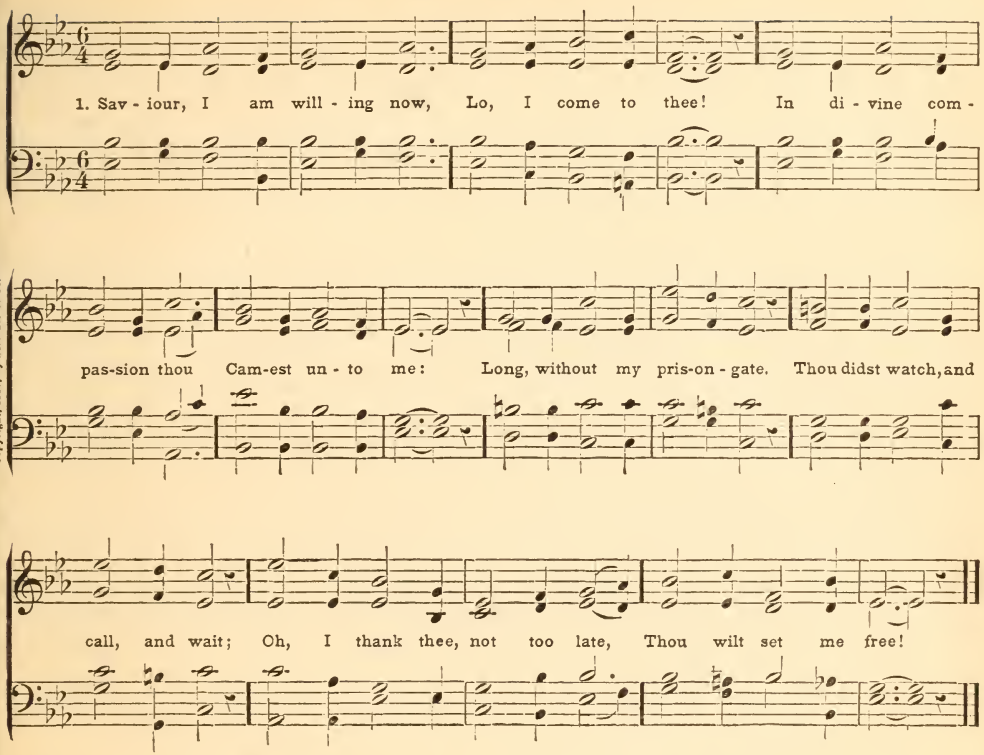


165

Before the cross.

SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross we spend;
Life, and health, and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying Friend.
Truly blesséd is this station,
Low before his cross to lie,
While we see divine compassion
Beaming in his gracious eye.

2 Love and grief our hearts dividing,
With our tears his feet we bathe;
Constant still, in faith abiding,
Life deriving from his death.
For thy sorrows we adore thee,
For the pains that wrought our peace;
Gracious Saviour! we implore thee
In our souls thy love increase.

3 Here we feel our sins forgiven,
While upon the Lamb we gaze;
And our thoughts are all of heaven,
And our lips o'erflow with praise.
Still in ceaseless contemplation,
Fix our hearts and eyes on thee,
Till we taste thy full salvation,
And, unvailed, thy glories see.

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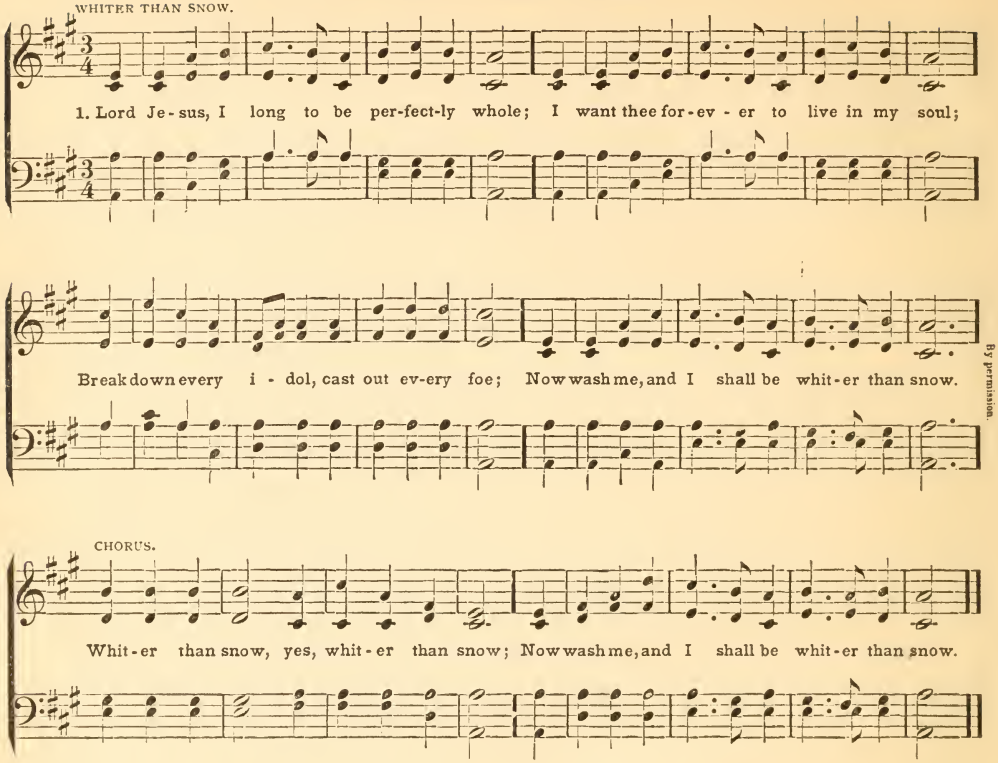
166

Willing at Last.

SAVIOUR, I am willing now,
Lo, I come to thee!
In divine compassion thou
Camest unto me.
Long, without my prison-gate,
Thou didst watch, and call, and wait;
Oh, I thank thee, not too late,
Thou wilt set me free!

2 What am I, who seek thy face,
Burdened with my grief?
What have I, to claim thy grace—
I, of sinners chief?
Can it be thou wilt relieve?
Can it be thou wilt receive?
Blesséd Jesus, I believe—
Help my unbelief!

3 Why should I thy mercy doubt?
Through my fleeting years
Thou hast stood and knocked without,
Sought my soul with tears:
Now, at last, I will obey;
Trust in thee to choose my way—
Saviour, hold my hand, I pray,
While I follow thee!

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167

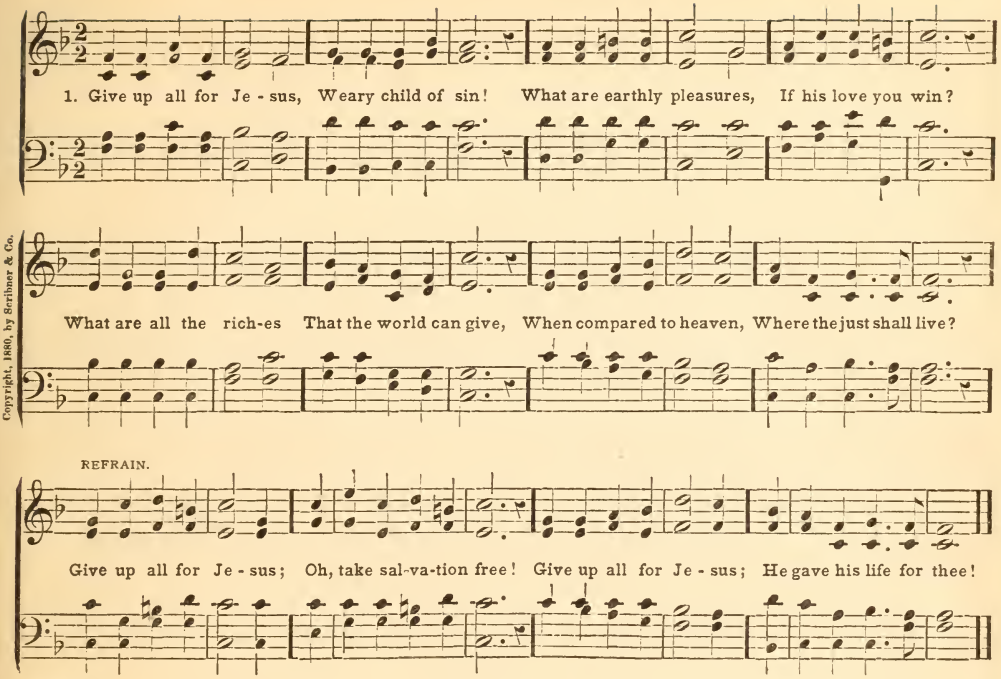
Cleansing from Sin.

LORD Jesus, I long to be perfectly whole;
I want thee forever to live in my soul;
Break down every idol, cast out every foe;
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

CHO.—Whiter than snow, yes, whiter than snow;
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

2 Lord Jesus, look down from thy throne in the skies,
And help me to make a complete sacrifice;
I give up myself, and whatever I know—
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

3 Lord Jesus, for this I most humbly entreat;
I wait, blessèd Lord, at thy crucified feet;
By faith, for my cleansing I see thy blood flow—
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

4 Lord Jesus, thou seest I patiently wait;
Come now, and within me a new heart create;
To those who have sought thee, thou never said'st No—
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

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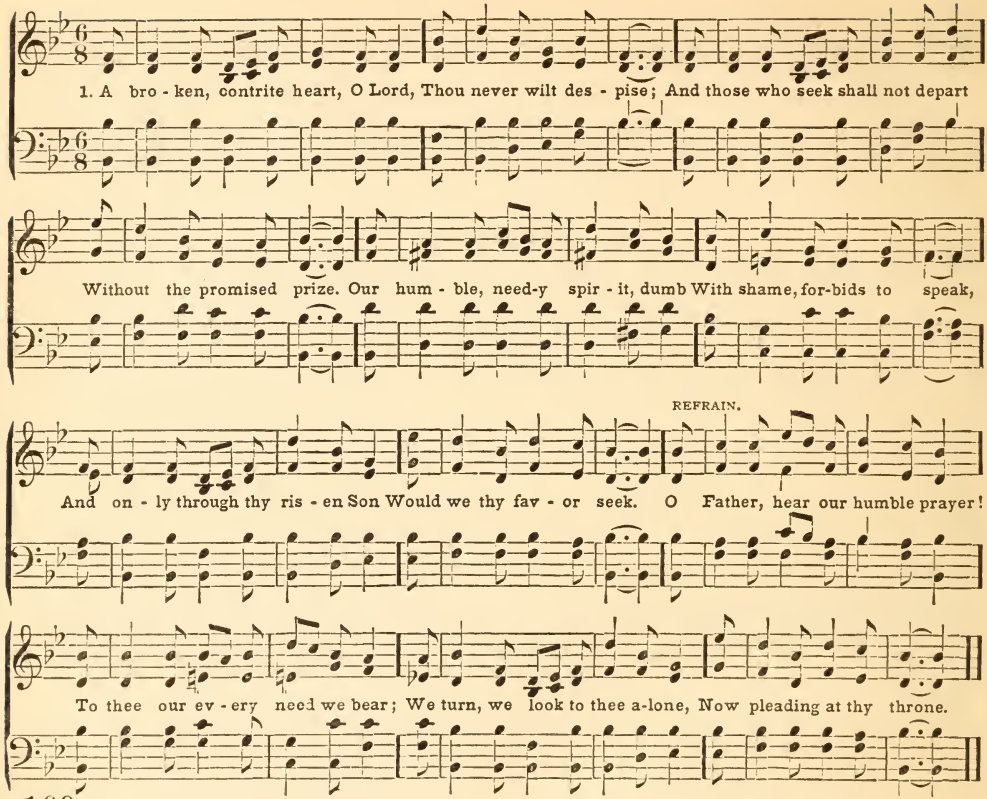
168

Give up all.

GIVE up all for Jesus,
Weary child of sin!
What are earthly pleasures,
If his love you win?
What are all the riches
That the world can give,
When compared to heaven,
Where the just shall live?

2 Give up all for Jesus!
He is calling you;
Trust in his salvation,
He will lead you through;
Jesus' blood so precious
Can for you avail;
Plead his gracious promise,
It shall never fail.

3 Give up all for Jesus,
Keeping back no part!
Give your best affections,
Give him all your heart:
For your full redemption
He has paid the cost;
Come, while he is waiting,
Or you must be lost!

4 Wondrous gifts he offers!
Bliss without alloy;
Earth exchanged for heaven—
Grief, for endless joy:
Come, for he is calling,
Swift the moments fly;
Hasten to the Saviour,
He is passing by!

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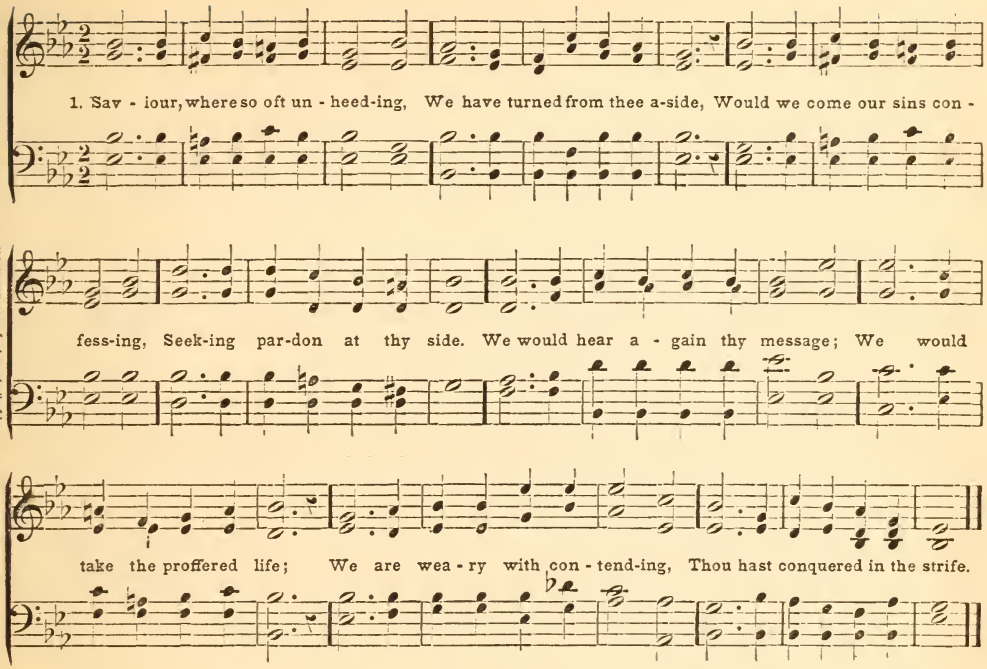
169

Penitence.

A BROKEN, contrite heart, O Lord,
Thou never wilt despise;
And those who seek shall not depart
Without the promised prize.
Our humble, needy spirit, dumb
With shame, forbids to speak,
And only through thy risen Son
Would we thy favor seek.

2 Thou knowest every earthly need,
Thou hast a plenteous store;
Oh, to thy heavenly pasture lead,
And feed us evermore!
We have no worthiness to bring—
We're all unrighteousness;
But simply to thy promise cling,
And our petition press.

3 O God, forsake thy children not!
For now we need thee most;
Oh, be thy promise ne'er forgot,
In thee alone we boast.
Oh, lift thy mighty arm to save
Thy humble child below!
Thy Holy Spirit, Lord, we crave,
Oh, bless us e'er we go.



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170

Accepted in Christ.

SAVIOUR, where so oft unheeding,
We have turned from thee aside,
Would we come our sins confessing,
Seeking pardon at thy side.
We would hear again thy message;
We would take the proffered life;
We are weary with contending,
Thou hast conquered in the strife.

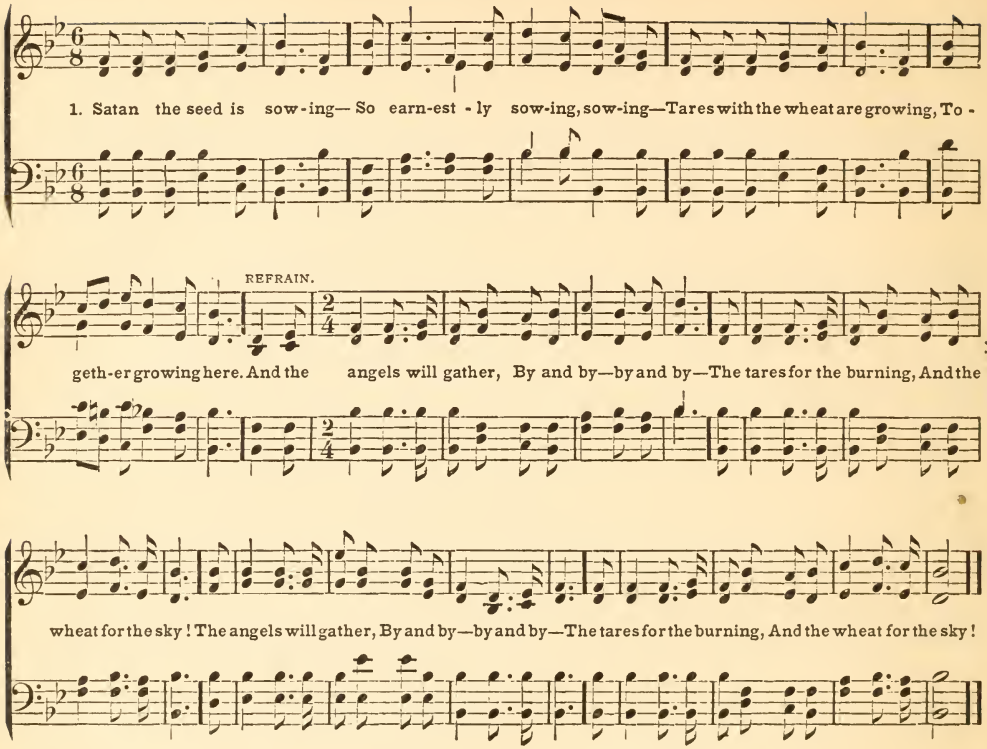
2 In the dust we trail our banners,
Every weapon casting down;
Open wide thine arms of mercy,
Make thy glad forgiveness known!
Blessèd thought—at peace with Jesus,
With my Saviour reconciled!
Wake my heart in glad rejoicings,
Christ receives his wandering child.

171

"Take my heart."

TAKE my heart, O Father! take it;
Make and keep it all thine own;
Let thy Spirit melt and break it—
This proud heart of sin and stone.
Father, make me pure and lowly,
Fond of peace and far from strife;
Turning from the paths unholy
Of this vain and sinful life.

2 Ever let thy grace surround me,
Strengthen me with power divine,
Till thy cords of love have bound me:
Make me to be wholly thine.
May the blood of Jesus heal me,
And my sins be all forgiven;
Holy Spirit, take and seal me,
Guide me in the path to heaven.



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172

The Tares.

Satan the seed is sowing—
So earnestly sowing, sowing—
Tares with the wheat are growing,
Together growing here.

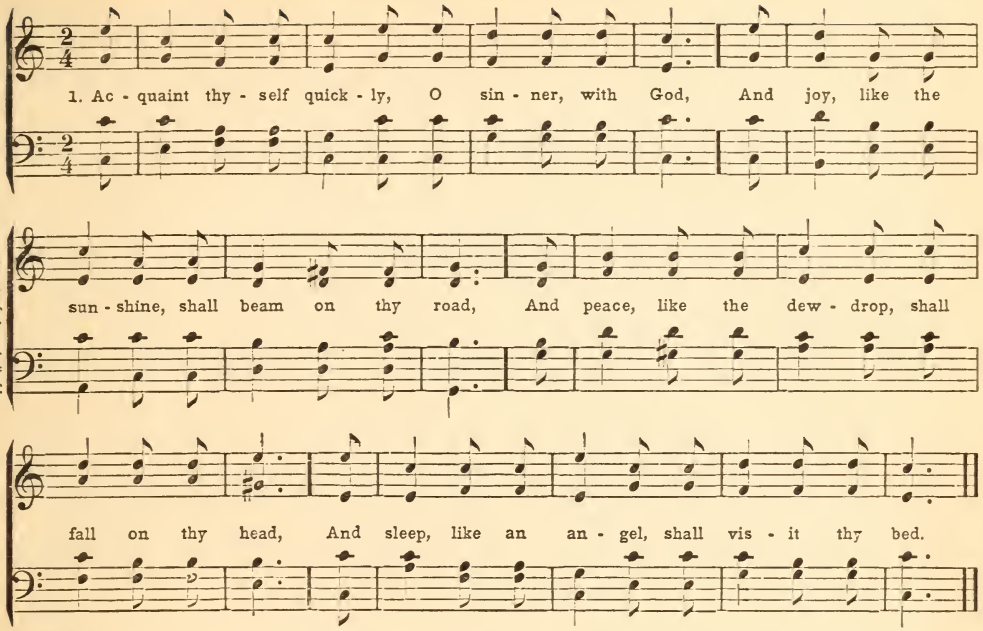
Ref.—And the angels will gather,
By and by—by and by—
The tares for the burning,
And the wheat for the sky!

2 God for the wheat is caring—
So tenderly caring, caring—
Though till the harvest sparing
The tares which now appear.

3 Souls are the wheat he's keeping—
So lovingly keeping, keeping—
Safe for the time of reaping,
And garners built above.

4 Harvest the tares will sever—
Eternally sever, sever—
Then may we be forever
Safe in the Master's love.

Ref.—For the angels will gather,
By and by—by and by—
The tares for the burning,
And the wheat for the sky!



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173

"Acquaint thyself."

ACQUAINT thyself quickly, O sinner, with God,
And joy, like the sunshine, shall beam on thy road,
And peace, like the dewdrop, shall fall on thy head,
And sleep, like an angel, shall visit thy bed.

2 Acquaint thyself quickly, O sinner, with God,
And he shall be with thee when fears are abroad;
Thy Safeguard in danger that threatens thy path;
Thy Joy in the valley and shadow of death.

174

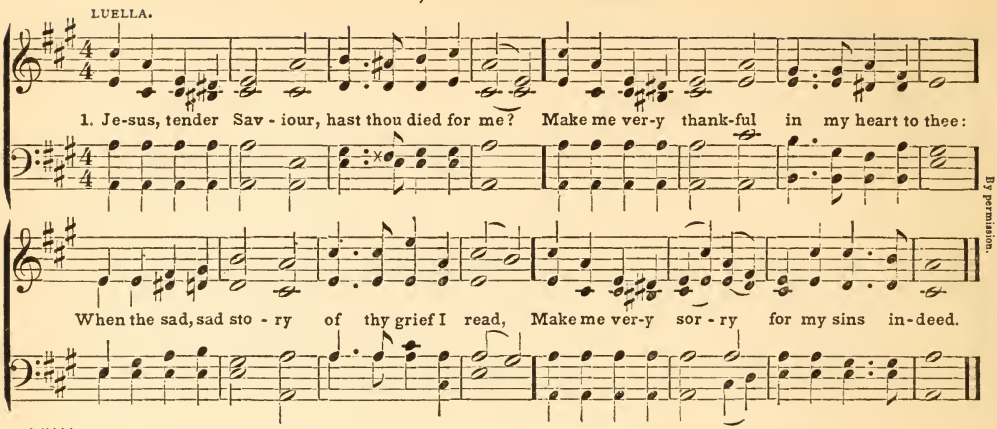
"I made haste."

DELAY not, delay not, O sinner, draw near,
The waters of life are now flowing for thee;
No price is demanded, the Saviour is here;
Redemption is purchased, salvation is free.

2 Delay not, delay not, O sinner, to come,
For Mercy still lingers and calls thee to-day:
Her voice is not heard in the vale of the tomb;
Her message unheeded will soon pass away.

3 Delay not, delay not, the Spirit of grace,
Long grieved and resisted, may take his sad flight,
And leave thee in darkness to finish thy race,
To sink in the gloom of eternity's night.

4 Delay not, delay not, the hour is at hand,
The earth shall dissolve and the heavens shall fade,
The dead, small and great, in the judgment shall stand;
What power then, O sinner, will lend thee its aid!



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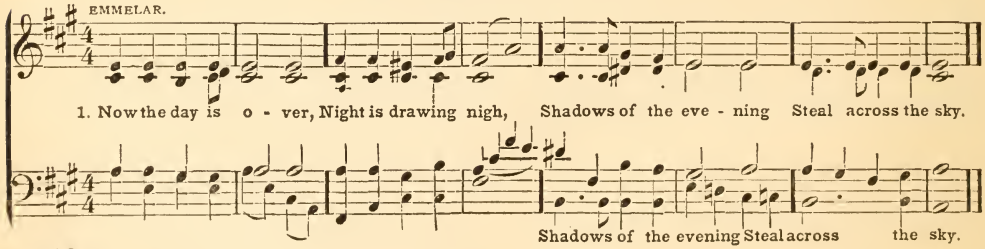
175 *A Child's Prayer.*

Jesus, tender Saviour, hast thou died for me?
Make me very thankful in my heart to thee:
When the sad, sad story of thy grief I read,
Make me very sorry for my sins indeed.

2 Now I know thou lovest, and dost plead for me,
Make me very thankful in my prayers to thee:
Soon I hope in glory at thy side to stand;
Make me fit to meet thee in that happy land.

NOW THE DAY IS OVER.



176 *Day is Over.*

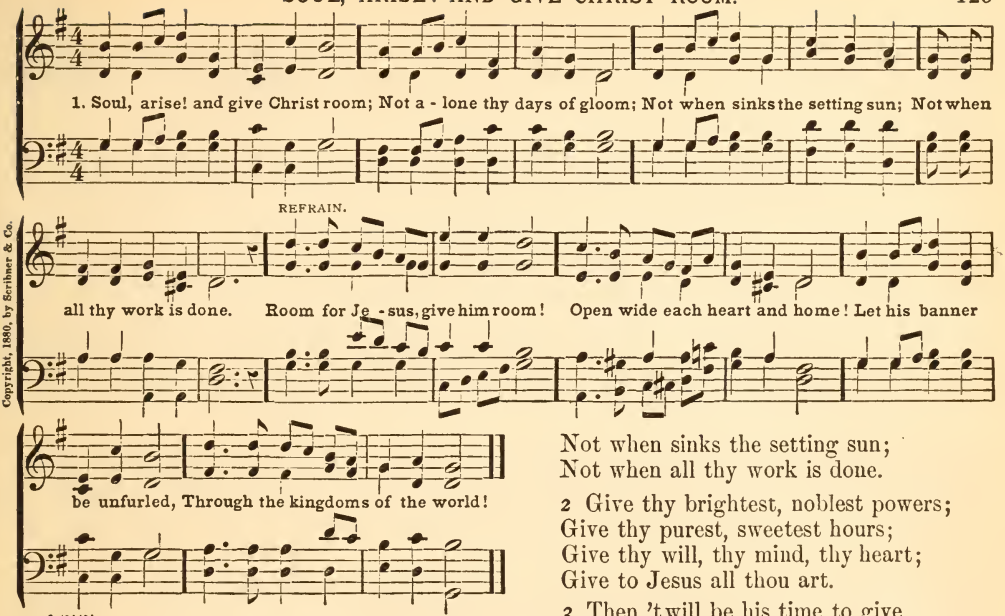
Now the day is over,
Night is drawing nigh,
Shadows of the evening
Steal across the sky.

2 Jesus, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose;
With thy tenderest blessing
May our eyelids close.

3 Grant to little children
Visions bright of thee;
Guard the sailor tossing
On the deep blue sea.

4 Through the long night-watches,
May thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.

5 When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise,
Pure and fresh and sinless
In thy holy eyes.



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177

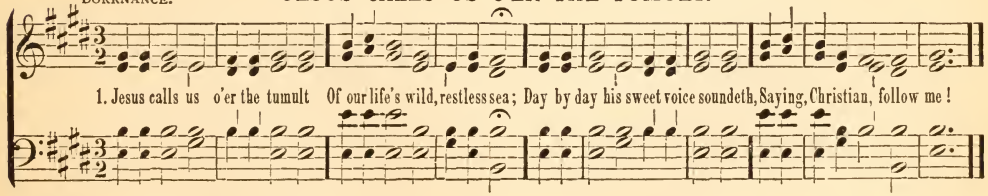
"Room for Jesus."

Soul, arise! and give Christ room;
Not alone thy days of gloom;
Not when sinks the setting sun;
Not when all thy work is done.

2 Give thy brightest, noblest powers;
Give thy purest, sweetest hours;
Give thy will, thy mind, thy heart;
Give to Jesus all thou art.

3 Then 'twill be his time to give
More than mortals can conceive;
Rooms within his mansions fair,
Where all precious blessings are.

JESUS CALLS US O'ER THE TUMULT.



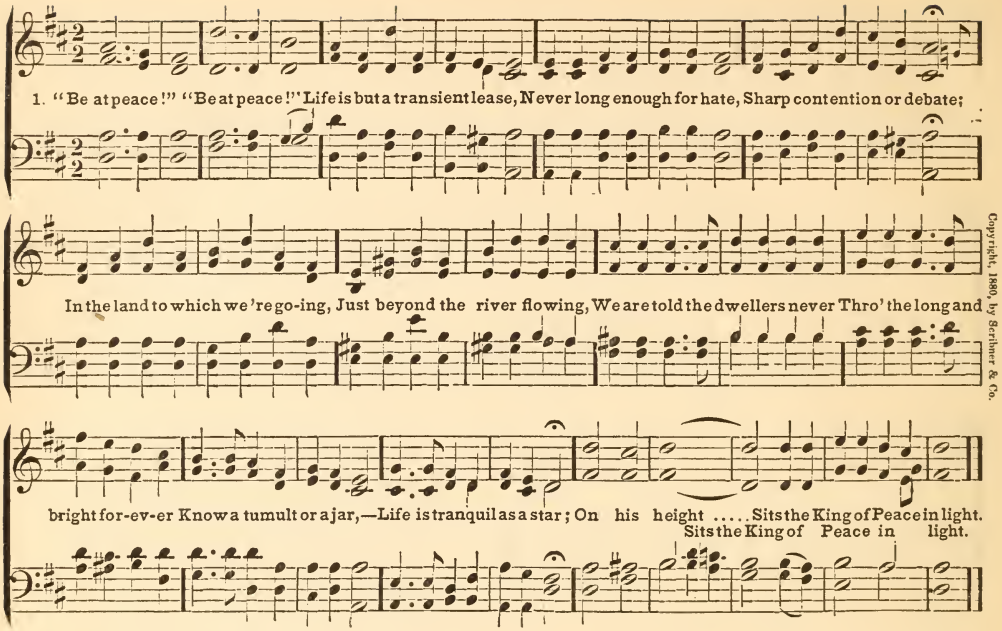
178

"Follow me."

Jesus calls us o'er the tumult
Of our life's wild restless sea;
Day by day his sweet voice soundeth,
Saying, Christian, follow me!

2 Jesus calls us—from the worship
Of the vain world's golden store;
From each idol that would keep us—
Saying, Christian, love me more!

3 In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease,
Still he calls, in cares and pleasures,—
Christian, love me more than these!

4 Jesus calls us! by thy mercies,
Saviour, may we hear thy call;
Give our hearts to thy obedience,
Serve and love thee best of all.

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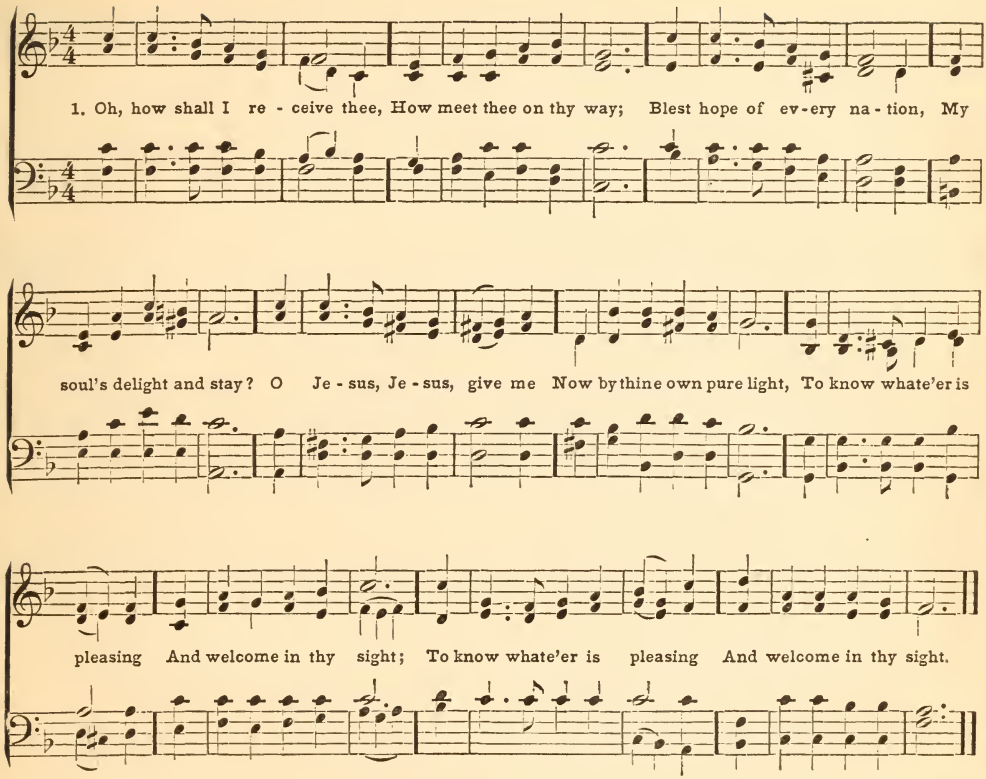
179

"*Peace is best.*"

"Be at peace!"
Life is but a transient lease,
Never long enough for hate,
Sharp contention or debate;
In the land to which we're going,
Just beyond the river flowing,
We are told the dwellers never
Through the long and bright forever
Know a tumult or a jar,—
Life is tranquil as a star;
On his height
Sits the King of Peace in light.

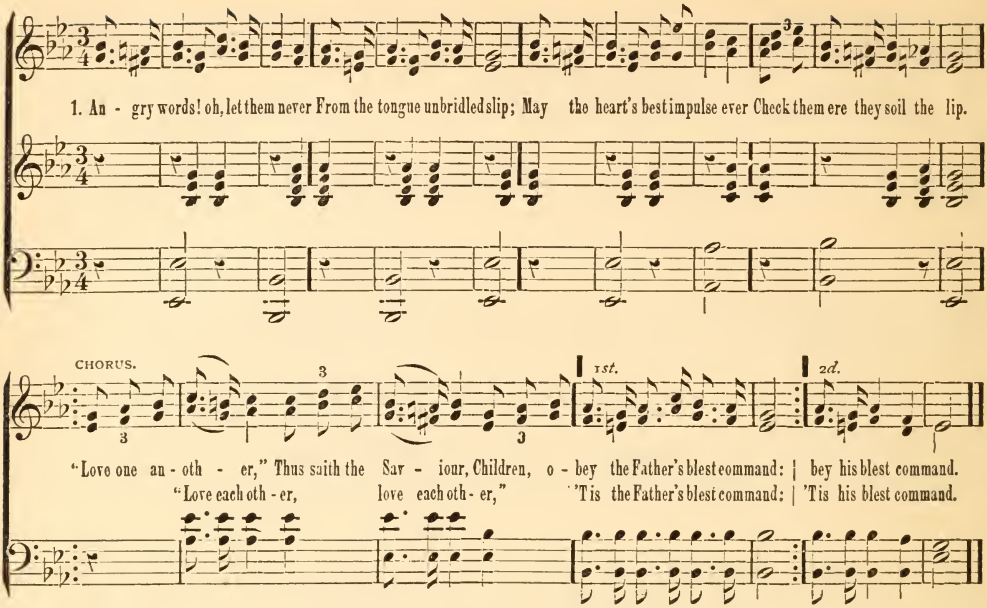
2 "Be at peace!"
Lo, the angry billows cease,
When the Master cometh near,
Turning back the storm in fear;
Let him hold his sceptre o'er thee,
As his banner goes before thee;
Follow thou with high endeavor
To the hills of joy forever;
With thy comrades on the way
Weep and suffer, work and pray;
Peace descends
On all true abiding friends.

3 "Be at peace!"
Comes a time with long increase,
When the nations shall unite
On the broader field of light;
We are on our journey thither,
Let us live in peace together;
In the temple, glory-lighted,
With our comrades re-united,
Oh, it will be sweet to know
Heaven with us began below!
Peace is best!
Earnest of eternal rest.

180

"Fear no more."

Oh, how shall I receive thee,
How meet thee on thy way;
Blest hope of every nation,
My soul's delight and stay?
O Jesus, Jesus, give me
Now by thine own pure light,
To know whate'er is pleasing
And welcome in thy sight.

2 Thy Zion palms is strewing,
And branches fresh and fair;
My soul, in praise awaking,
Her anthem shall prepare.
Perpetual thanks and praises
Forth from my heart shall spring;
And to thy name the service
Of all my powers I bring.

3 Ye, who with guilty terror
Are trembling, fear no more:
With love and grace the Saviour
Shall you to hope restore.
He comes, who contrite sinners
Will with the children place,
The children of his Father,
The heirs of life and grace.

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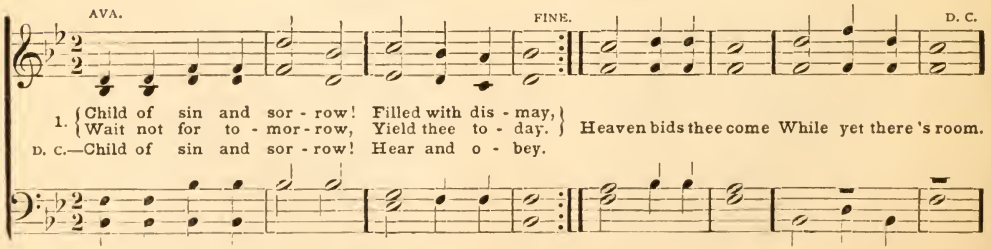
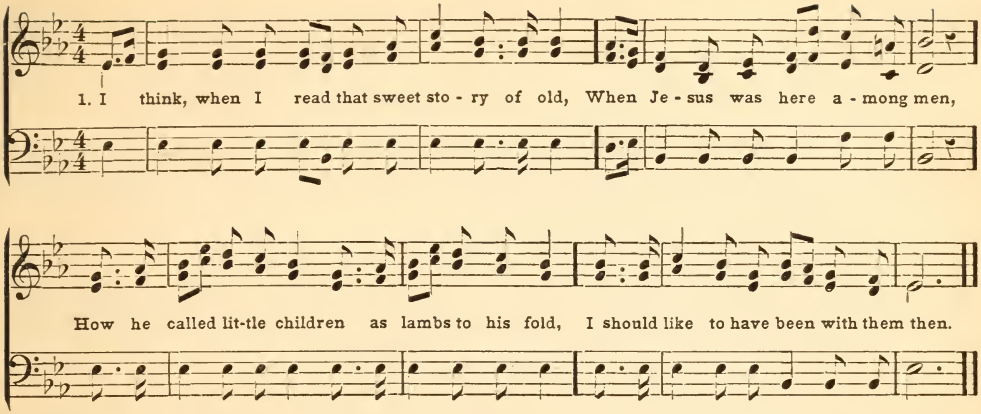
181

"Love each other."

Angry words! oh, let them never
From the tongue unbridled slip;
May the heart's best impulse ever
Check them, ere they soil the lip.

2 Love is much too pure and holy;
Friendship is too sacred far,
For a moment's reckless folly
Thus to desolate and mar.

3 Angry words are lightly spoken;
Bitterest thoughts are rashly stirred—
Brightest links of life are broken,
By a single angry word.

CHILD OF SIN AND SORROW!



182

The sweet story.

I THINK, when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How he called little children as lambs to his fold,
I should like to have been with them then.

2 I wish that his hands had been placed on my head,
That his arm had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen his kind look when he said,
"Let the little ones come unto me."

3 Yet still to his footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in his love;
And if I now earnestly seek him below,
I shall see him and hear him above:—

4 In that beautiful place he is gone to prepare
For all who are washed and forgiven:
And many dear children are gathering there,
"For of such is the kingdom of heaven."

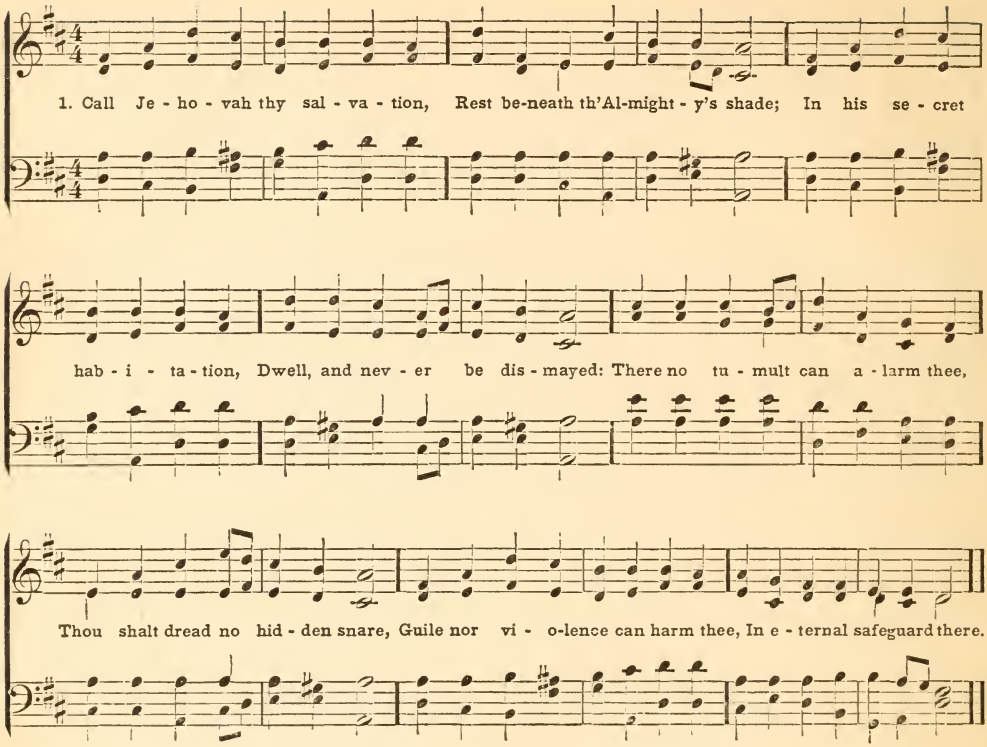
183

"Why wilt thou die."

CHILD of sin and sorrow!
Filled with dismay,
Wait not for to-morrow;
Yield thee to-day:
Heaven bids thee come,
While yet there's room;
Child of sin and sorrow!
Hear and obey.

2 Child of sin and sorrow,
Why wilt thou die?
Come while thou canst borrow
Help from on high:
Grieve not that love
Which from above,
Child of sin and sorrow,
Would bring thee nigh.

3 Child of sin and sorrow,
Thy moments glide
Like the flitting arrow,
Or rushing tide;
Ere time is o'er,
Heaven's grace implore;
Child of sin and sorrow,
In Christ confide.



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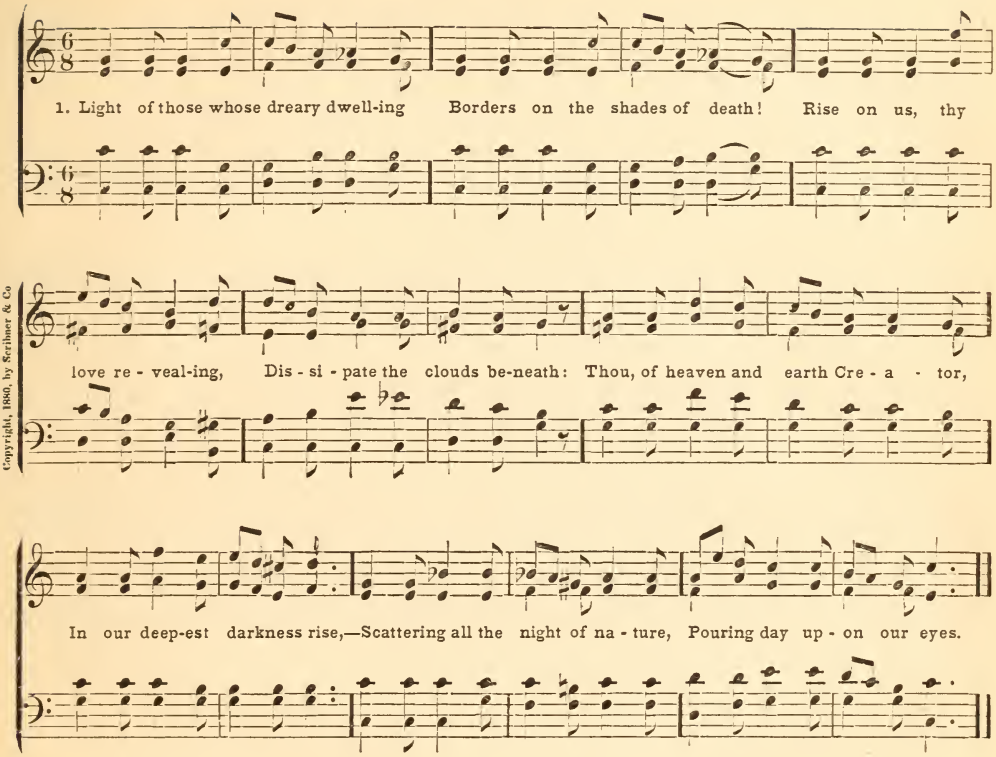
184

The Divine Protection.

CALL Jehovah thy salvation,
Rest beneath the Almighty's shade;
In his secret habitation,
Dwell, and never be dismayed:
There no tumult can alarm thee,
Thou shalt dread no hidden snare;
Guile nor violence can harm thee,
In eternal safeguard there.

2 From the sword, at noonday wasting,
From the noisome pestilence,
In the depth of midnight, blasting,
God shall be thy sure defence:
Fear not thou the deadly quiver,
When a thousand feel the blow;
Mercy shall thy soul deliver,
Though ten thousand be laid low.

3 Since, with pure and firm affection,
Thou on God hast set thy love,
With the wings of his protection,
He will shield thee from above;
Thou shalt call on him in trouble,
He will hearken, he will save;
Here, for grief, reward thee double,
Crown with life beyond the grave.



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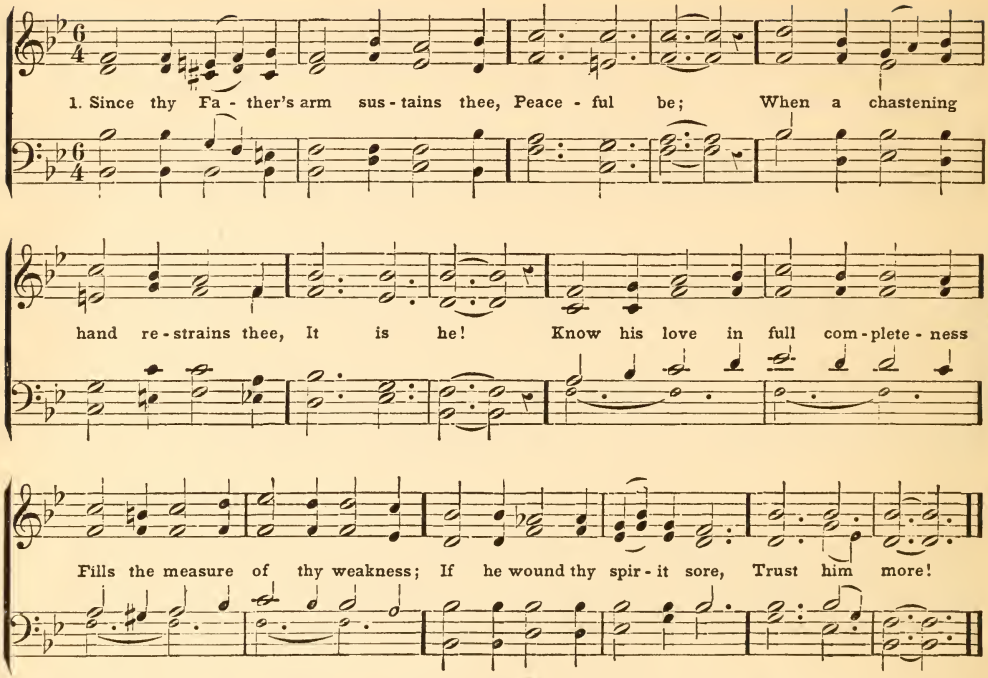
185

"The true Light."

LIGHT of those whose dreary dwelling
Borders on the shades of death!
Rise on us, thy love revealing,
Dissipate the clouds beneath:
Thou, of heaven and earth Creator,
In our deepest darkness rise,—
Scattering all the night of nature,
Pouring day upon our eyes.

2 Still we wait for thine appearing;
Life and joy thy beams impart,
Chasing all our fears, and cheering
Every poor benighted heart:
Come, and manifest thy favor
To the ransomed, helpless race;
Come, thou glorious God and Saviour!
Come, and bring the gospel grace.

3 Save us, in thy great compassion,
O thou mild, pacific Prince!
Give the knowledge of salvation,
Give the pardon of our sins;
By thine all-sufficient merit,
Every burdened soul release;
Every weary, wandering spirit,
Guide into thy perfect peace.

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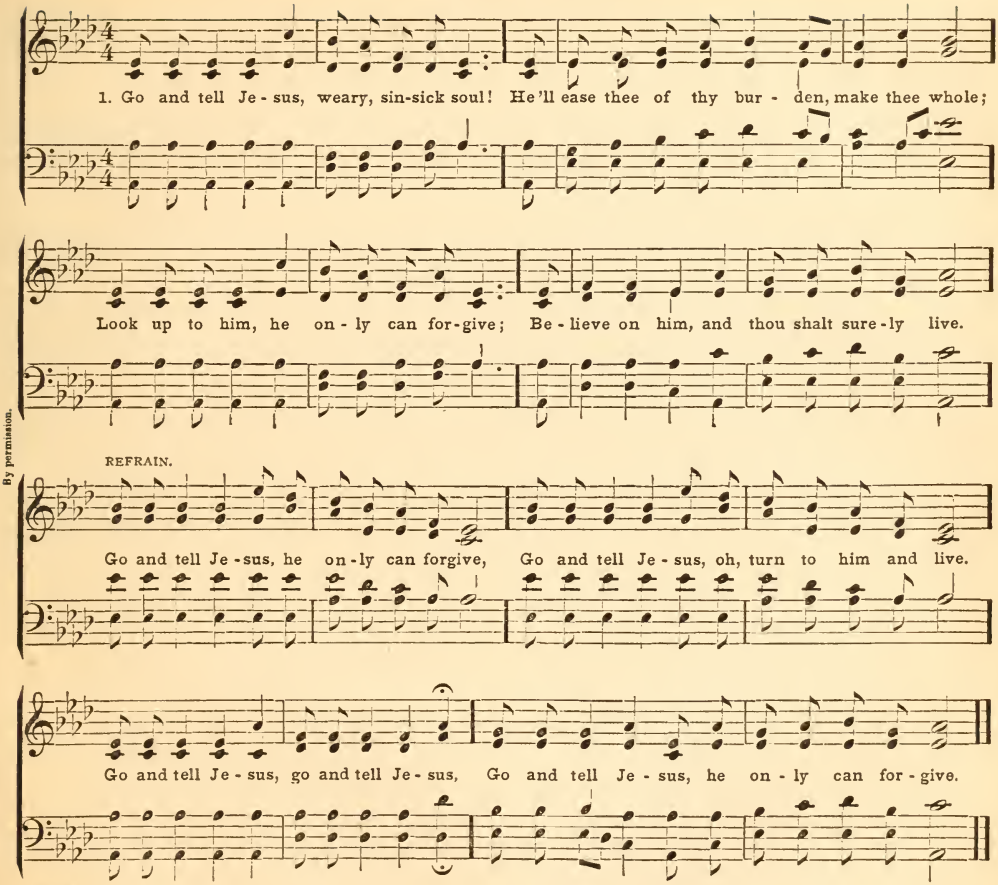
186

Resting in God.

SINCE thy Father's arm sustains thee,
Peaceful be;
When a chastening hand restrains thee,
It is he!
Know his love in full completeness
Fills the measure of thy weakness;
If he wound thy spirit sore,
Trust him more.

2 Without murmur, uncomplaining,
In his hand
Lay whatever things thou canst not
Understand:
Though the world thy folly spurneth,
From thy faith in pity turneth,
Peace thy inmost soul shall fill—
Lying still.

3 Fearest sometimes that thy Father
Hath forgot?
When the clouds around thee gather,
Doubt him not!
Always hath the daylight broken—
Always hath he comfort spoken—
Better hath he been for years,
Than thy fears.

4 To his own thy Saviour giveth
Daily strength;
To each troubled soul that liveth
Peace at length:
Weakest lambs have largest sharing
Of this tender Shepherd's caring;
Ask him not, then—when or how—
Only bow.

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187

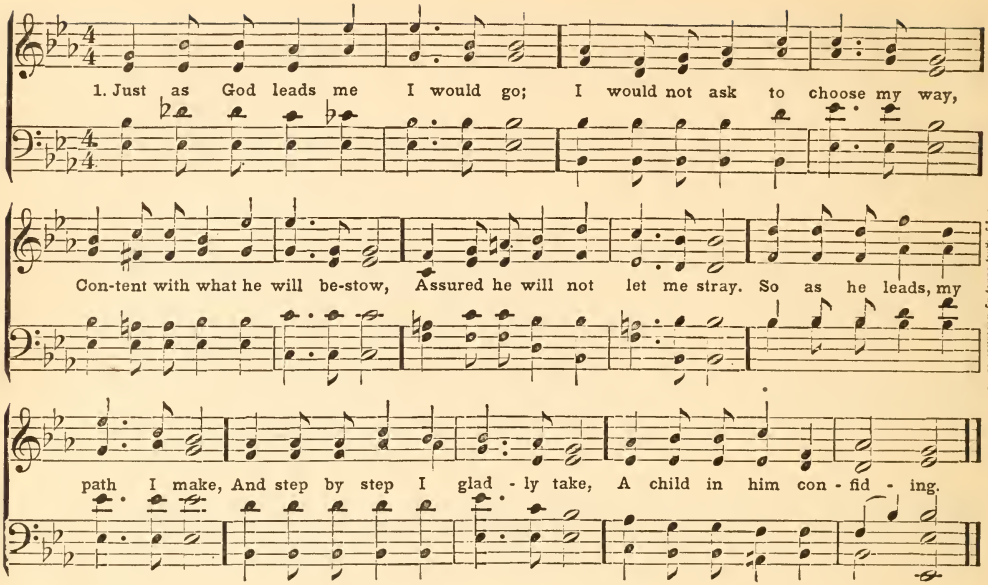
"They went and told Jesus."

Go and tell Jesus, weary, sin-sick soul!
He'll ease thee of thy burden, make thee whole;
Look up to him, he only can forgive;
Believe on him, and thou shalt surely live.

Ref.–Go and tell Jesus, he only can forgive,
Go and tell Jesus, oh, turn to him and live.
Go and tell Jesus, go and tell Jesus,
Go and tell Jesus, he only can forgive.

2 Go and tell Jesus, when your sins arise
Like mountains of dark guilt before your eyes:
His blood was spilt, his precious life he gave,
That mercy, peace, and pardon you should have.

3 Go and tell Jesus! he'll dispel thy fears,
Will calm thy doubts, and wipe away thy tears;
Will take thee in his arms, and on his breast
Thou may'st be happy, and forever rest.



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188

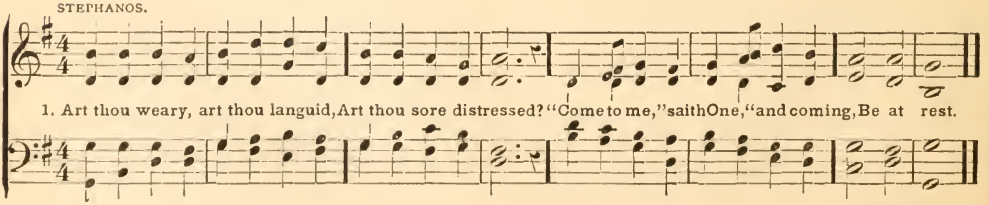
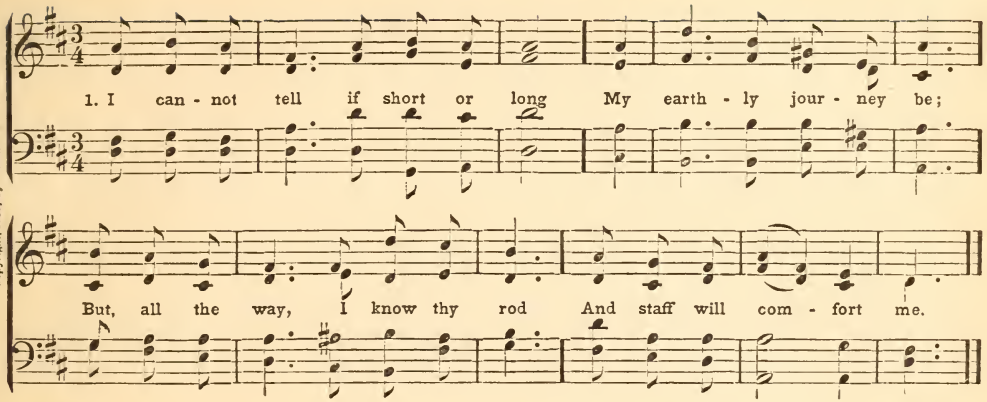
A German trust song.

Just as God leads me I would go;
I would not ask to choose my way,
Content with what he will bestow,
Assured he will not let me stray.
So as he leads, my path I make,
And step by step I gladly take,
A child in him confiding.

2 Just as God leads I am content.
I rest me calmly in his hands;
That which he has decreed and sent—
That which his will for me commands,
I would that he should all fulfill;
That I should do his gracious will
In living or in dying.

3 Just as God leads, I will resign;
I trust me to my Father's will;
When reason's rays deceptive shine,
His counsel would I yet fulfill;
That which his love ordained as right,
Before he brought me to the light,
My all to him resigning.

ART THOU WEARY, ART THOU LANGUID.



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189

A Hymn of Trust.

I CANNOT tell if short or long
My earthly journey be;
But, all the way, I know thy rod
And staff will comfort me.

2 Though fierce temptations lie in wait,
What need have I to care?
Thou wilt not suffer them to hurt
Beyond my strength to bear.

3 What storms may beat, what burdens fall,
My soul would not avoid;
Who follows thee, O Lord, may be
Cast down, but not destroyed.

4 Though over steep and rugged ways
My weary feet be brought,
Still following where thy footprints lead,
I take no anxious thought.

5 Oh, perfect peace! oh, endless rest!
No care, no vain alarms;
Beneath my every cross I find
The Everlasting Arms.

190

Our Master.

ART thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distressed?
"Come to me," saith One, "and coming,
Be at rest."

2 Hath he marks to lead me to him,
If he be my Guide?—
"In his feet and hands are wound-prints,
And his side."

3 Is there diadem, as Monarch,
That his brow adorns?—
"Yea, a crown, in very surety,
But of thorns."

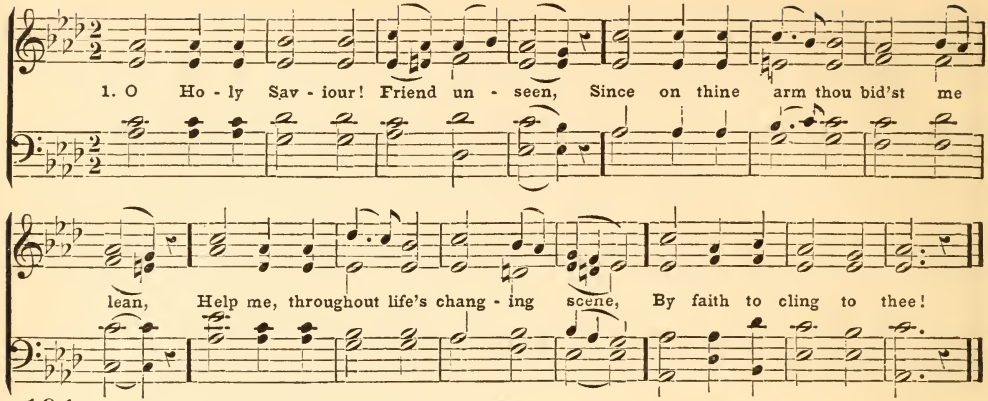
4 If I find him, if I follow,
What his guerdon here?—
"Many a sorrow, many a labor,
Many a tear."

5 If I still hold closely to him,
What hath he at last?—
"Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
Jordan passed."

6 If I ask him to receive me,
Will he say me nay?—
"Not till earth, and not till heaven
Pass away."

7 Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is he sure to bless?—
"Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,
Answer, Yes."

FLEMMING.



191 *Clinging to Christ.*

O Holy Saviour! Friend unseen,
Since on thine arm thou bid'st me lean,
Help me, throughout life's changing scene,
By faith to cling to thee!

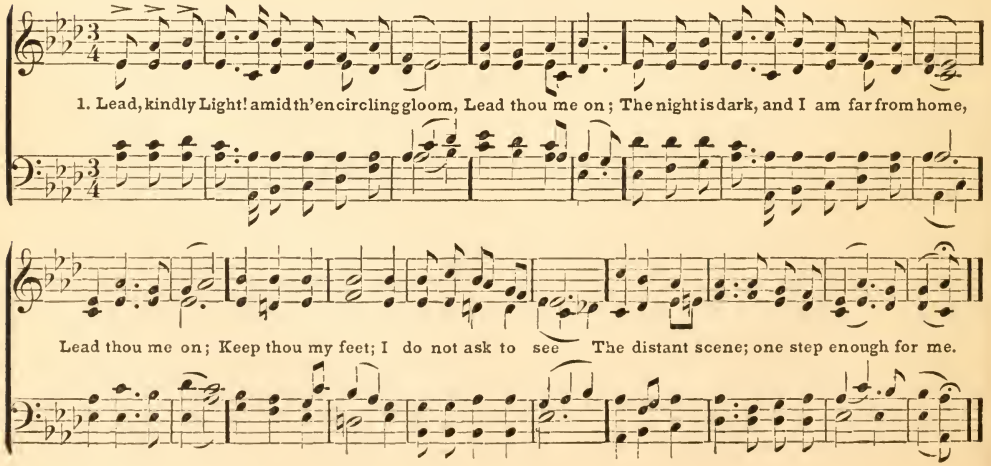
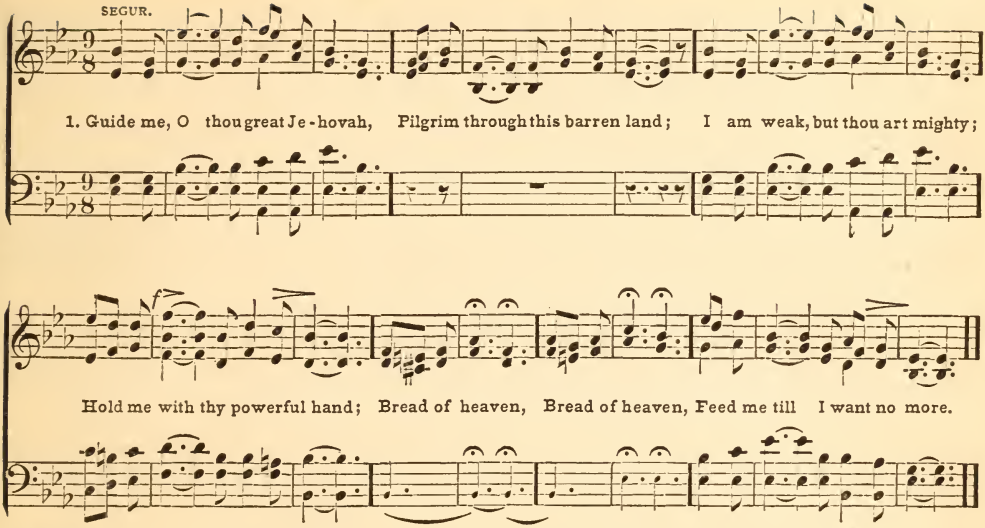
2 What though the world deceitful prove,
And earthly friends and hopes remove;
With patient, uncomplaining love,
Still would I cling to thee.

3 Though oft I seem to tread alone
Life's dreary waste, with thorns o'ergrown,
Thy voice of love, in gentlest tone,
Still whispers, "Cling to me!"

4 Though faith and hope are often tried,
I ask not, need not, aught beside;
So safe, so calm, so satisfied,
The soul that clings to thee!

LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT!

LUX BENIGNA.



192

Guidance.

GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty;
Hold me with thy powerful hand;
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open thou the crystal fountain
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through;
Strong Deliverer,
Be thou still my Strength and Shield.

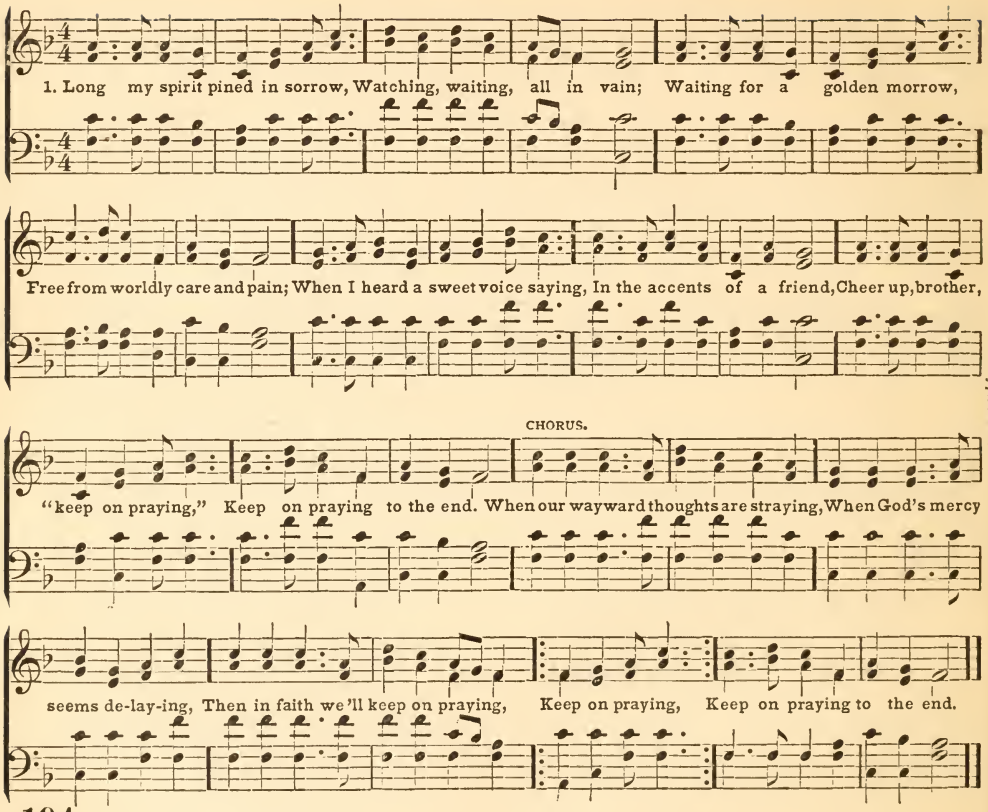
3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of death! and hell's Destruction!
Land me safe on Canaan's side;
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

193

"Lead thou me on!"

LEAD, kindly Light! amid the encircling gloom,
Lead thou me on;
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead thou me on;
Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me.

2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead thou me on:
I loved the garish day, and spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will. Remember not past years.

3 So long thy power has blessed me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone;
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile!

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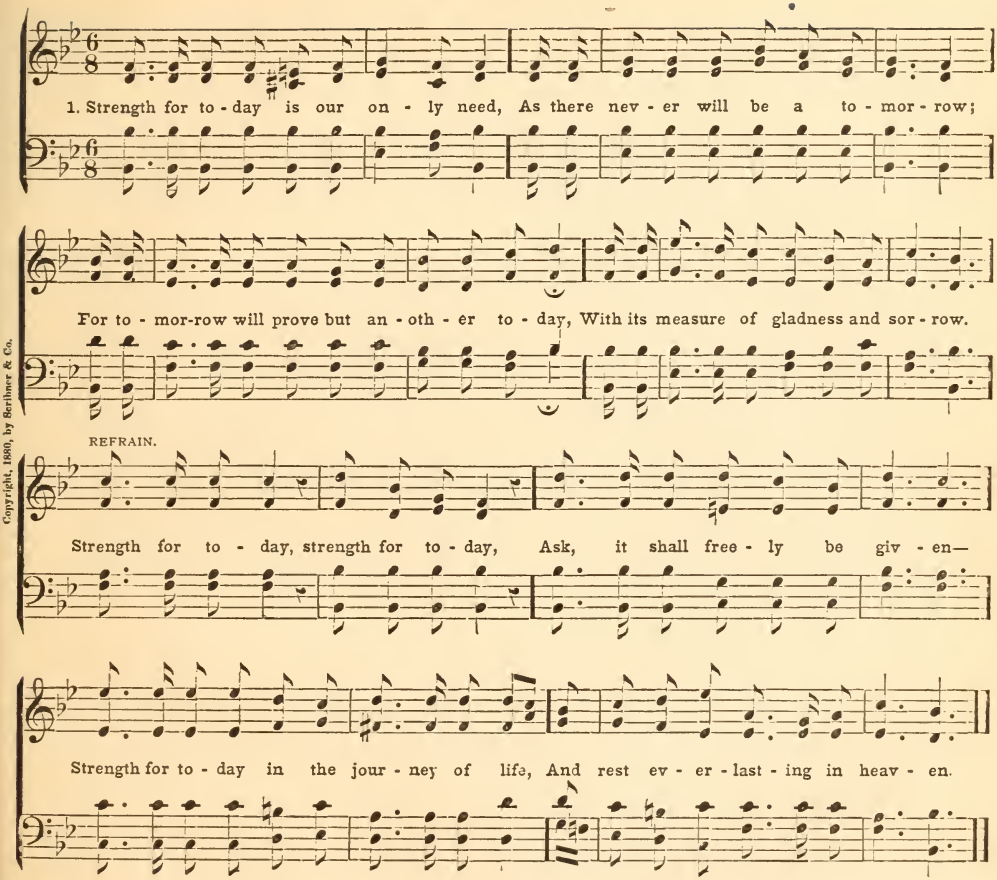
194

"*Keep on praying.*"

Long my spirit pined in sorrow,
Watching, waiting, all in vain;
Waiting for a golden morrow,
Free from worldly care and pain;
When I heard a sweet voice saying,
In the accents of a friend,
Cheer up, brother, "keep on praying,"
Keep on praying to the end.

2 Ye, who sigh for holy pleasures,
Ye, who mourn your load of sin,
"Keep on praying," heavenly treasures
In the end you're sure to win;
Wrestle with the Lord of glory,
Lay your troubles at his feet,
Plead with faith in Calvary's story,
Till your joys are all complete.

3 How the angel-band rejoices,
When a kneeling mortal prays:
Hear them cry, in heavenly voices,
"Keep on praying" all your days!
Pray until you reach fair Canaan,
Reach the pearly gates of day;
Then your bliss shall end in glory,
And shall never pass away

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195

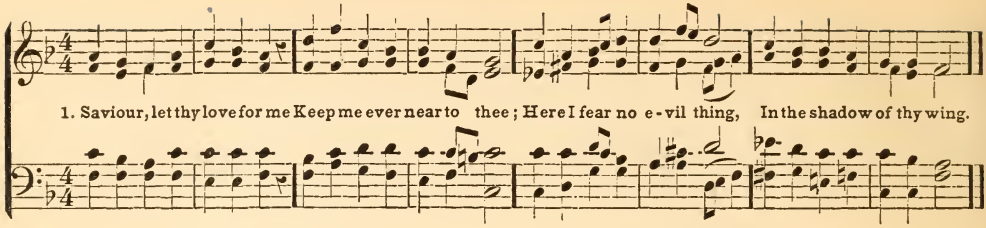
Daily help.

STRENGTH for to-day is our only need,
As there never will be a to-morrow;
For to-morrow will prove but another to-day,
With its measure of gladness and sorrow.

2 Strength for to-day—that our precious youth
May be saved from sin's wily temptation;
May be able to stand like a bulwark of truth,
Firmly built on the Rock of salvation.

3 Strength for to-day—that our weary hearts
In the battle for righteousness quail not;
And the eyes that are shedding their penitent tears,
May behold the true light that shall fail not.

4 Strength for to-day—that in house and home
We may practice forbearance most sweetly;
There to scatter kind words from a pure loving heart,
There to trust in God's promise completely.



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196

"*Under his Shadow.*"

SAVIOUR, let thy love for me
Keep me ever near to thee;
Here I fear no evil thing,
In the shadow of thy wing.

2 When the storms of care and doubt,
Toss my weary soul about,
Then I flee for sheltering
To the shadow of thy wing.

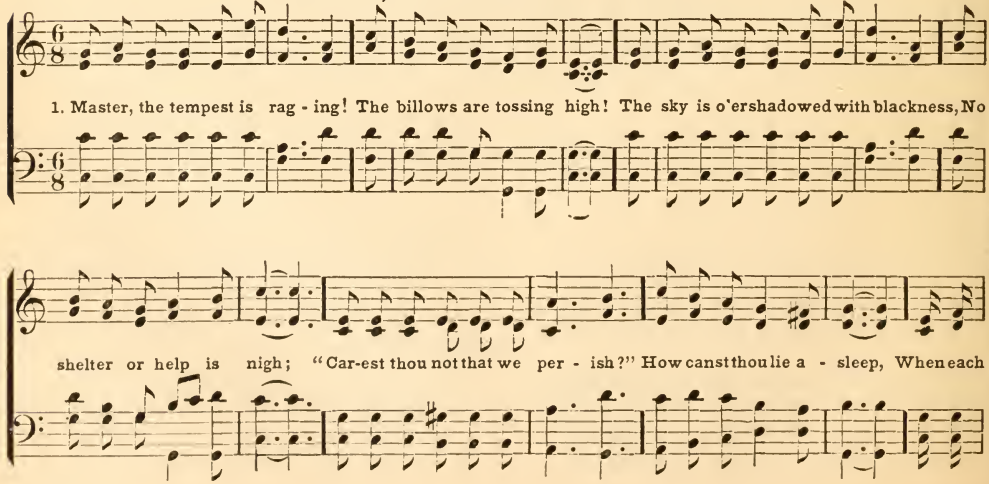
3 In the light too great for me,
Blind and faint I come to thee;
Then, dear Lord, how comforting
Is the shadow of thy wing.

4 When my sorest troubles be,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Even sorrow then can bring
But the shadow of thy wing.

5 Soon the evening time will come,
Soon the darkness bring me home;
Still my happy soul will sing,
'Tis the shadow of thy wing.

6 Safe forever to abide
Where the quiet waters glide,
Never more I need to cling
To the shadow of thy wing.

MASTER, THE TEMPEST IS RAGING.



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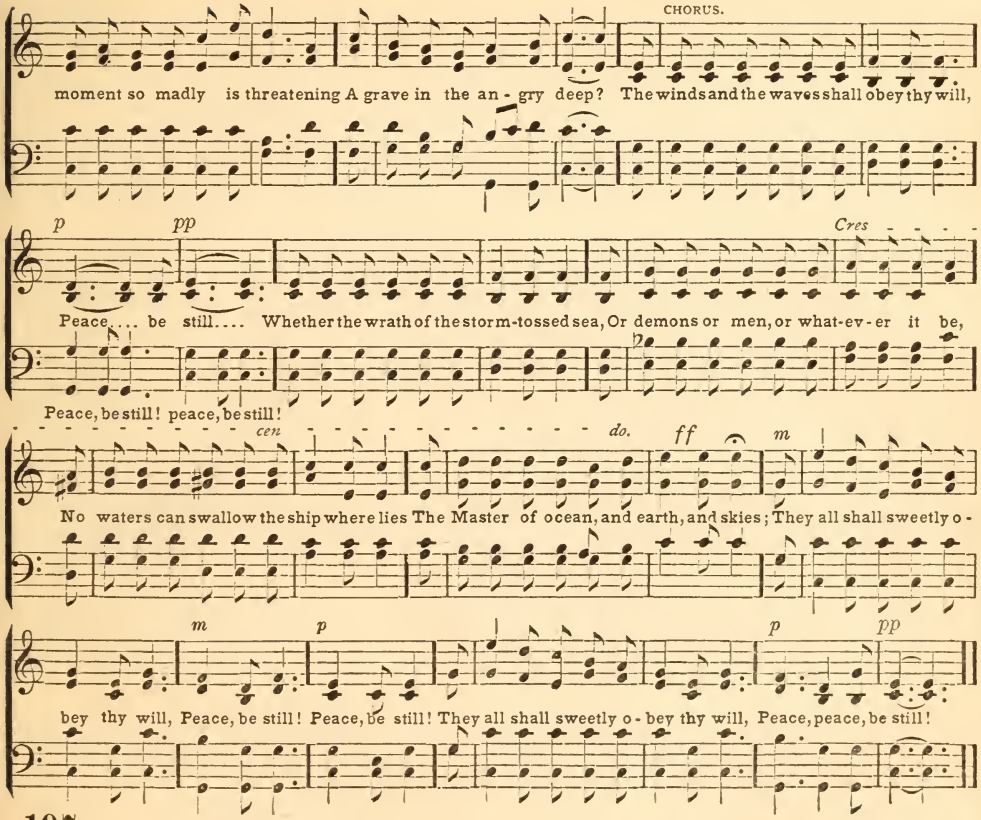
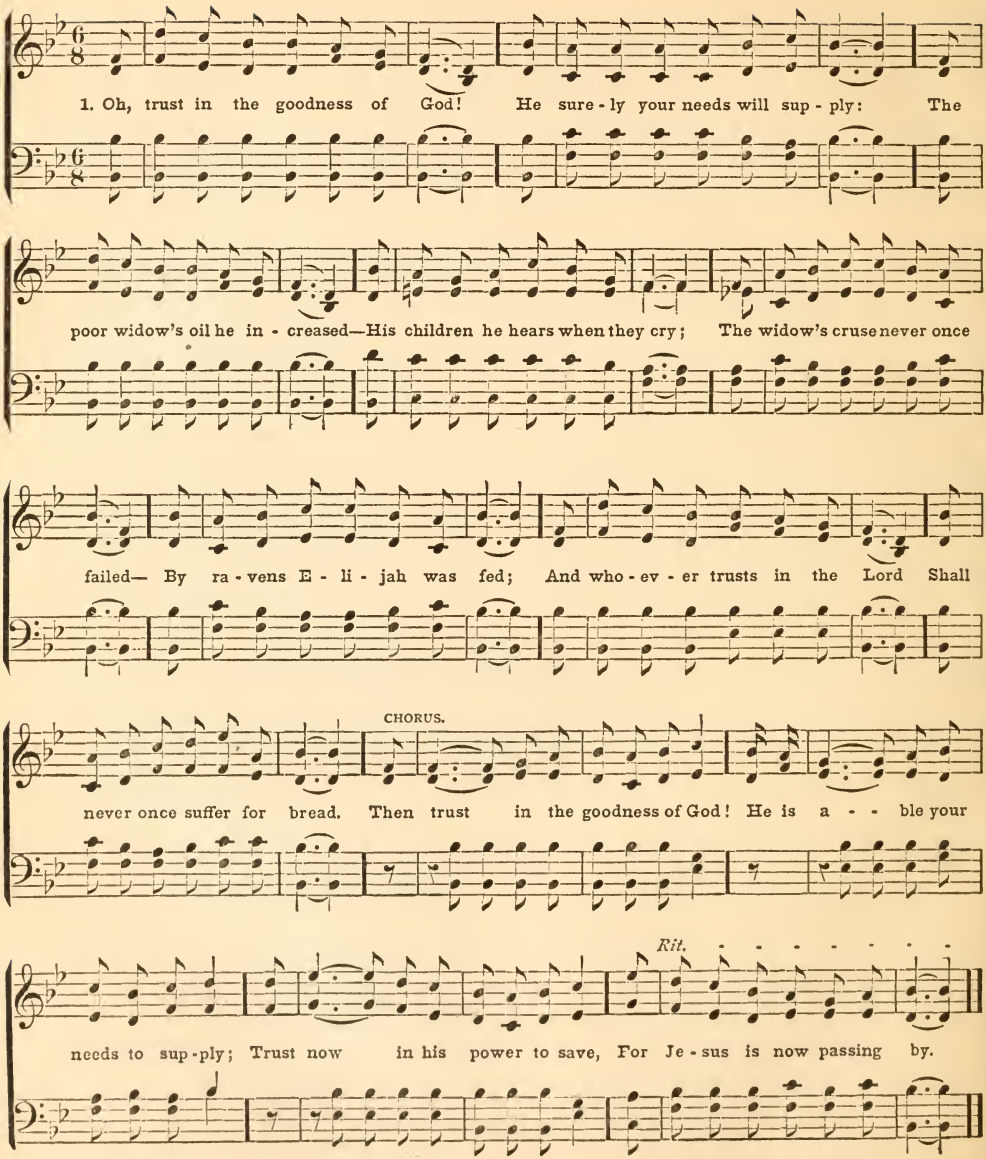

197

"Peace, be still!"

MASTER, the tempest is raging!
The billows are tossing high!
The sky is o'ershadowed with blackness,
No shelter or help is nigh;
"Carest thou not that we perish?"
How canst thou lie asleep,
When each moment so madly is threatening
A grave in the angry deep?

2 Master, with anguish of spirit
I bow in my grief to-day;
The depths of my sad heart are troubled—
Oh, waken and save, I pray!
Torrents of sin and of anguish
Sweep o'er my sinking soul;
And I perish! I perish! dear Master—
Oh, hasten, and take control!

3 Master, the terror is over,
The elements sweetly rest;
Earth's sun in the calm lake is mirrored,
And heaven's within my breast;
Linger, O blesséd Redeemer!
Leave me alone no more;
And with joy I shall make the blest harbor,
And rest on the blissful shore.

OH, TRUST IN THE GOODNESS OF GOD!

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198

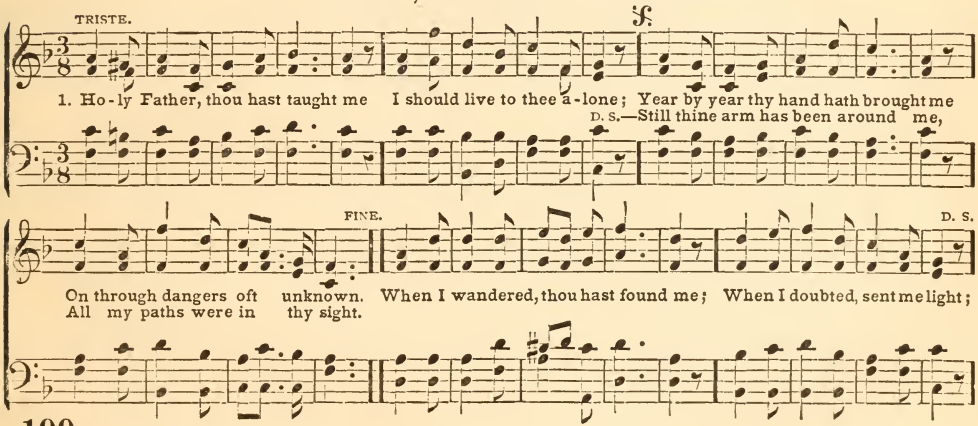
Divine Goodness.

Oh, trust in the goodness of God!
He surely your needs will supply;
The poor widow's oil he increased—
His children he hears when they cry;
The widow's cruse never once failed—
By ravens Elijah was fed;
And whoever trusts in the Lord
Shall never once suffer for bread.

2 How often God's children forget,
When weary, and lonely, and cold,
The promises found in his word,
More precious than silver and gold:
"Ye weary, and helpless, and faint,
Come near unto me and find rest;
Come, all ye who hunger and thirst,
Ye all shall be filled and be blest!"

3 Our Saviour is able to do
Exceeding abundantly, more
Than all we can ask for or think!
Then why should our wants press us sore?
Christ also is able to make
All grace to abound unto you:—
"All things whatsoever ye ask:"
Believe, and his promise is true!

HOLY FATHER, THOU HAST TAUGHT ME.



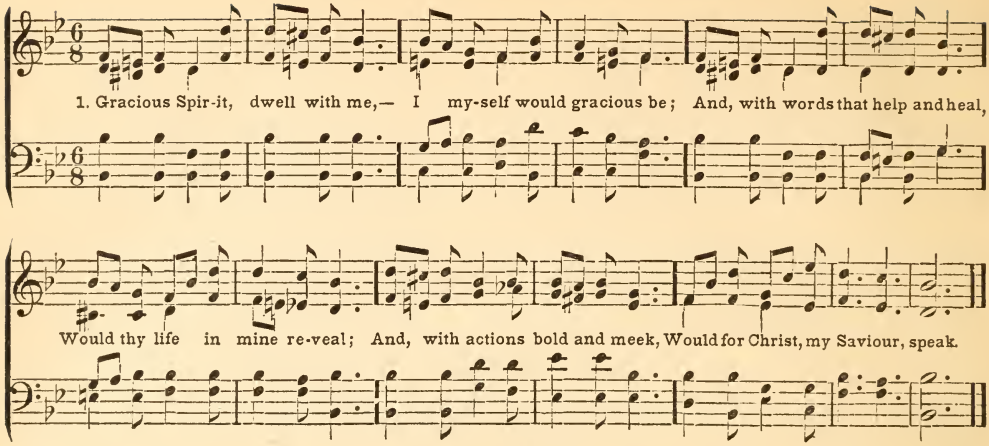
199

"Keep me ever."

Holy Father, thou hast taught me
I should live to thee alone;
Year by year thy hand hath brought me
On through dangers oft unknown.
When I wandered, thou hast found me;
When I doubted, sent me light;
Still thine arm has been around me,
All my paths were in thy sight.

2 In the world will foes assail me,
Craftier, stronger far than I;
And the strife may never fail me,
Well I know, before I die.
Therefore, Lord, I come believing
Thou canst give the power I need;
Through the prayer of faith receiving
Strength—the Spirit's strength, indeed.

3 I would trust in thy protection,
Wholly rest upon thine arm;
Follow wholly thy direction,
Thou, mine only guard from harm!
Keep me from mine own undoing,
Help me turn to thee when tried;
Still my footsteps, Father, viewing,
Keep me ever at thy side.



200

Prayer for grace.

Gracious Spirit, dwell with me,—
I myself would gracious be;
And, with words that help and heal,
Would thy life in mine reveal;
And, with actions bold and meek,
Would for Christ, my Saviour, speak.

2 Truthful Spirit, dwell with me,—
I myself would truthful be;
And, with wisdom kind and clear,
Let thy life in mine appear;
And, with actions brotherly,
Speak my Lord's sincerity.

3 Tender Spirit, dwell with me,—
I myself would tender be;
Shut my heart up like a flower
At temptation's darksome hour;
Open it, when shines the sun,
And his love by fragrance own.

4 Holy Spirit, dwell with me,—
I myself would holy be;
Separate from sin, I would
Choose and cherish all things good;
And whatever I can be
Give to him who gave me thee.

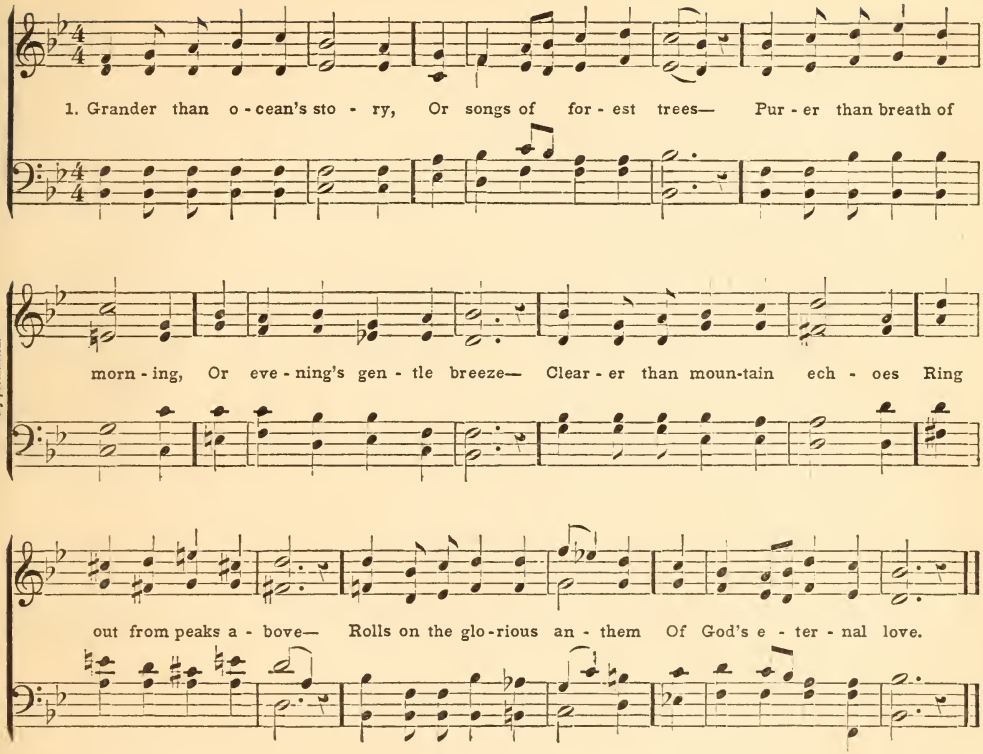
201

Praise for benefits.

For the beauty of the earth,
For the glory of the skies,
For the love which from our birth
Over and around us lies:
Lord of all, to thee we raise
This our grateful psalm of praise.

2 For the wonder of each hour
Of the day and of the night;
Hill and vale, and tree and flower,
Sun and moon, and stars of light;
Lord of all, to thee we raise
This our grateful psalm of praise.

3 For the joy of human love,
Brother, sister, parent, child;
Friends on earth, and friends above,
Pleasures pure and undefiled;
Lord of all, to thee we raise
This our grateful psalm of praise.

4 For thy church that evermore
Lifts her holy hand hands above,
Offering up on every shore
Her pure sacrifice of love;
Lord of all, to thee we raise
This our grateful psalm of praise.

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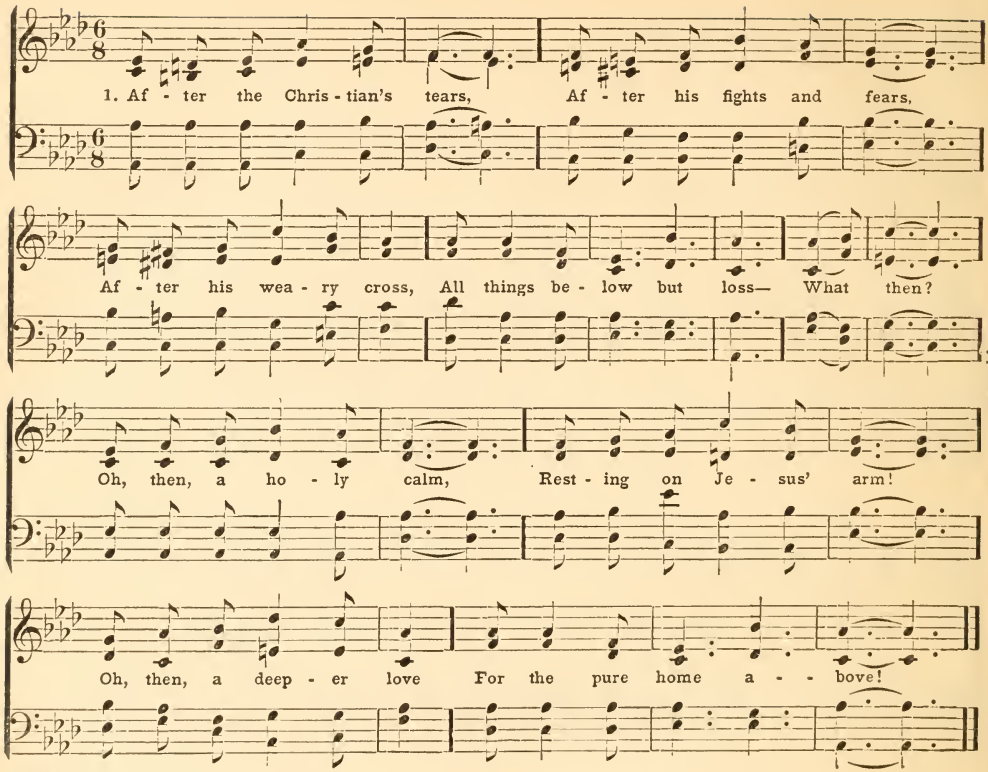
202

Giving of thanks.

GRANDER than ocean's story,
Or songs of forest trees—
Purer than breath of morning,
Or evening's gentle breeze—
Clearer than mountain echoes
Ring out from peaks above—
Rolls on the glorious anthem
Of God's eternal love.

2 Dearer than any lovings,
The truest friends bestow;
Stronger than all the yearnings,
A mother's heart can know;
Deeper than earth's foundations,
And far above all thought;
Broader than heaven's high arches—
The love that Christ has brought.

3 Richer than all earth's treasure,
The wealth my soul receives;
Brighter than royal jewels,
The crown that Jesus gives;
Wondrous the condescension,
And grace beyond degree!
I would be ever singing
The love of Christ to me.

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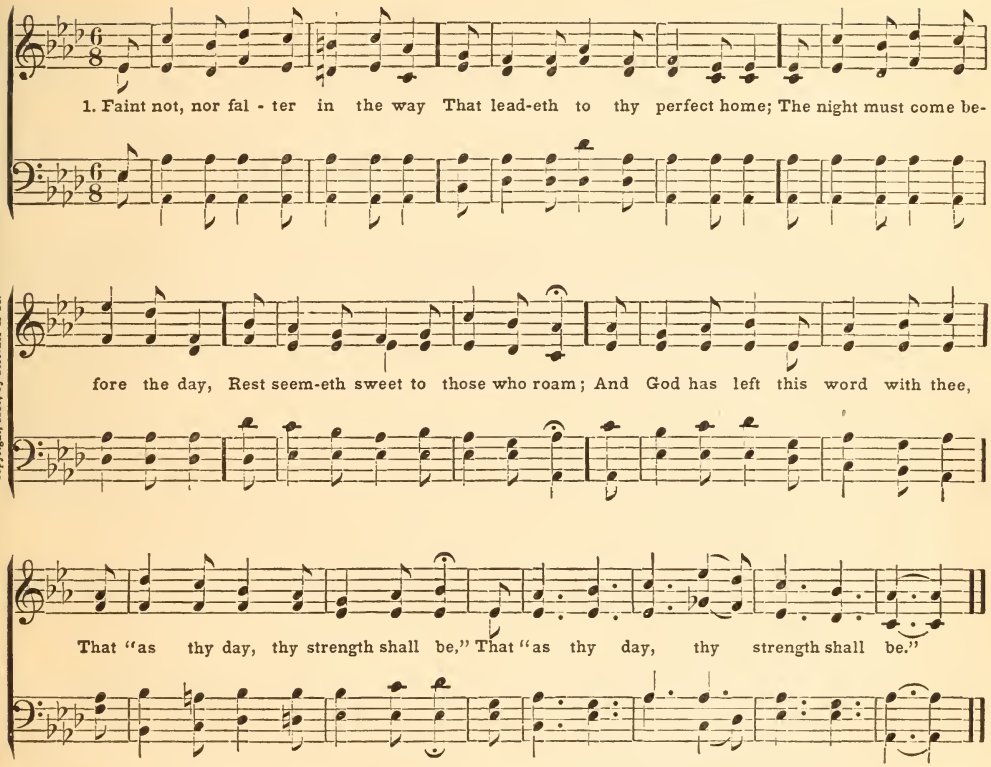
203

"What then?"

AFTER the Christian's tears,
After his fights and fears,
After his weary cross,
All things below but loss—
What then?
Oh, then, a holy calm,
Resting on Jesus' arm!
Oh, then, a deeper love
For the pure home above!

2 After this holy calm,
This rest on Jesus' arm,
After this deepened love
For the pure home above—
What then?
Oh, then, hard work for him,
Immortal souls to win:
Then Jesus' presence near,
Death's darkest hour to cheer.

3 And when the work is done,
When the last soul is won,
When Jesus' love and power
Have cheered the dying hour—
What then?
Oh, then, the crown is given!
Oh, then, the rest in heaven!
Then life in endless day,
When death has passed away.



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204

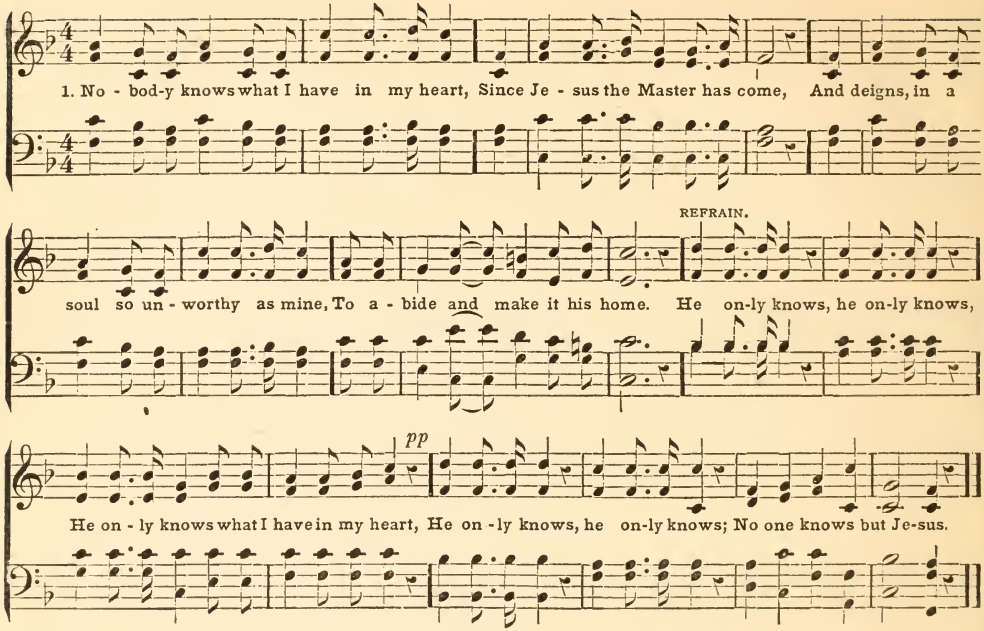
"*As thy days.*"

FAINT not, nor falter in the way
That leadeth to thy perfect home;
The night must come before the day,
Rest seemeth sweet to those who roam;
And God has left this word with thee,
That "as thy day, thy strength shall be."

2 Grief may distress thine inmost heart,
Long-trusted friends may fickle prove:—
Not sorrow's sting, nor traitor's dart,
Shall e'er thy steadfast spirit move;
Because this promise dwells with thee,
"As is thy day, thy strength shall be."

3 Pain may thine earthly ease displace,
Disease enfeeble all thy powers;
Ev'n cheerful hope may vail her face,
And lingering moments seem as hours;
Yet still this promise is to thee,
"As is thy day, thy strength shall be."

4 Then trust thy God whate'er betide!
None ever knew his promise fail;
His angel, ever at thy side.
Shall help thy patience to prevail;
Forbode no ill, for thou shalt see
That "as thy day, thy strength shall be."



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205

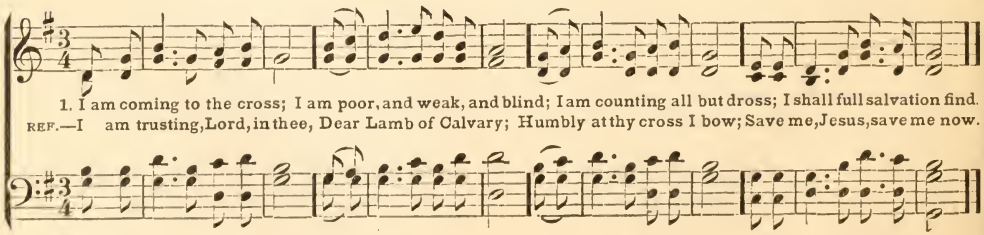
Communion with Christ.

Nobody knows what I have in my heart,
Since Jesus the Master has come;
And deigns, in a soul so unworthy as mine,
To abide and make it his home.

2 Nobody knows what I have in my heart!
A fountain of rapturous joys;
A faith that exultantly bears me aloft
Over earth and its glittering toys.

3 Nobody knows what I have in my heart,
Since Christ turned my darkness to light;
His presence illumines the depths of my soul
With a glory that scatters the night.

I AM COMING TO THE CROSS.



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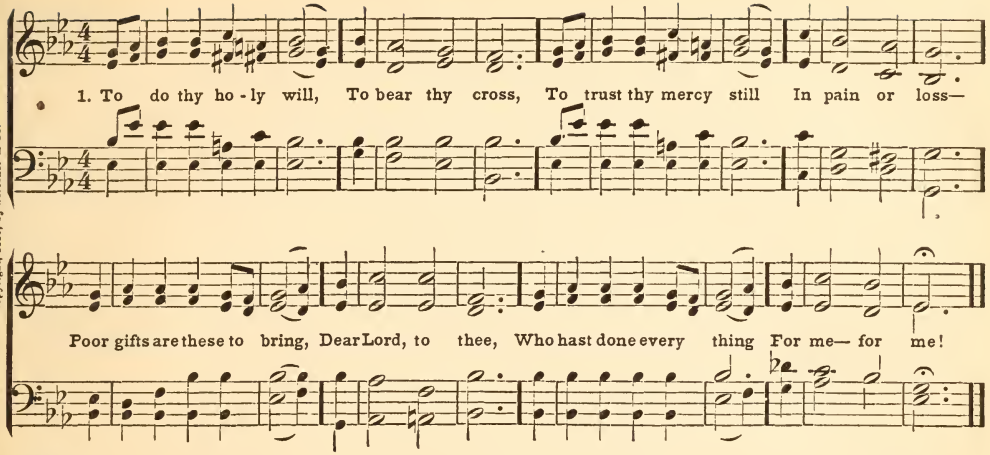
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206

Only our Love.

To do thy holy will,
To bear thy cross,
To trust thy mercy still
In pain or loss—
Poor gifts are these to bring,
Dear Lord, to thee,
Who hast done every thing
For me—for me!

2 For thy belovéd Son,
And precious word—
For all thy goodness done
On earth, O Lord!
For leave that I may live—
Blest boon of thine—
What recompense can give
This heart of mine?

3 Thou, who enthroned above,
Dost hear my call,
Oh, can my faithful love
Pay thee for all?
Poor recompense to bring,
Dear Lord, to thee,
Who hast done every thing
For me—for me!

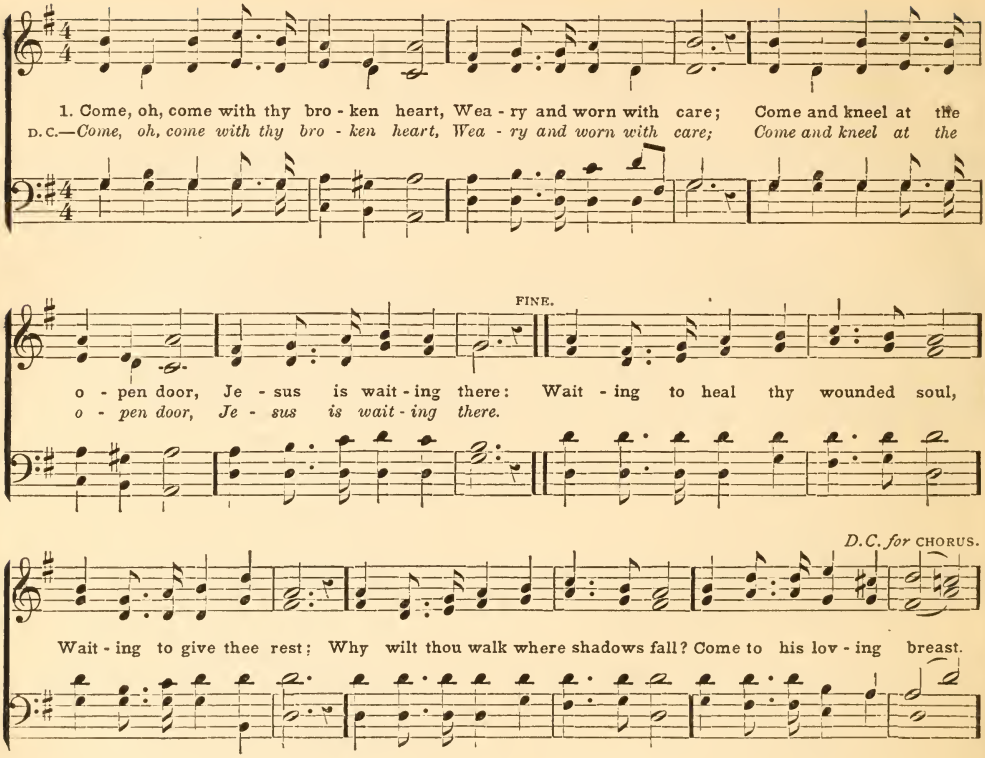
207

"Cleanseth from all Sin."

I am coming to the cross;
I am poor and weak and blind;
I am counting all but dross;
I shall full salvation find.
Ref.—I am trusting, Lord, in thee,
Dear Lamb of Calvary;
Humbly at thy cross I bow;
Save me, Jesus, save me now.

2 Long my heart has sighed for thee;
Long has evil dwelt within;
Jesus sweetly speaks to me,
I will cleanse you from all sin.

3 Here I give my all to thee,—
Friends and time and earthly store;
Soul and body thine to be—
Wholly thine for evermore.

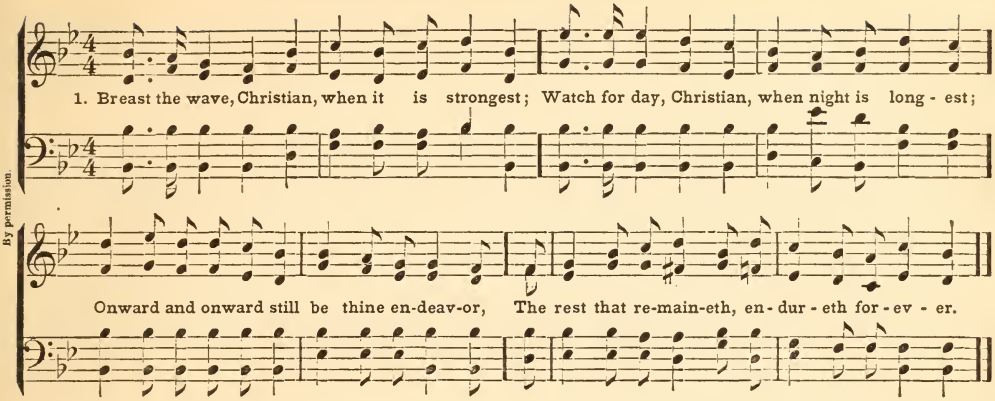
4 In the promises I trust;
Now I feel the blood applied;
I am prostrate in the dust;
I with Christ am crucified.

208

"Jesus is waiting."

COME, oh, come with thy broken heart,
Weary and worn with care;
Come and kneel at the open door,
Jesus is waiting there:
Waiting to heal thy wounded soul,
Waiting to give thee rest;
Why wilt thou walk where shadows fall?
Come to his loving breast.

2 Firmly cling to the blessèd cross,
There shall thy refuge be;
Wash thee now in the crimson fount,
Flowing so pure for thee:
List to the gentle warning voice,
List to the earnest call,
Leave at the cross thy burden now,
Jesus will bear it all.

3 Come and taste of the precious feast,
Feast of eternal love;
Think of joys that forever bloom,
Bright in the life above:
Come with a trusting heart to God,
Come and be saved by grace;
Come, for he loves to clasp thee now,
Close in his dear embrace.



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209

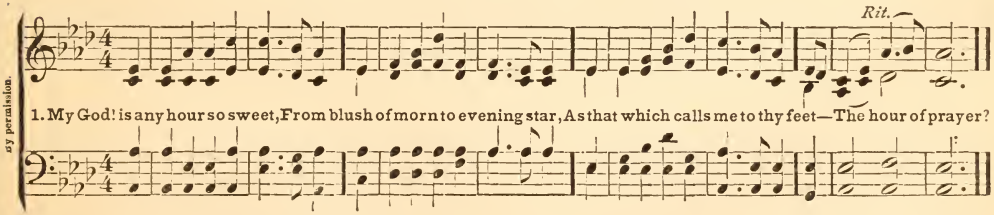
Call to Courage.

BREAST the wave, Christian, when it is strongest;
Watch for day, Christian, when night is longest;
Onward and onward still be thine endeavor,
The rest that remaineth, endureth forever.

2 Fight the fight, Christian, Jesus is o'er thee;
Run the race, Christian, heaven is before thee;
He who hath promised all, faltereth never,
Oh, trust in the love that endureth forever!

3 Lift the eye, Christian, just as it closeth;
Raise the heart, Christian, ere it reposeth;
Nothing thy soul from the Saviour shall sever,
Soon shalt thou mount upward to praise him forever.

MY GOD! IS ANY HOUR SO SWEET.



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210

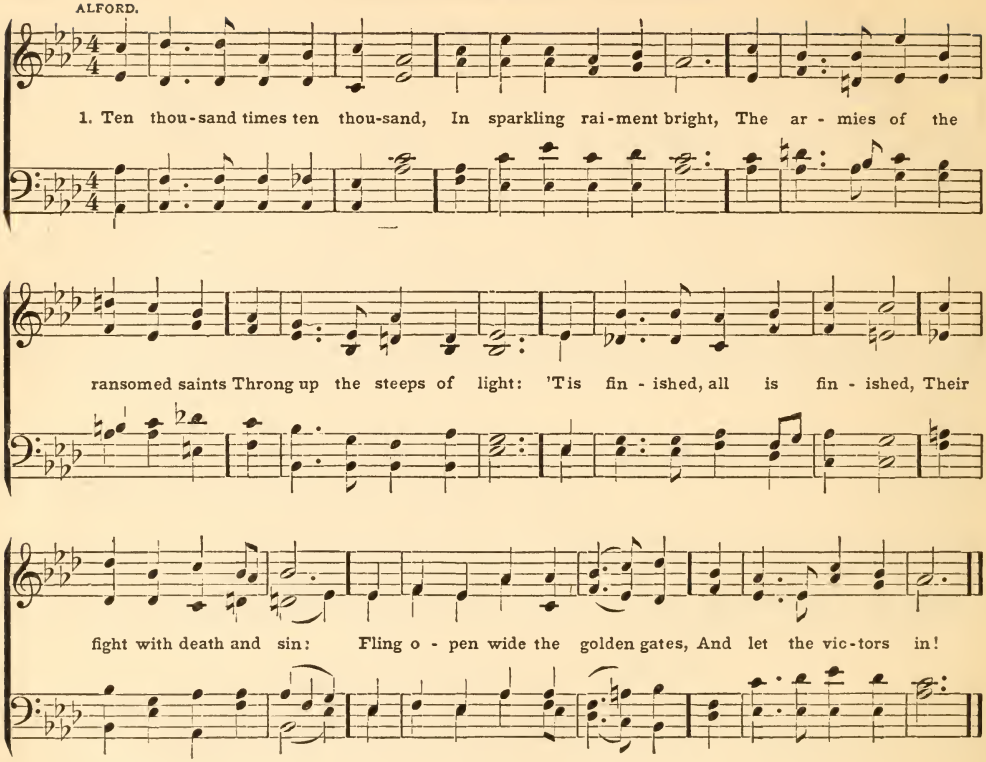
The hour of Prayer.

MY GOD! is any hour so sweet,
From blush of morn to evening star,
As that which calls me to thy feet—
The hour of prayer?

2 Blest is the tranquil hour of morn,
And blest that solemn hour of eve
When, on the wings of prayer upborne,
The world I leave.

3 Then is my strength by thee renewed;
Then are my sins by thee forgiven;
Then dost thou cheer my solitude
With hopes of heaven.

4 Lord! till I reach that blissful shore,
No privilege so dear shall be,
As thus my inmost soul to pour
In prayer to thee.

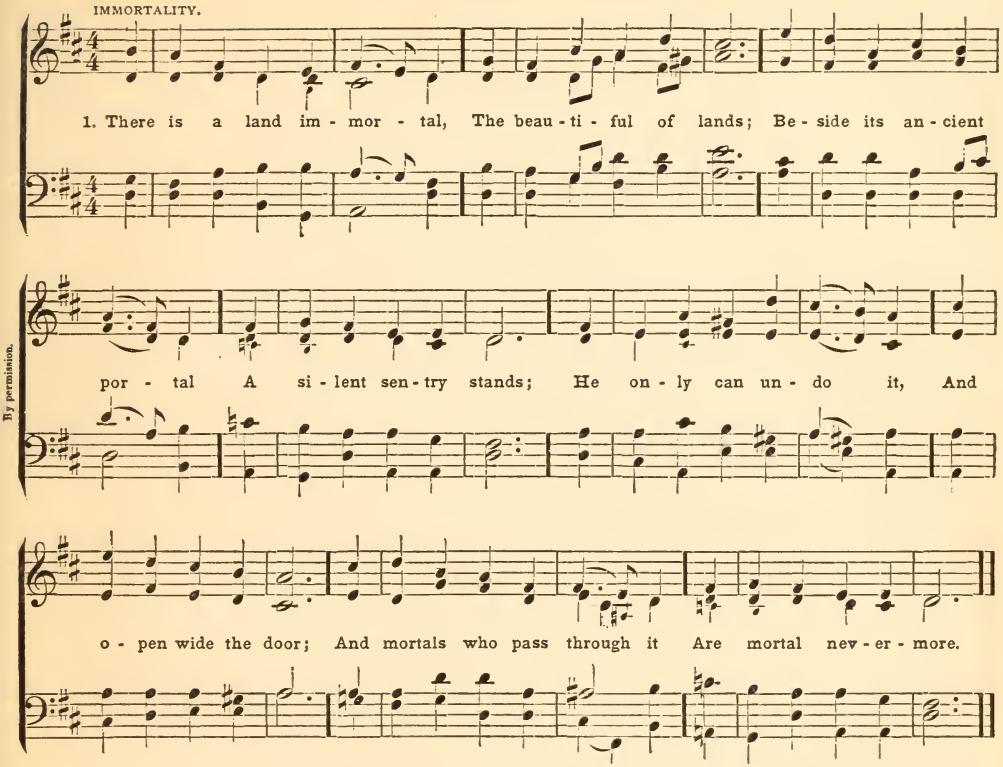


211

The Armies of God.

Ten thousand times ten thousand,
In sparkling raiment bright,
The armies of the ransomed saints
Throng up the steeps of light:
'Tis finished, all is finished,
Their fight with death and sin:
Fling open wide the golden gates,
And let the victors in!

2 What rush of hallelujahs
Fills all the earth and sky!
What ringing of a thousand harps
Bespeaks the triumph nigh!
Oh, day, for which creation
And all its tribes were made!
Oh, joy, for all its former woes
A thousand fold repaid!

3 Oh, then what raptured greetings
On Canaan's happy shore,
What knitting severed friendships up,
Where partings are no more!
Then eyes with joy shall sparkle,
That brimmed with tears of late,
Orphans no longer fatherless,
Nor widows desolate.

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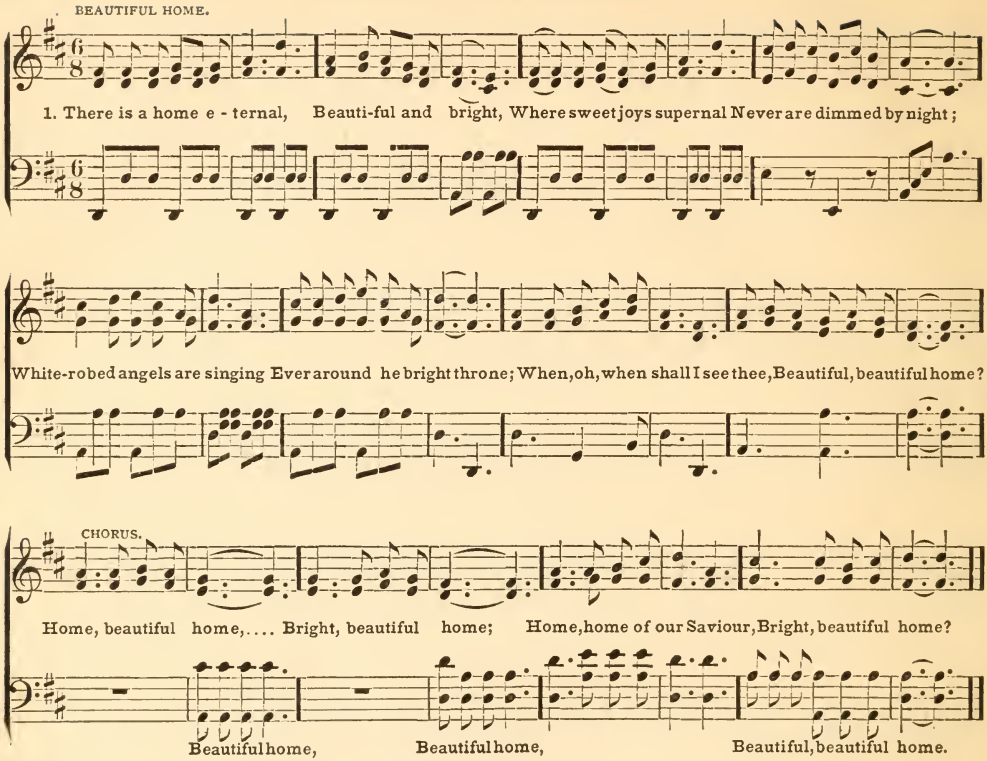
212

"They seek a country."

THERE is a land immortal,
The beautiful of lands;
Beside its ancient portal
A silent sentry stands;
He only can undo it,
And open wide the door;
And mortals who pass through it,
Are mortal nevermore.

2 Though dark and drear the passage
That leadeth to the gate,
Yet grace attends the message,
To souls that watch and wait:
And at the time appointed
A messenger comes down,
And guides the Lord's anointed
From cross to glory's crown.

3 Their sighs are lost in singing,
They're blessèd in their tears;
Their journey heavenward winging,
They leave on earth their fears:
Death like an angel seemeth;
"We welcome thee," they cry;
Their face with glory beameth—
'Tis life for them to die!



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213

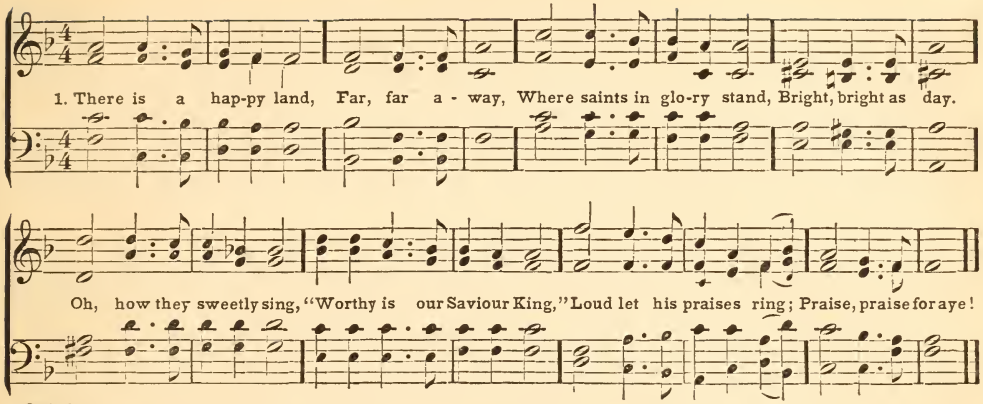
"*Beyond the Sky.*"

THERE is a home eternal,
Beautiful and bright,
Where sweet joys supernal
Never are dimmed by night;
White-robed angels are singing
Ever around the bright throne—
When, oh, when shall I see thee,
Beautiful, beautiful home?

CHO.—Home, beautiful home,
Bright, beautiful home;
Home, home of our Saviour,
Bright, beautiful home.

2 Flowers forever are springing
In that home so fair;
Thousands of children are singing
Praises to Jesus there:
How they swell the glad anthem
Ever around the bright throne—
When, oh, when shall I see thee,
Beautiful, beautiful home?

3 Soon shall I join that anthem
Far beyond the sky;
Jesus became my ransom—
Why should I fear to die?
Soon my eyes will behold him,
Seated upon the bright throne—
Then, oh, then shall I see thee,
Beautiful, beautiful home!



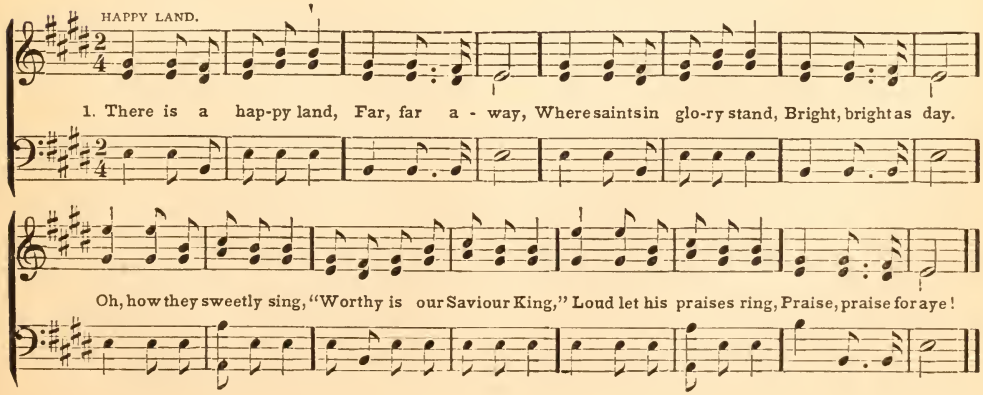
214

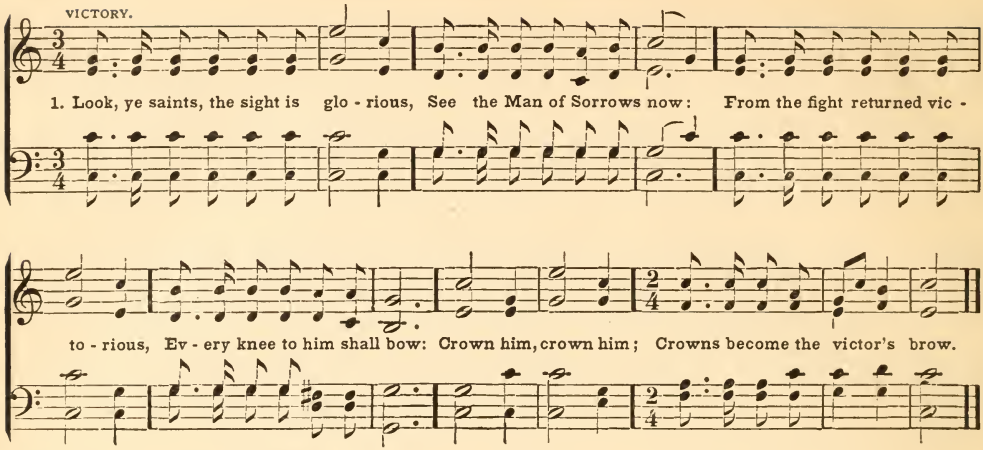
"*The happy Land.*"

THERE is a happy land,
Far, far away,
Where saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright as day.
Oh, how they sweetly sing,
"Worthy is our Saviour King,"
Loud let his praises ring;
Praise, praise for aye!

2 Come to that happy land,
Come, come away,
Why will ye doubting stand,
Why still delay?
Oh, we shall happy be,
When, from sin and sorrow free,
Lord we shall dwell with thee,
Blest, blest for aye.

3 Bright in that happy land,
Beams every eye:
Kept by a Father's hand,
Love cannot die.
Oh, then to glory run;
Be a crown and Kingdom won;
And bright, above the sun,
We'll reign for aye.





215

"King of kings."

Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious,
See the Man of Sorrows now:
From the fight returned victorious,
Every knee to him shall bow:
Crown him, crown him;
Crowns become the victor's brow.

2 Crown the Saviour, angels, crown him;
Rich the trophies Jesus brings;
In the seat of power enthrone him,
While the vault of heaven rings:
Crown him, crown him;
Crown the Saviour "King of kings."

3 Sinners in derision crowned him;
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;
Saints and angels crowd around him,
Own his title, praise his name:
Crown him, crown him;
Spread abroad the victor's fame.

4 Hark, those bursts of acclamation!
Hark, those loud triumphant chords!
Jesus takes the highest station;
Oh, what joy the sight affords:
Crown him, crown him;
"King of kings and Lord of lords."

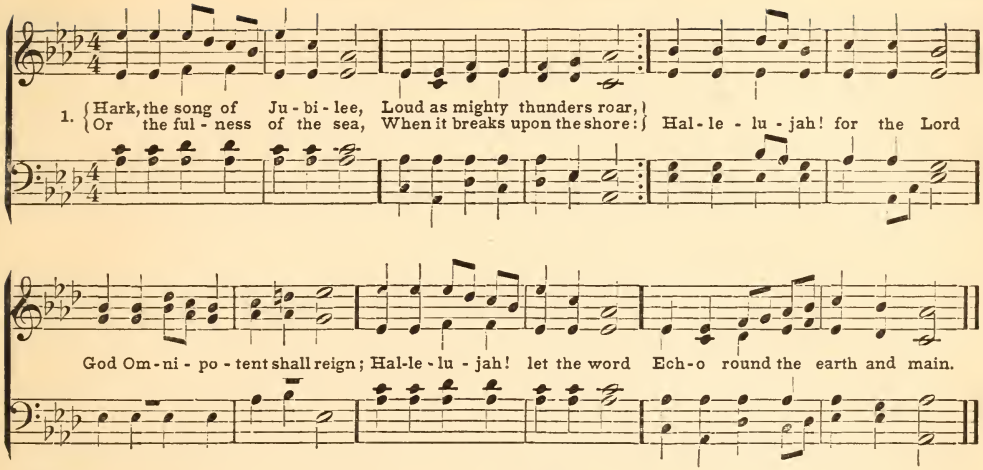
216

Glory to God.

Glory be to God the Father,
Glory be to God the Son,
Glory be to God the Spirit,
Great Jehovah, Three in One:
Glory, glory,
While eternal ages run!

2 Glory be to him who loved us,
Washed us from each spot and stain;
Glory be to him who bought us,
Made us kings with him to reign:
Glory, glory,
To the Lamb that once was slain!

3 Glory to the King of angels,
Glory to the church's King,
Glory to the King of nations,
Heaven and earth, your praises bring:
Glory, glory,
To the King of glory bring!

4 Glory, blessing, praise eternal!
Thus the choir of angels sings;
Honor, riches, power, dominion!
Thus its praise creation brings:
Glory, glory,
Glory to the King of kings!

217

"The Lord reigneth."

HARK, the song of Jubilee,
Loud as mighty thunders roar,
Or the fulness of the sea,
When it breaks upon the shore:
Hallelujah! for the Lord
God Omnipotent shall reign;
Hallelujah! let the word
Echo round the earth and main.

2 Hallelujah! hark, the sound,
From the depths unto the skies,
Wakes above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies;
See Jehovah's banner furled,
Sheathed his sword: he speaks—'tis done,
And the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdoms of his Son.

3 He shall reign from pole to pole
With illimitable sway;
He shall reign, when like a scroll
Yonder heavens have passed away:
Then the end;—beneath his rod
Man's last enemy shall fall;
Hallelujah! Christ in God,
God in Christ, is all in all.

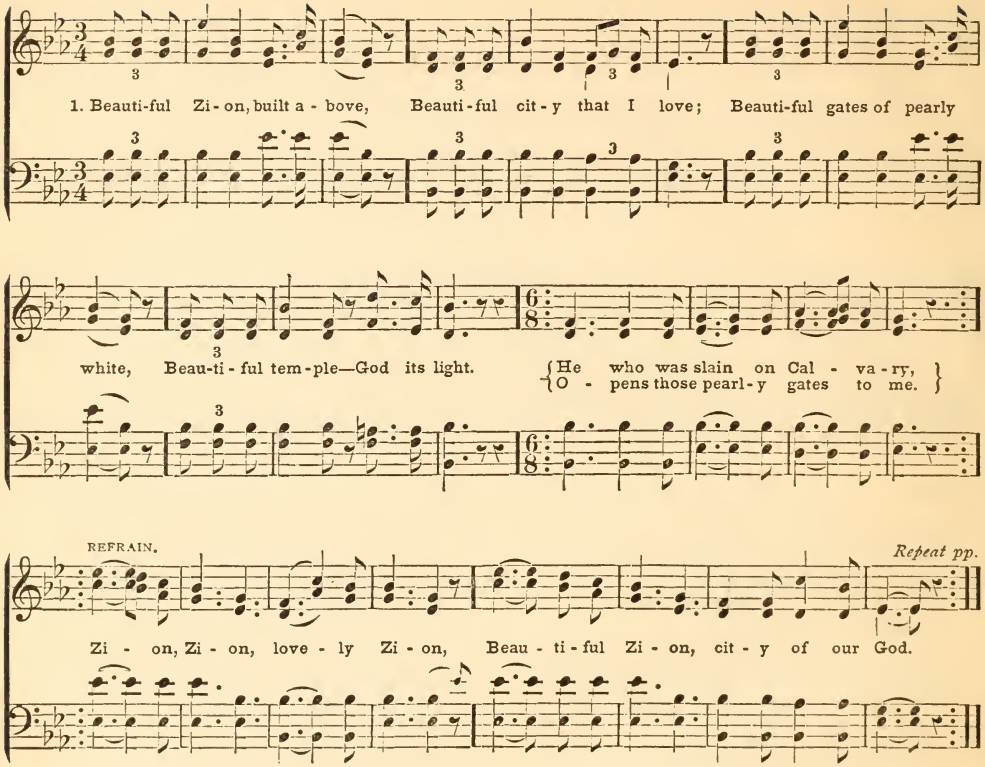
218

"Tell us of the Night."

WATCHMAN! tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are;—
Traveler! o'er yon mountain's height,
See that glory-beaming star!—
Watchman! does its beauteous ray
Aught of joy or hope foretell?—
Traveler! yes; it brings the day,
Promised day of Israel:—

2 Watchman! tell us of the night;
Higher yet that star ascends;—
Traveler! blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends;—
Watchman! will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?—
Traveler! ages are its own;
See, it bursts o'er all the earth!—

3 Watchman! tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn;—
Traveler! darkness takes its flight,
Doubt and terror are withdrawn;—
Watchman! let thy wanderings cease;
Hie thee to thy quiet home!—
Traveler! lo! the Prince of Peace,
Lo! the Son of God, is come!



219

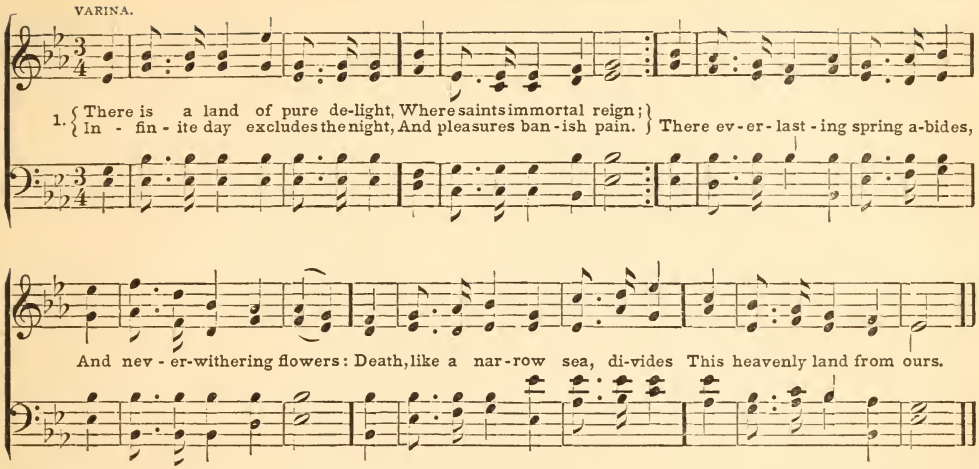
The Beauty of Heaven.

Beautiful Zion, built above,
Beautiful city that I love;
Beautiful gates of pearly white,
Beautiful temple—God its light;
He who was slain on Calvary,
Opens those pearly gates to me.

2 Beautiful heaven, where all is light;
Beautiful angels, clothed in white;
Beautiful strains that never tire;
Beautiful harps through all the choir—
There shall I join the chorus sweet,
Worshiping at the Saviour's feet.

3 Beautiful crowns on every brow,
Beautiful palms the conquerors show:
Beautiful robes the ransomed wear,
Beautiful all who enter there—
Thither I press with eager feet;
There shall my rest be long and sweet.

4 Beautiful throne for Christ our King,
Beautiful songs the angels sing;
Beautiful rest—all wanderings cease;
Beautiful home of perfect peace—
There shall my eyes the Saviour see;
Haste to his heavenly home with me.



220

"Go over this Jordan."

THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

2 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.
But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea;
And linger, shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

3 Oh, could we make our doubts remove,
These gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unbeclouded eyes:—
Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

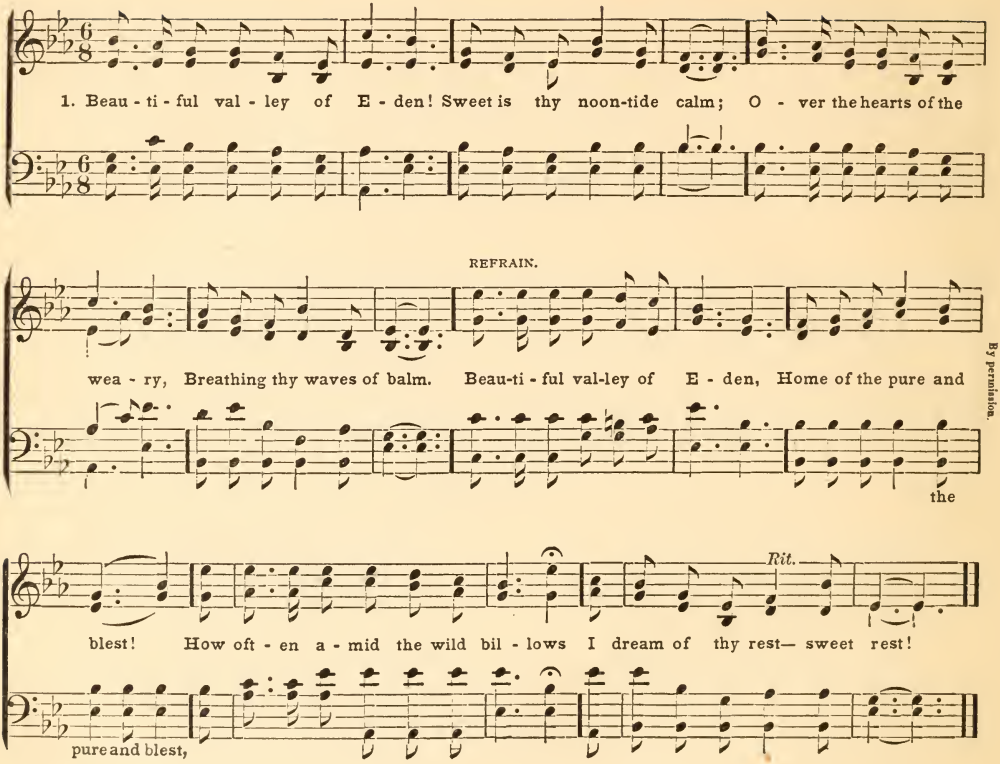
221

"Let me go over!"

ON Jordan's rugged banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.
Oh, the transporting, rapturous scene,
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight!

2 O'er all those wide extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God, the Son, forever reigns,
And scatters night away.
No chilling winds, or poisonous breath,
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.

3 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?
Filled with delight, my raptured soul
Can here no longer stay;
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.



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222 *"The Paradise of God."*

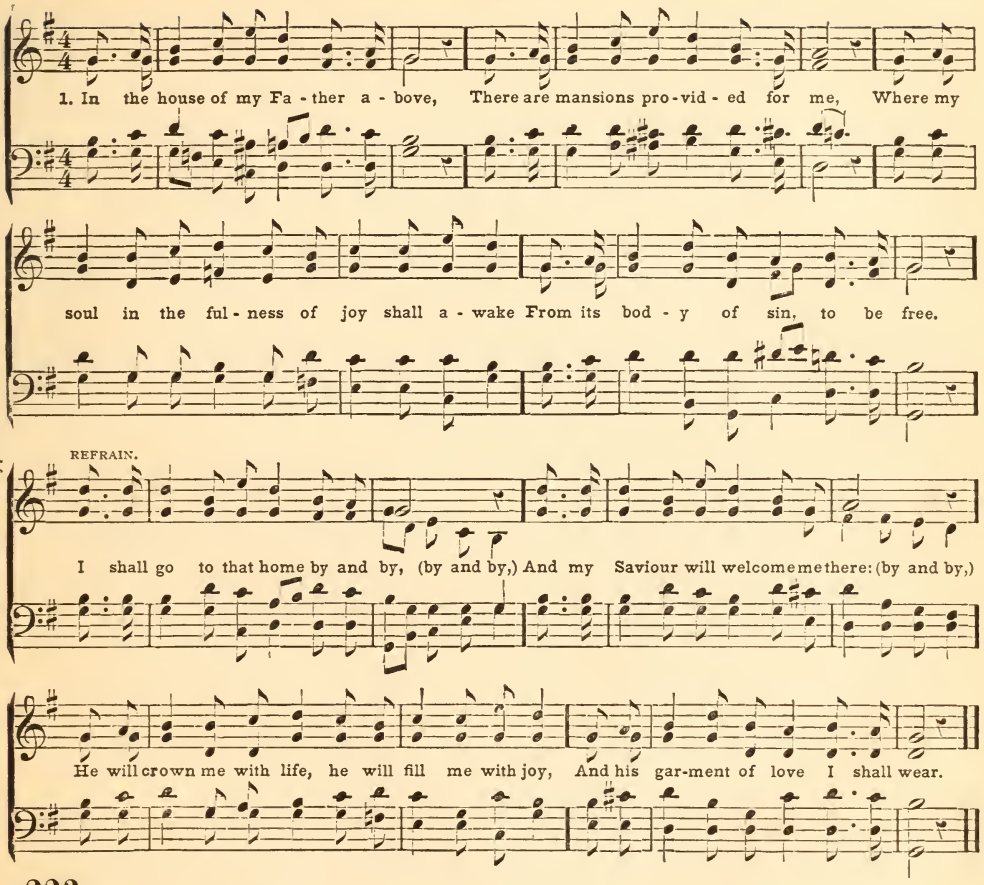
Beautiful valley of Eden!
Sweet is thy noon-tide calm;
Over the hearts of the weary,
Breathing thy waves of balm.

Cho.—Beautiful valley of Eden,
Home of the pure and blest!
How often amid the wild billows
I dream of thy rest—sweet rest!

2 Over the heart of the mourner
Shineth thy golden day,
Wafting the songs of the angels
Down from the far away.

Cho.—Beautiful valley of Eden,
Home of the pure and blest!
How often amid the wild billows
I dream of thy rest—sweet rest!

3 There is the home of my Saviour,
There, with the blood-washed throng,
Over the highlands of glory
Rolleth the great, new song!

Cho.—Beautiful valley of Eden,
Home of the pure and blest!
How often amid the wild billows
I dream of thy rest—sweet rest!

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223

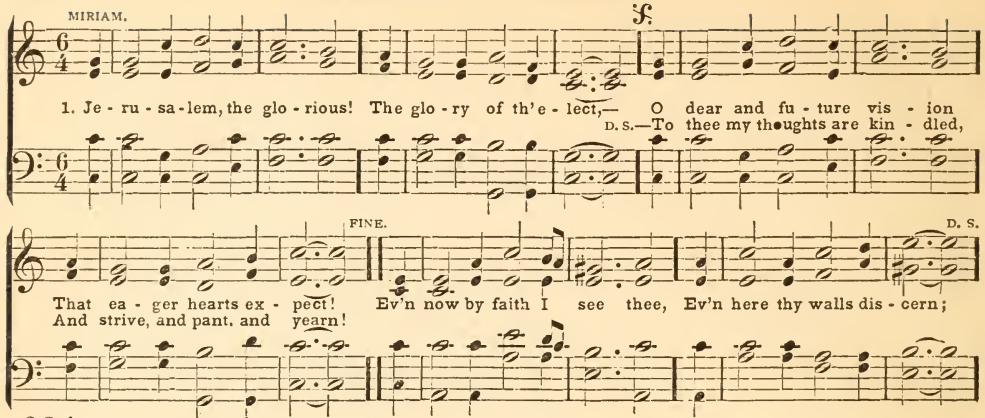
"The Mansions above."

In the house of my Father above,
There are mansions provided for me,
Where my soul in the fulness of joy shall awake
From its body of sin to be free.

2 When I weary of labor and toil,
And with sorrow my heart is oppressed,
Then my Saviour comes near, and I think with delight
Of the beautiful mansions of rest.

3 I have friends in those mansions above;
They are waiting me now on the shore;
And I know we shall meet at the portals of light,
When a few fleeting days shall be o'er.

4 Oh, I long for those mansions above!
Yes, I long their bright glory to see,
And to join the glad host in the praise of my Lord,
Who has purchased those mansions for me.



224

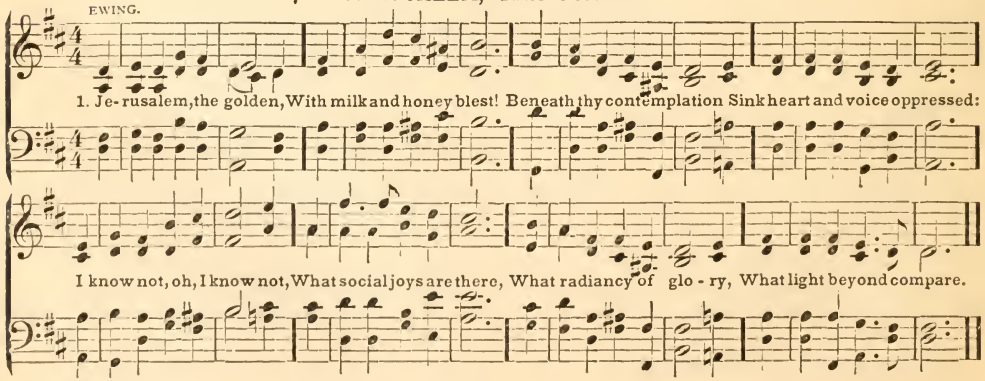
"A City."

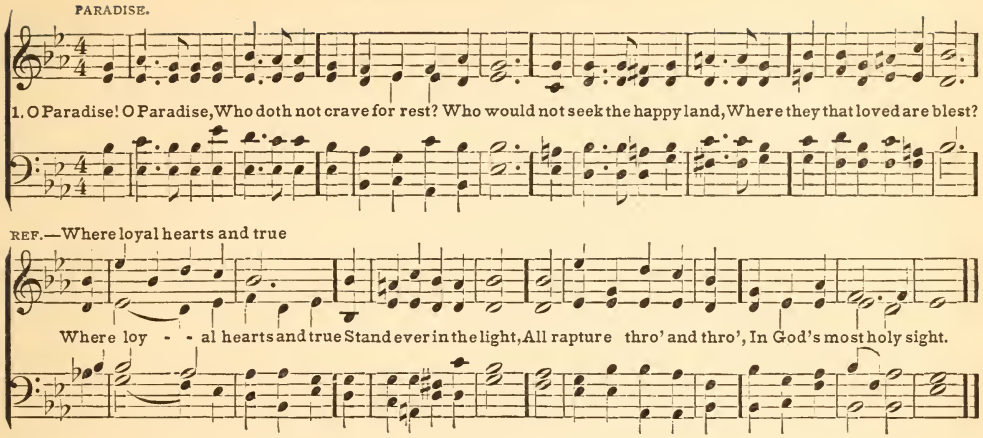
JERUSALEM, the glorious!
The glory of the elect,—
O dear and future vision
That eager hearts expect!
Ev'n now by faith I see thee,
Ev'n here thy walls discern;
To thee my thoughts are kindled,
And strive, and pant, and yearn!

2 The Cross is all thy splendor,
The Crucified, thy praise;
His laud and benediction
Thy ransomed people raise;—
Jerusalem! exulting
On that securest shore,
I hope thee, wish thee, sing thee,
And love thee evermore!

3 O sweet and blesséd Country!
Shall I e'er see thy face?
O sweet and blesséd Country!
Shall I e'er win thy grace?
Exult, O dust and ashes!
The Lord shall be thy part;
His only, his forever,
Thou shalt be, and thou art!

JERUSALEM, THE GOLDEN.





225 *"O Paradise."*

O PARADISE! O Paradise!
Who doth not crave for rest?
Who would not seek the happy land
Where they that loved are blest?
REF.—Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight.

2 O Paradise! O Paradise!
The world is growing old;
Who would not be at rest and free
Where love is never cold?

3 O Paradise! O Paradise!
I greatly long to see
The special place my dearest Lord
In love prepares for me.

4 Lord Jesus, King of Paradise,
Oh, keep me in thy love,
And guide me to that happy land
Of perfect rest above!

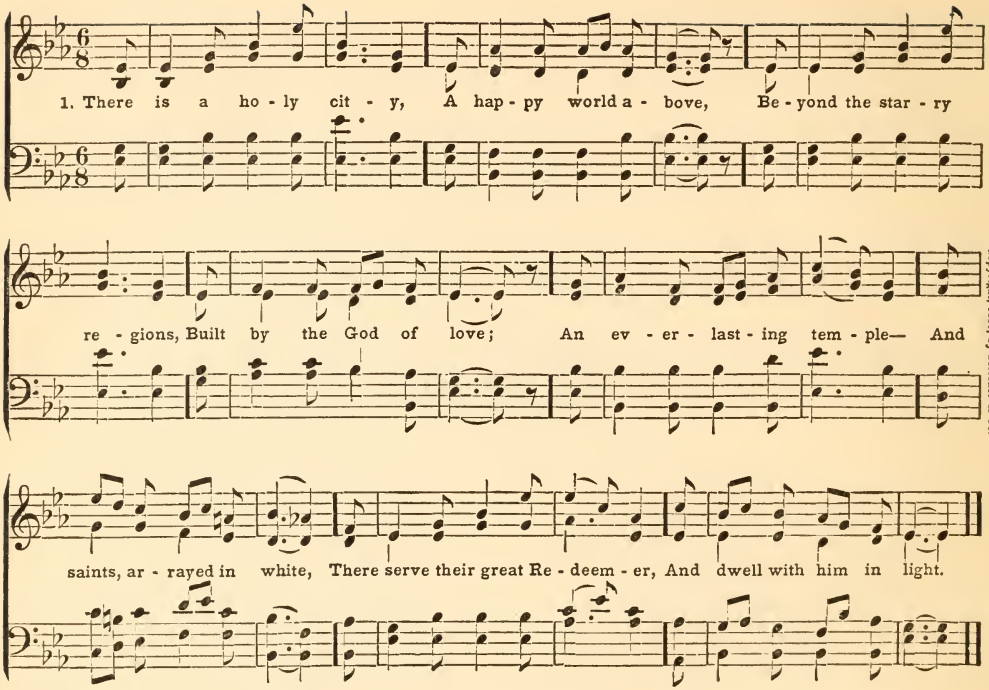
---

226 *The new Jerusalem.*

JERUSALEM, the golden,
With milk and honey blest!
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice oppressed:
I know not, oh, I know not,
What social joys are there,
What radiancy of glory,
What light beyond compare.

2 They stand, those halls of Zion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng;
The Prince is ever in them,
The daylight is serene;
The pastures of the blesséd
Are decked in glorious sheen.

3 There is the throne of David;
And there, from care released,
The song of them that triumph,
The shout of them that feast:
And they who, with their Leader,
Have conquered in the fight,
Forever and forever
Are clad in robes of white.



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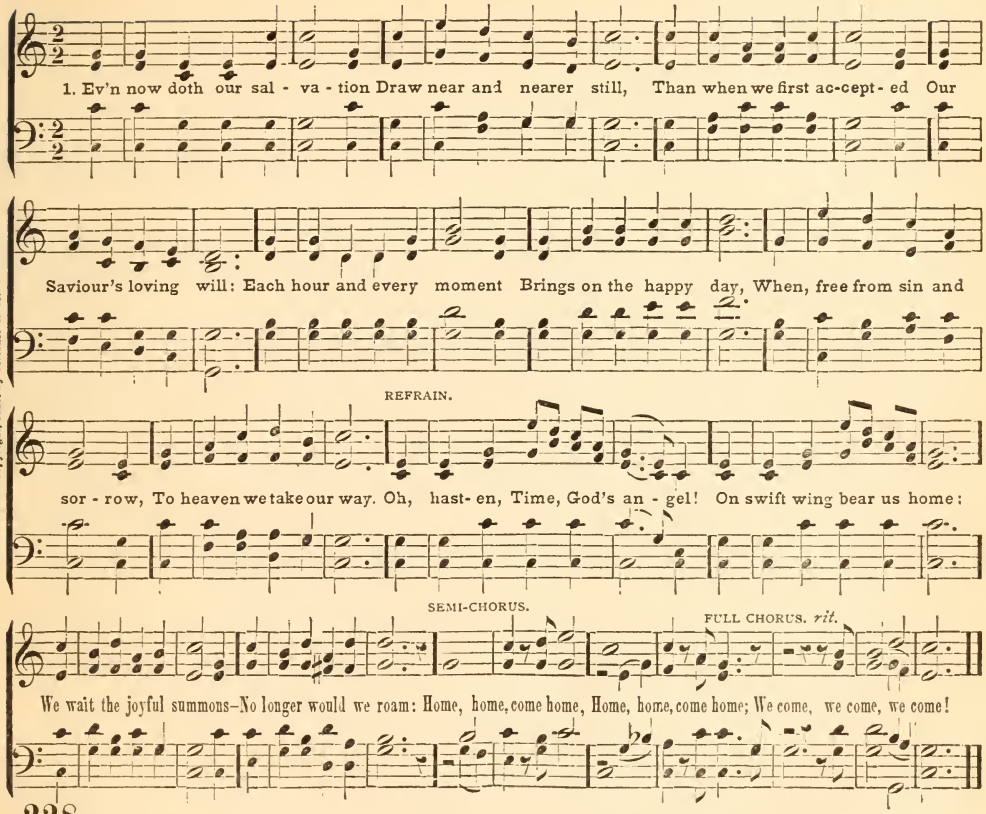
227

"*A Holy City.*"

THERE is a holy city,
A happy world above,
Beyond the starry regions,
Built by the God of love;
An everlasting temple—
And saints, arrayed in white,
There serve their great Redeemer,
And dwell with him in light.

2 The meanest child of glory
Outshines the radiant sun;
But who can speak the splendor
Of that eternal throne
Where Jesus sits exalted,
In god-like majesty?
The elders fall before him,
The angels bend the knee.

3 The host of saints around him
Proclaim his work of grace;
The patriarchs and prophets,
And all the godly race,
Who speak of fiery trials
And tortures on their way—
They came from tribulation
To everlasting day.

4 And what shall be my journey,
How long my stay below,
Or what shall be my trials,
Are not for me to know;
In every day of trouble,
I'll raise my thoughts on high;
I'll think of the bright temple,
And crowns above the sky.

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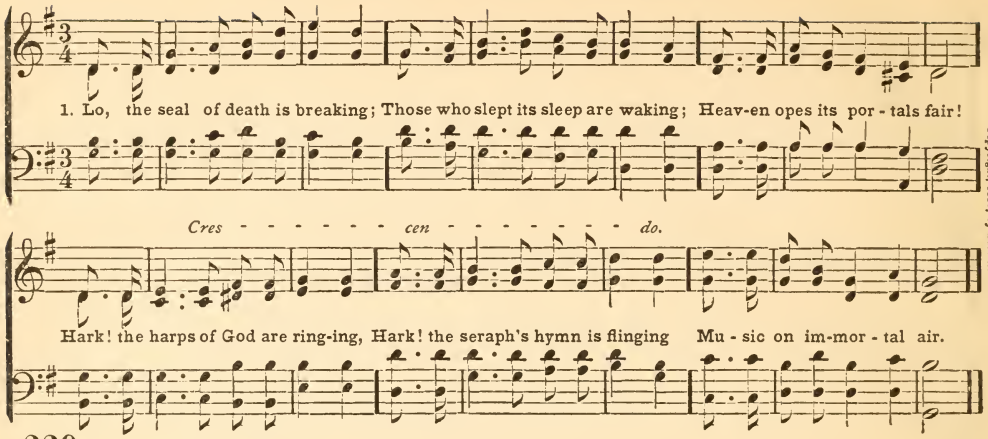
228

Our Salvation.

Ev'n now doth our salvation
Draw near and nearer still,
Than when we first accepted
Our Saviour's loving will:
Each hour and every moment
Brings on the happy day,
When, free from sin and sorrow,
To heaven we take our way.

2 The world is bright and gladsome,
And life is God's sweet gift;
It is not dust and ashes,
Though fading sure and swift:
Yet better far the country,
Where my dear Lord doth dwell;
My heart doth break with longing
For him I love so well!

3 Oh, lasting joy of heaven!
Oh, stainless, waveless peace!
Oh, victory after conflict,
Of all our woe surcease!
Who would not gladly barter
The best earth hath to give,
For that blest lot immortal,
With Christ for aye to live!



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229

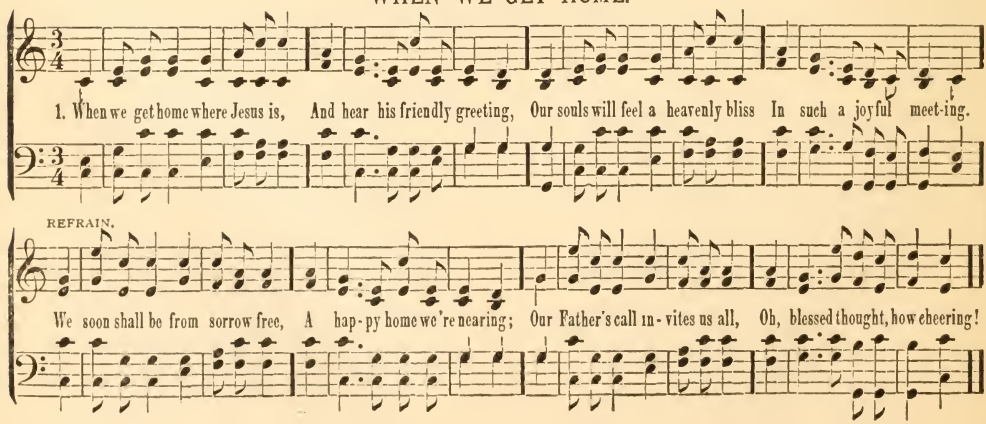
Music in Heaven.

Lo, THE seal of death is breaking;
Those who slept its sleep are waking;
Heaven opes its portals fair!
Hark! the harps of God are ringing,
Hark! the seraph's hymn is flinging
Music on immortal air.

2 There, no more at eve declining,
Suns without a cloud are shining
O'er the land of life and love;
There the founts of life are flowing,
Flowers unknown to time are blowing,
In that radiant scene above.

3 There no sigh of memory swelleth;
There no tear of misery welleth;
Hearts will bleed or break no more;
Past is all the cold world's scorning,
Gone the night and broke the morning
Over all the golden shore!

WHEN WE GET HOME.



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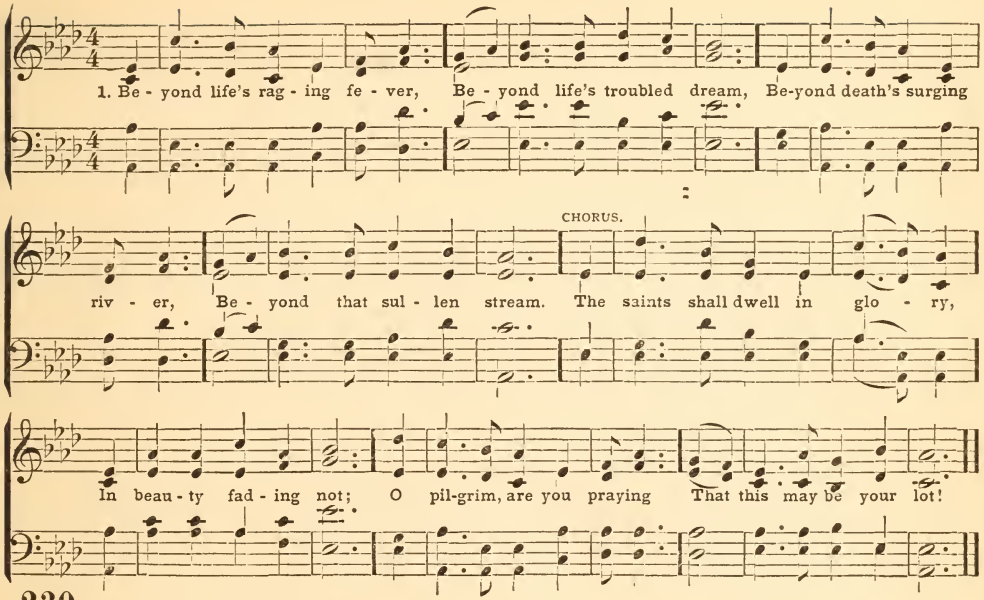
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230

Beyond the Vale.

BEYOND life's raging fever,
Beyond life's troubled dream,
Beyond death's surging river,
Beyond that sullen stream.—CHO.

2 Beyond this land of sighing,
Where countless tears are shed;
Beyond the sick and dying,
Beyond the mouldering dead.—CHO.

3 Beyond this scene of trial,
Where heart and flesh do fail;
Beyond the darkening shadows,
Beyond the gloomy vale.—CHO.

4 Beyond earth's weary burden,
The cross, the scourge, the rod,
The saints shall dwell in glory—
The saints shall dwell with God.—CHO

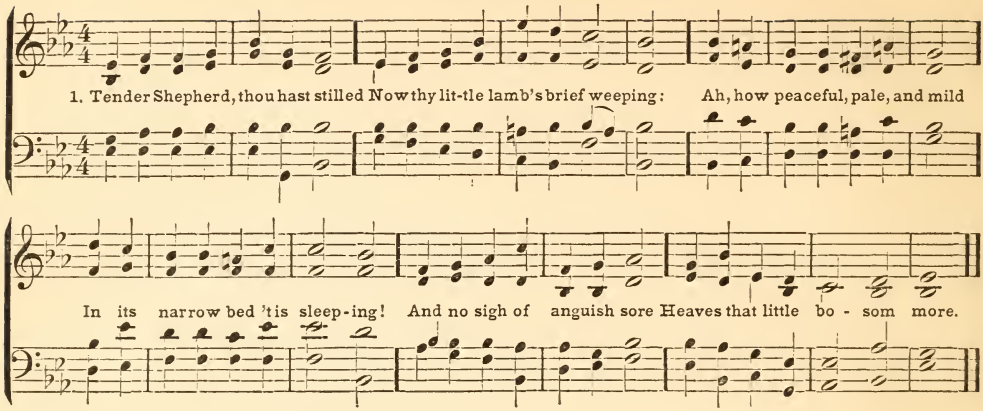
231

"Forever with the Lord."

WHEN we get home where Jesus is,
And hear his friendly greeting,
Our souls will feel a heavenly bliss,
In such a joyful meeting!
REF.—We soon shall be from sorrow free—
A happy home we're nearing:
Our Father's call invites us all—
Oh, blessèd thought, how cheering!

2 So long in this dark world we've staid,
We feel an anxious longing
To see that home without a shade,
Where ransomed souls are thronging.

3 If doubts arise, or courage fail,
At every ill-made story,
Death soon will lift the mystic vail,
And bear us home to glory.

4 Then, happy souls, to Jesus raise
Your songs, with cheerful voices,
And sing those home-endearing lays,
While every heart rejoices!

232

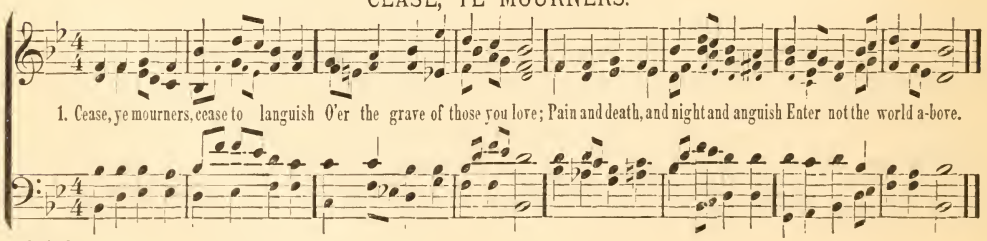
Death of a little child.

TENDER Shepherd, thou hast stilled
Now thy little lamb's brief weeping:
Ah, how peaceful, pale, and mild
In its narrow bed 'tis sleeping!
And no sigh of anguish sore
Heaves that little bosom more.

2 In this world of care and pain,
Lord, thou wouldst no longer leave it;
To the sunny heavenly plain
Thou dost now with joy receive it;
Clothed in robes of spotless white,
Now it dwells with thee in light.

3 Ah, Lord Jesus, grant that we
Where it lives may soon be living,
And the lovely pastures see
That its heavenly food are giving;
Then the gain of death we prove,
Though thou take what most we love.

CEASE, YE MOURNERS.

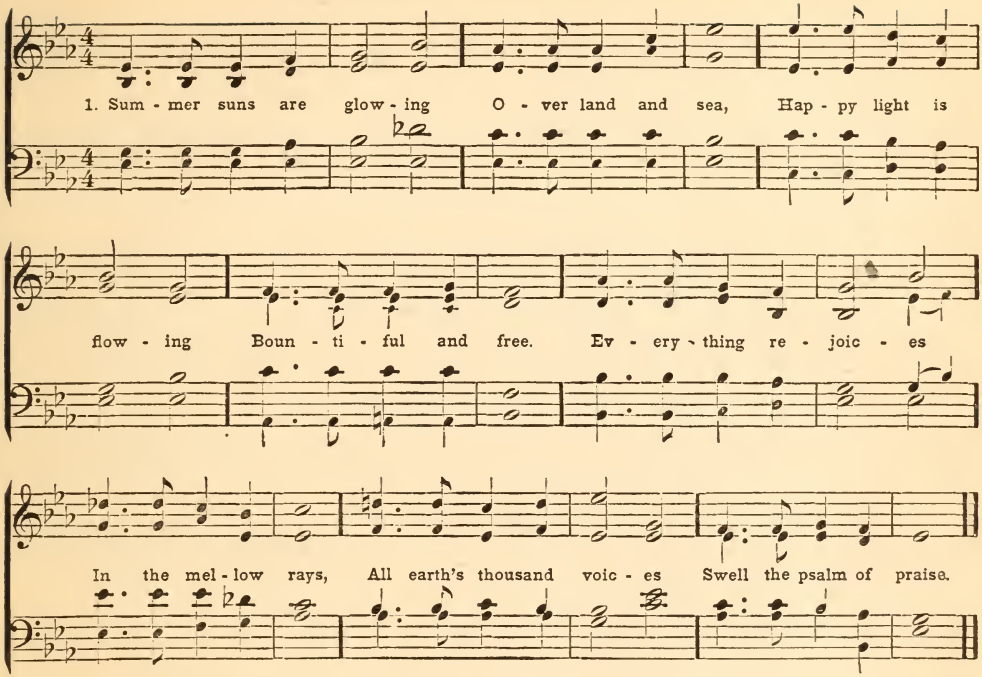


233

Comfort.

CEASE, ye mourners, cease to languish
O'er the grave of those you love;
Pain and death, and night and anguish
Enter not the world above.

2 While our silent steps are straying
Lonely through night's deepening shade,
Glory's brightest beams are playing
Round the happy Christian's head.

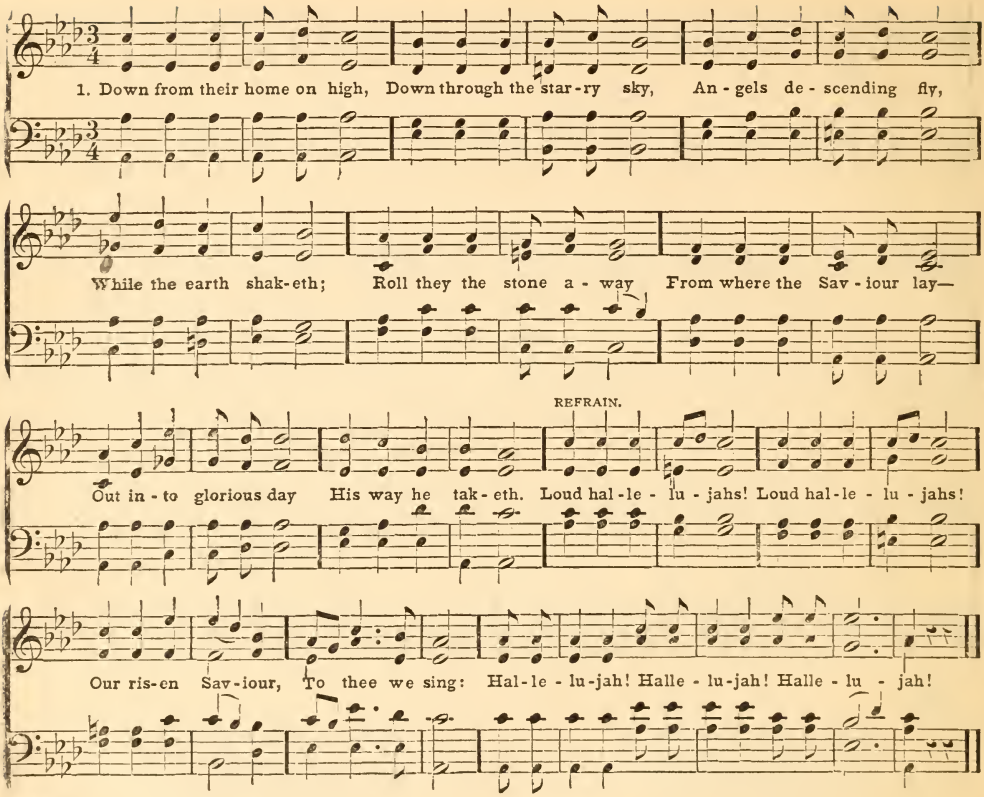
3 Light and peace at once deriving
From the hand of God most high,
In his glorious presence living,
They shall never, never die.

234

A bright summer day.

Summer suns are glowing
Over land and sea,
Happy light is flowing
Bountiful and free.
Everything rejoices
In the mellow rays,
All earth's thousand voices
Swell the psalm of praise.

2 God's free mercy streameth,
Over all the world,
And his banner gleameth
Everywhere unfurled.
Broad and deep and glorious,
As the heaven above,
Shines in might victorious
His eternal love.

3 Lord, upon our blindness,
Thy pure radiance pour;
For thy loving-kindness
Makes us love thee more.
And when clouds are drifting
Dark across our sky,
Then, the vail uplifting,
Father, be thou nigh.

4 We will never doubt thee,
Though thou vail thy light:
Life is dark without thee;
Death with thee is bright.
Light of light! shine o'er us
On our pilgrim way,
Go thou still before us
To the endless day.

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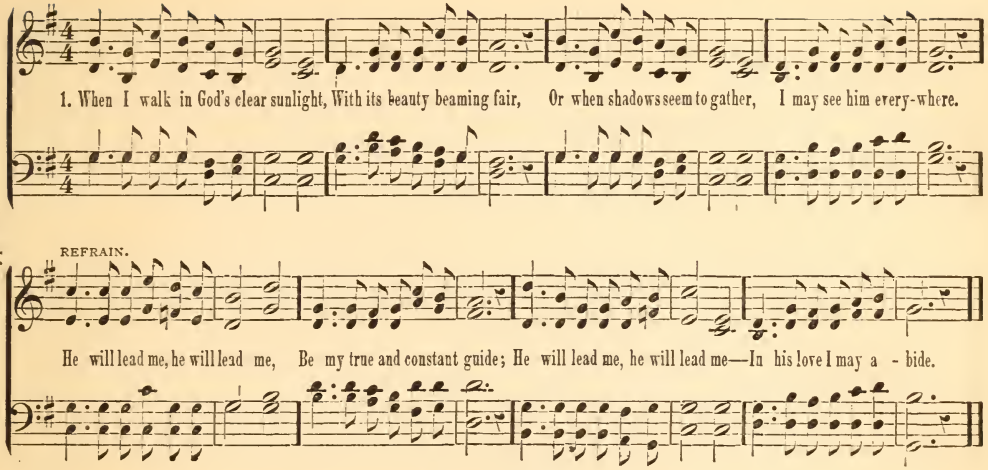
235

Easter Morning.

Down from their home on high,
Down through the starry sky,
Angels descending fly,
While the earth shaketh;
Roll they the stone away
From where the Saviour lay—
Out into glorious day
His way he taketh.

2 He from the grave is gone,
Treading the way alone;
Death now is overthrown
By his endeavor!
Where is thy victory,
O Grave? and where shall be,
O Death, our fear of thee?
Vanished forever!

3 Sing we thy praise for aye,
Who washed our sins away;
Unto thy name alway
We shall be singing:
Far down the tracts of time,
Shall every earthly clime
Join in the song sublime,
With praises ringing!



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236

"He will lead me."

When I walk in God's clear sunlight,
With its beauty beaming fair,
Or when shadows seem to gather,
I may see him everywhere.

Ref.—He will lead me, he will lead me,
Be my true and constant guide;
He will lead me, he will lead me—
In his love I may abide.

2 Though amid the deepest darkness,
I may surely trust the Lord;
He hath never yet forsaken—
He will keep his promised word.

3 Though all friendships may be broken,
And the hand of death be laid,
In his might and love confiding,
I shall never be afraid.

4 When to me shall come the glory
Of the heavenly mansions bright,
Still the song will I be singing
In that home of pure delight.

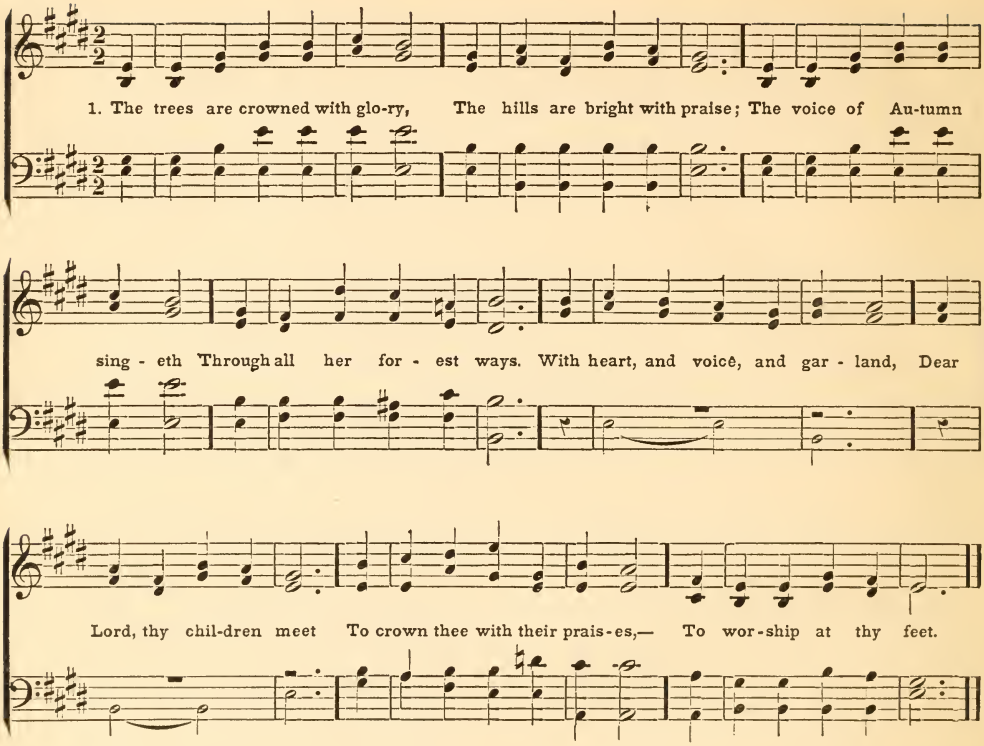
237

New Year.

At thy feet, our God and Father,
Who hast blest us all our days,
We with grateful hearts would gather,
And begin the year with praise—
Praise for light so brightly shining
On our steps from heaven above;
Praise for mercies daily twining
Round us golden cords of love.

2 Jesus, for thy love most tender
On the cross for sinners shown,
We would praise thee and surrender
All our hearts to be thine own.
With so true a Friend provided,
We upon our way would go,
Sure of being safely guided,
Guarded well from every foe.

3 Every day will be the brighter,
When thy gracious face we see;
Every burden will be lighter,
When we know it comes from thee.
Spread thy love's broad banner o'er us,
Give us strength to serve and wait,
Till thy glory breaks before us,
Through the city's open gate.



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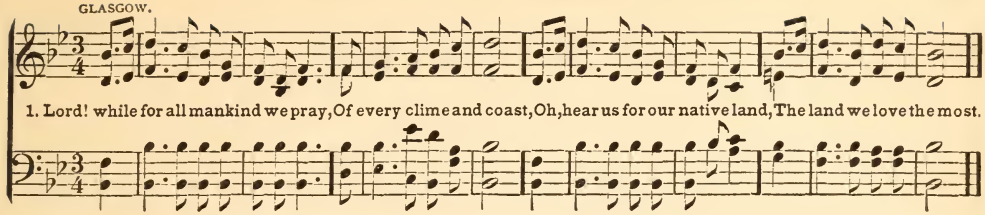
238

An Autumn Song.

The trees are crowned with glory,
The hills are bright with praise;
The voice of Autumn singeth
Through all her forest ways.
With heart, and voice, and garland,
Dear Lord, thy children meet
To crown thee with their praises,—
To worship at thy feet.

2 As once in far Judea
The little children came
With glad and sweet hosannas,
And blessings on thy name,
With waving palms and praises,
Thy lowly steps to throng;—
So we, within thy temple,
Come seeking thee with song.

3 O lowly Lord and Master!
We long to be like thee
In purity, in patience,
In deep humility;
That when our autumn cometh,
And as a leaf we fade,
The glory of thy presence
May dissipate death's shade.



239

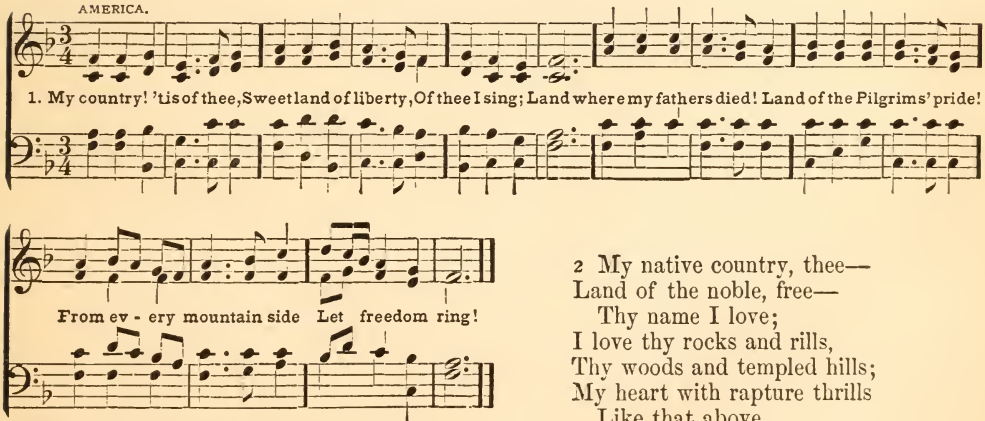
National.

LORD! while for all mankind we pray,
Of every clime and coast,
Oh, hear us for our native land,
The land we love the most.

2 Oh, guard our shores from every foe,
With peace our borders bless,
With prosperous times our cities crown,
Our fields with plenteousness.

3 Unite us in the sacred love
Of knowledge, truth, and thee:
And let our hills and valleys shout
The songs of liberty.

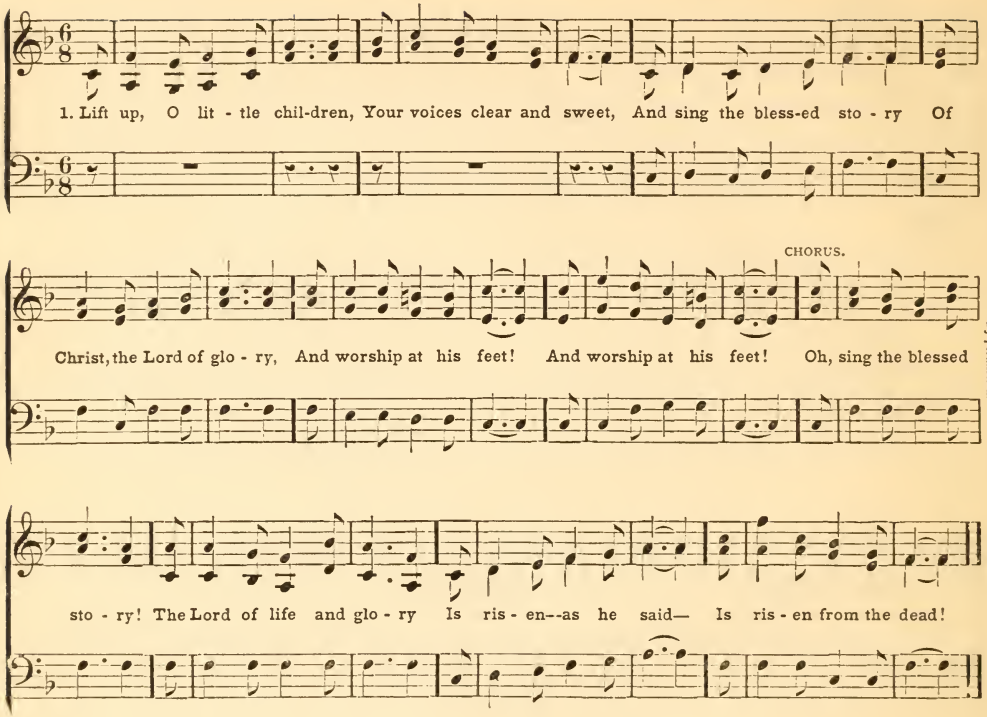
4 Lord of the nations, thus to thee
Our country we commend;
Be thou her refuge and her trust,
Her everlasting friend.

MY COUNTRY! 'TIS OF THEE.

240

National Song.

MY country! 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died!
Land of the Pilgrims' pride!
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring!

2 My native country, thee—
Land of the noble, free—
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

3 Our fathers' God! to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King!

241

Easter Carol.

Lift up, O little children,
Your voices clear and sweet,
And sing the blesséd story
Of Christ, the Lord of glory,
And worship at his feet!

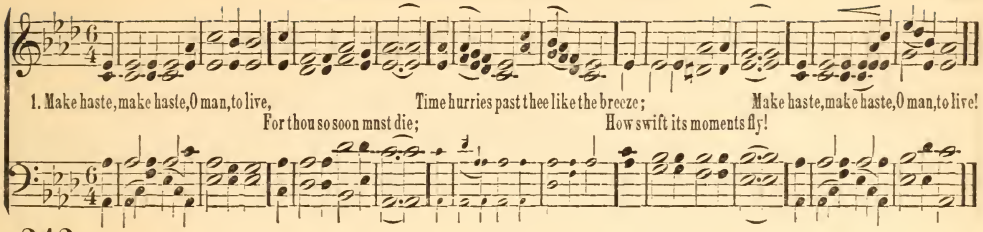
Cho.—Oh, sing the blesséd story!
The Lord of life and glory
Is risen—as he said—
Is risen from the dead!

2 Lift up, O tender lilies,
Your whiteness to the sun;
The earth is not our prison,
Since Christ himself hath risen,
The life of every one.

Cho.—Oh, sing the blesséd story!
The Lord of life and glory
Is risen—as he said—
Is risen from the dead!

3 Ring, all ye bells, in welcome,
Your chimes of joy again!
Ring out the night of sadness,
Ring in the morn of gladness,
For death no more shall reign.

Cho.—Then sing the blesséd story!
The Lord of life and glory
Is risen—as he said—
Is risen from the dead!



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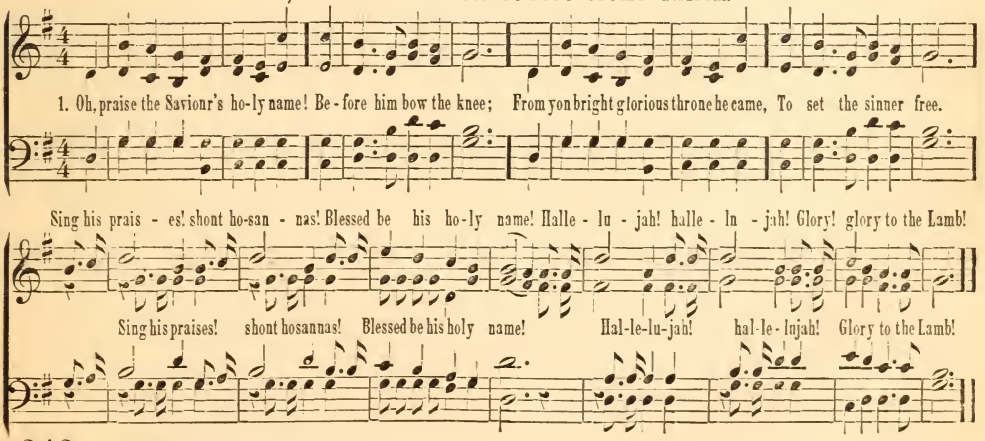
242

Close of the year.

Make haste, make haste, O man, to live,
For thou so soon must die;
Time hurries past thee like the breeze,
How swift its moments fly!
Make haste, make haste, O man, to live!

2 To breathe, to breathe, and wake and sleep,
To smile, to sigh, and grieve,
To move in idleness through earth—
This, this is not to live!
Make haste, make haste, O man, to live!

3 Up, then, up, then, with speed, and work;
Fling ease and self away;
This is no time for thee to sleep;
Up! watch, and work, and pray!
Make haste, make haste, O man, to live!

OH, PRAISE THE SAVIOUR'S HOLY NAME.

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243

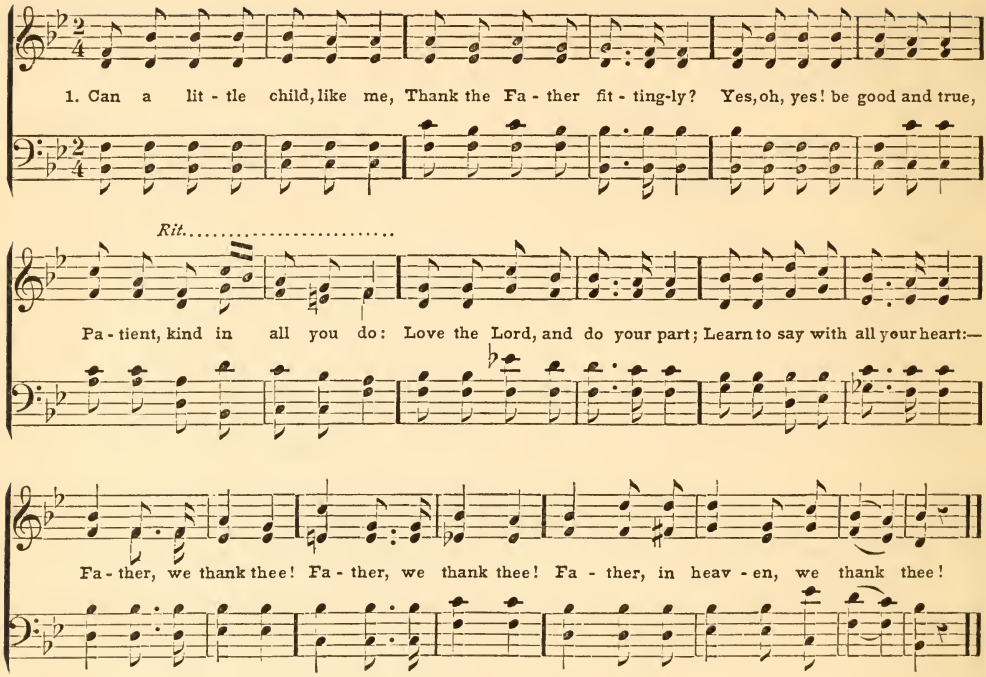
"Behold the Lamb!"

Oh, praise the Saviour's holy name!
Before him bow the knee;
From yon bright glorious throne he came,
To set the sinner free.

2 There is no music half so sweet
As our Redeemer's name;
Oh, sound it out to every clime,
And say—"Behold the Lamb!"

3 Oh, praise him for the love that bore
Your sorrows and your care;
Honor and thanks and blessing give—
So in his glory share.

4 Oh, for this love let every heart
His praises ever sing!
And when we join with angel-hosts,
We'll crown the Saviour King.



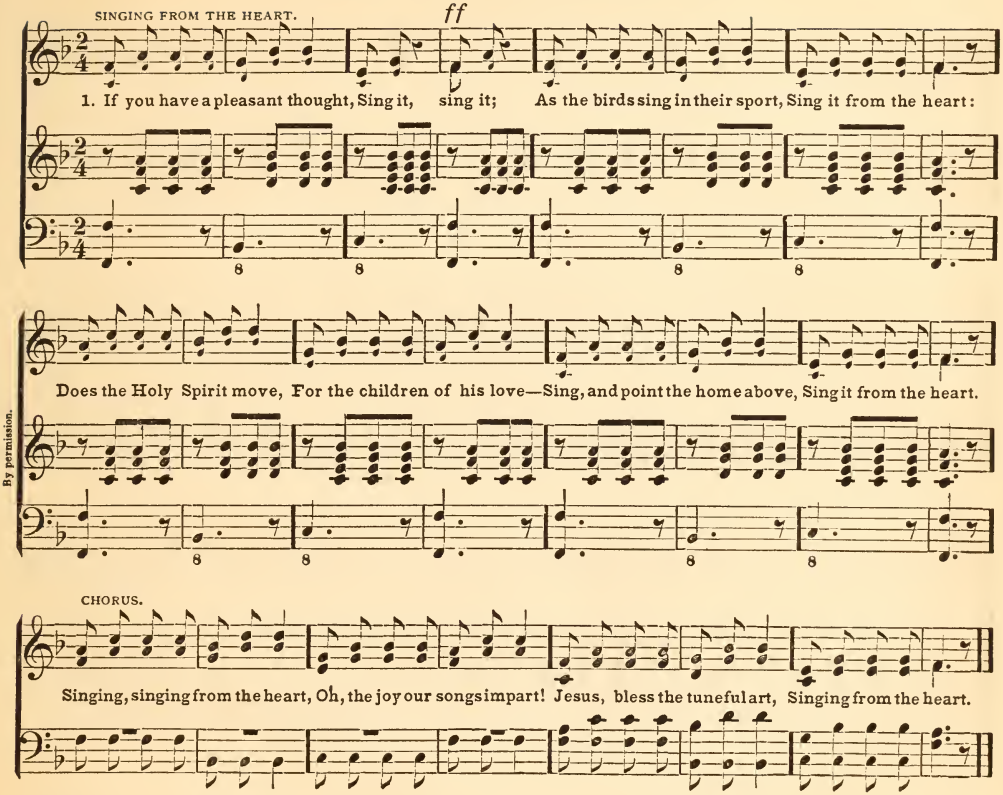
244

A Thanksgiving Hymn.

CAN a little child, like me,
Thank the Father fittingly?
Yes, oh, yes! be good and true,
Patient, kind in all you do;
Love the Lord, and do your part;
Learn to say with all your heart:
Father, we thank thee!
Father in heaven, we thank thee!

2 For the fruit upon the tree,
For the birds that sing of thee,
For the earth in beauty drest,
Father, mother and the rest;
For thy precious, loving care,
For thy bounty everywhere,—
Father, we thank thee!
Father in heaven, we thank thee!

3 For the sunshine warm and bright,
For the day and for the night;
For the lessons of our youth—
Honor, gratitude and truth;
For the love that met us here,
For the home and for the cheer,—
Father, we thank thee!
Father in heaven, we thank thee!

4 For our comrades and our plays,
And our happy holidays;
For the joyful work and true
That a little child may do;
For our lives but just begun;
For the great gift of thy Son,—
Father, we thank thee!
Father in heaven, we thank thee!

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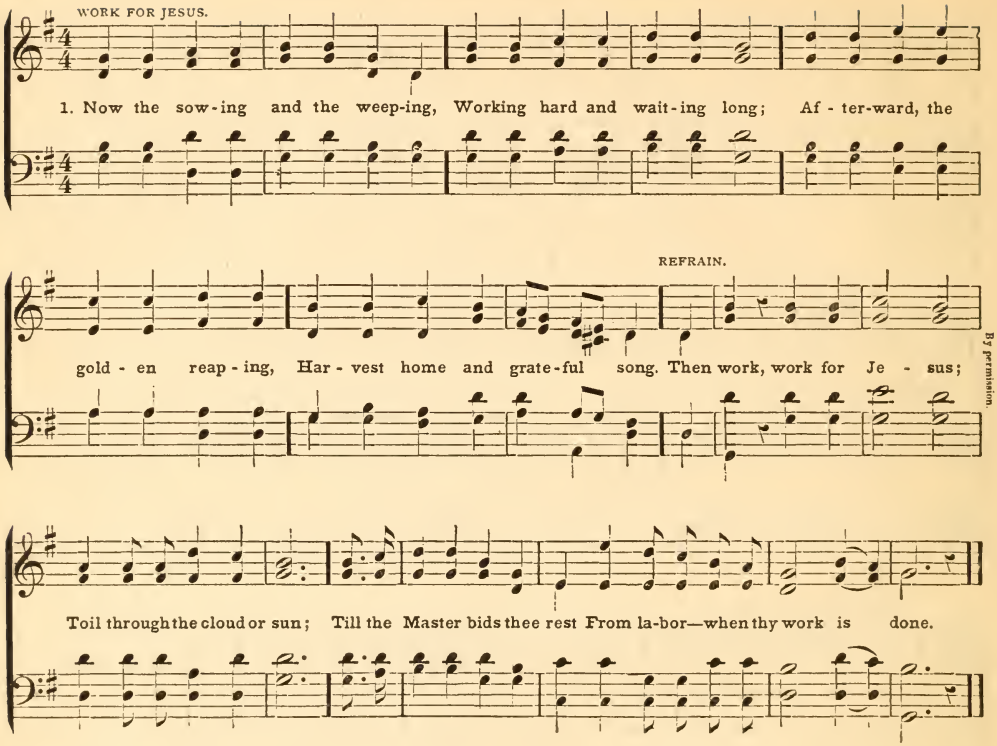
245 *A loving heart.*

If you have a pleasant thought,
Sing it, sing it;
As the birds sing in their sport,
Sing it from the heart:
Does the Holy Spirit move,
For the children of his love—
Sing, and point the home above,
Sing it from the heart.

2 Every gracious deed of his,
Sing it, sing it;
Nothing sounds so well as this,
Sing it from the heart:
How the Lord walked on the wave—
Rescued Lazarus from the grave—
Died our guilty souls to save—
Sing it from the heart.

3 Are you weary, are you sad—
Sing it, sing it;
Make yourselves and others glad,
Sing it from the heart:
Angels now before his face
Sing of Christ's redeeming grace.
Give the Saviour endless praise,
Sing it from the heart.

246

"*Afterwards.*"

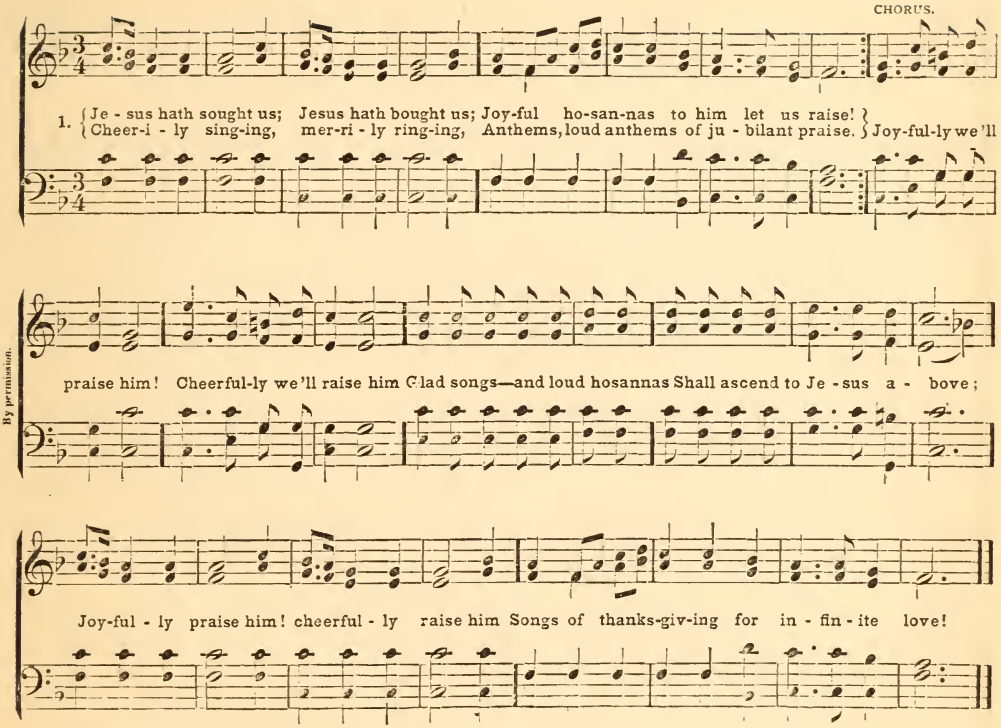
Now THE sowing and the weeping,
Working hard and waiting long;
Afterward, the golden reaping,
Harvest home and grateful song.

REF.—Then work, work for Jesus:
Toil through the cloud or sun;
Till the Master bids thee rest
From labor—when thy work is done.

2 Now the pruning, sharp, unsparing;
Scattered blossom, bleeding shoot!
Afterward, the plenteous bearing
Of the Master's pleasant fruit.

3 Now, the long and toilsome duty,
Stone by stone to carve and bring:
Afterward, the perfect beauty
Of the palace of the King!

4 Now, the spirit conflict-riven,
Wounded heart, unequal strife;
Afterward, the triumph given,
And the victor-crown of life!

5 Now, the training, strange and lowly,
Unexplained and tedious now;
Afterward, the service holy,
And the Master's "Enter thou!"

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247

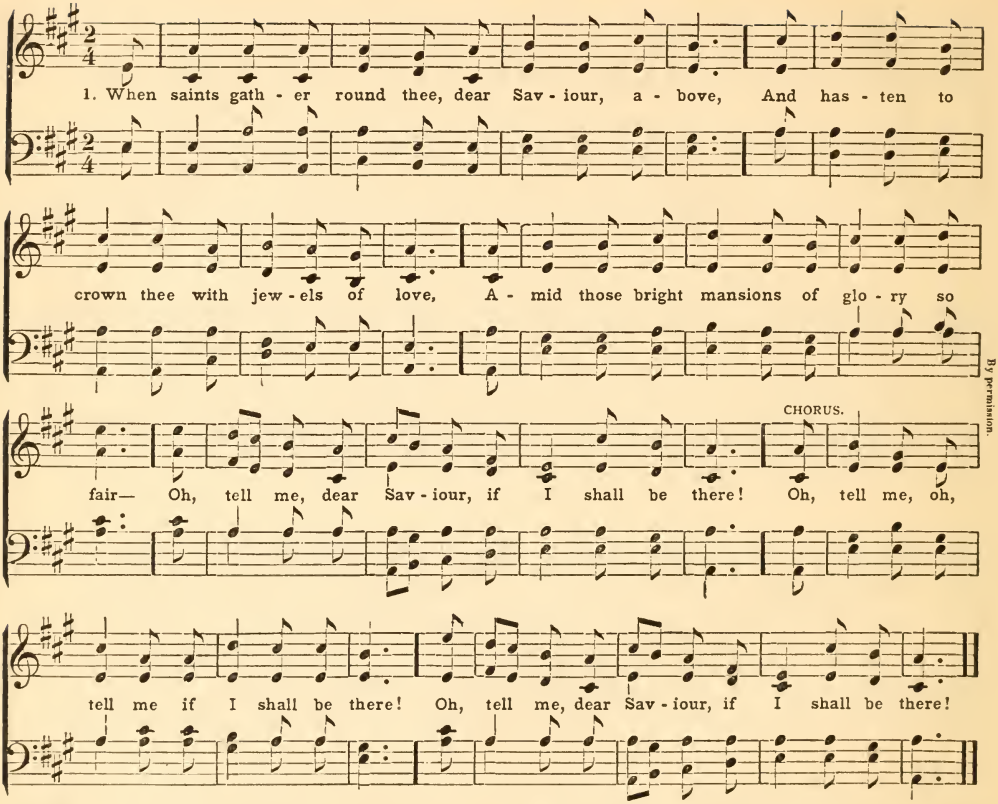
For Anniversary.

Jesus hath sought us; Jesus hath bought us;
Joyful hosannas to him let us raise!
Cheerfully singing, merrily ringing,
Anthems, loud anthems of jubilant praise.

Cho.—Joyfully we'll praise him!
Cheerfully we'll raise him
Glad songs—and loud hosannas
Shall ascend to Jesus above:
Joyfully praise him! cheerfully raise him
Songs of thanksgiving for infinite love!

2 Kind friends have taught us; Jesus hath brought us
Under this roof where we gather to-day;
Gracious Jehovah, guide and watch over;
Look on thy children in mercy, we pray.

3 Keep us and guide us, kindly provide us
Comfort and strength for each step of the way;
Mercy and blessing, goodness expressing,
Hold us in peace for eternity's day.

4 When thou hast led us, taught us and fed us,
Strengthened our hearts, as we've journeyed along,
Then, gracious Father, thy children gather,
Joining in chorus of heaven's new song.

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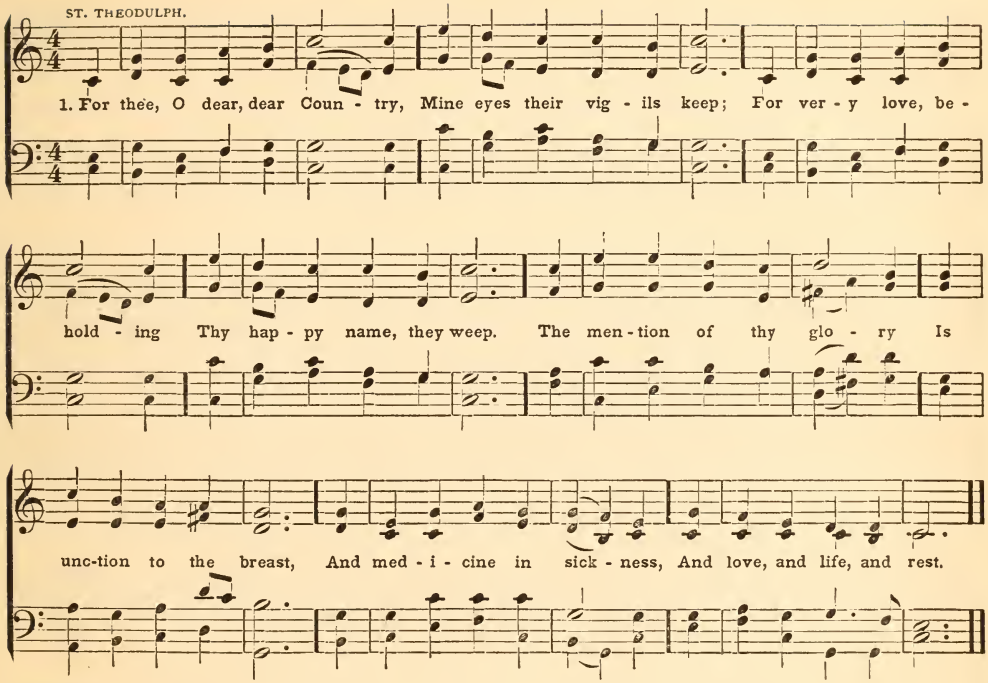
248

"Shall I be there?"

When saints gather round thee, dear Saviour, above,
And hasten to crown thee with jewels of love,
Amid those bright mansions of glory so fair—
Oh, tell me, dear Saviour, if I shall be there!

2 When those, who have labored and struggled to save
Their loved ones from sorrow beyond the dark grave,
Are bringing the treasures they gathered with care—
Oh, tell me, dear Saviour, if I shall be there!

3 When life's dreary billows are spent on the shore
Beyond the dark river, and time is no more,
When bright palms of glory the victors shall bear—
Oh, tell me, dear Saviour, if I shall be there!

4 And when in bright garments thy children shall stand,
A crown on each forehead, a harp in each hand,
And sing of the joys thou hast gone to prepare—
Oh, tell me, dear Saviour, if I shall be there!

249

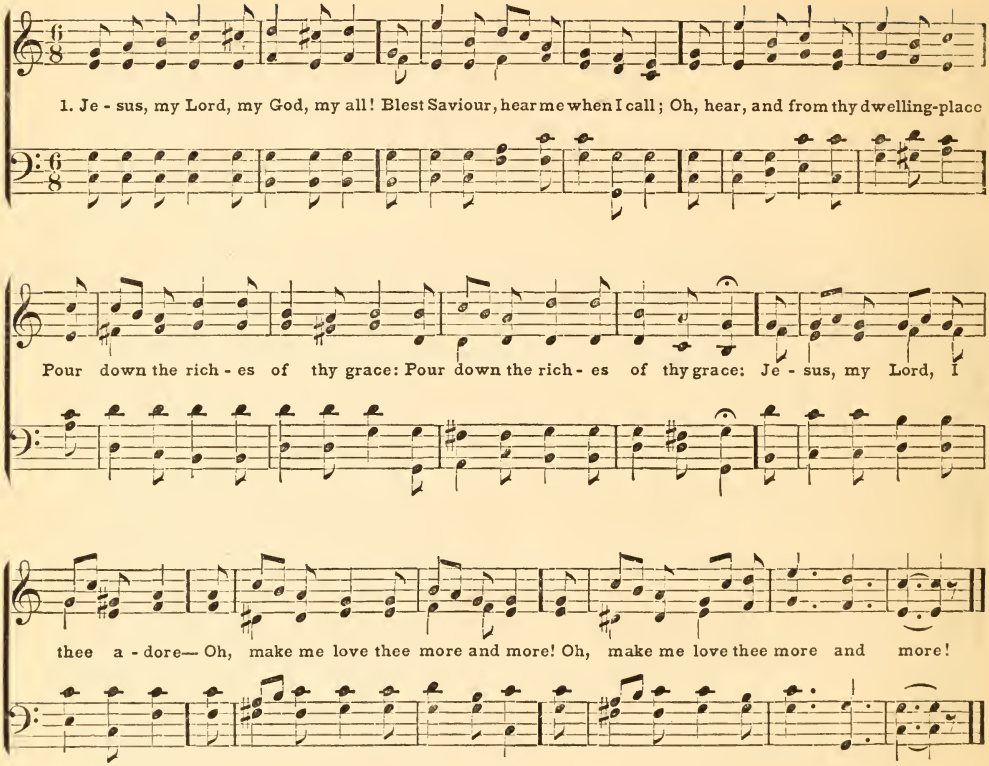
The Paradise of Joy.

For thee, O dear, dear Country,
Mine eyes their vigils keep;
For very love, beholding
Thy happy name, they weep.
The mention of thy glory
Is unction to the breast,
And medicine in sickness,
And love, and life, and rest.

2 With jasper glow thy bulwarks,
Thy streets with emeralds blaze;
The sardius and the topaz
Unite in thee their rays;
Thine ageless walls are bonded
With amethyst unpriced;
The saints built up its fabric,
The corner-stone is Christ.

3 Thou hast no shore, fair ocean;
Thou hast no time, bright day:
Dear fountain of refreshment
To pilgrims far away;
Upon the Rock of ages
They raise thy holy tower;
Thine is the victor's laurel,
And thine the golden dower.

4 Oh, sweet and blessèd Country,
The home of God's elect!
Oh, sweet and blessèd Country,
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father
And Spirit, ever blest.



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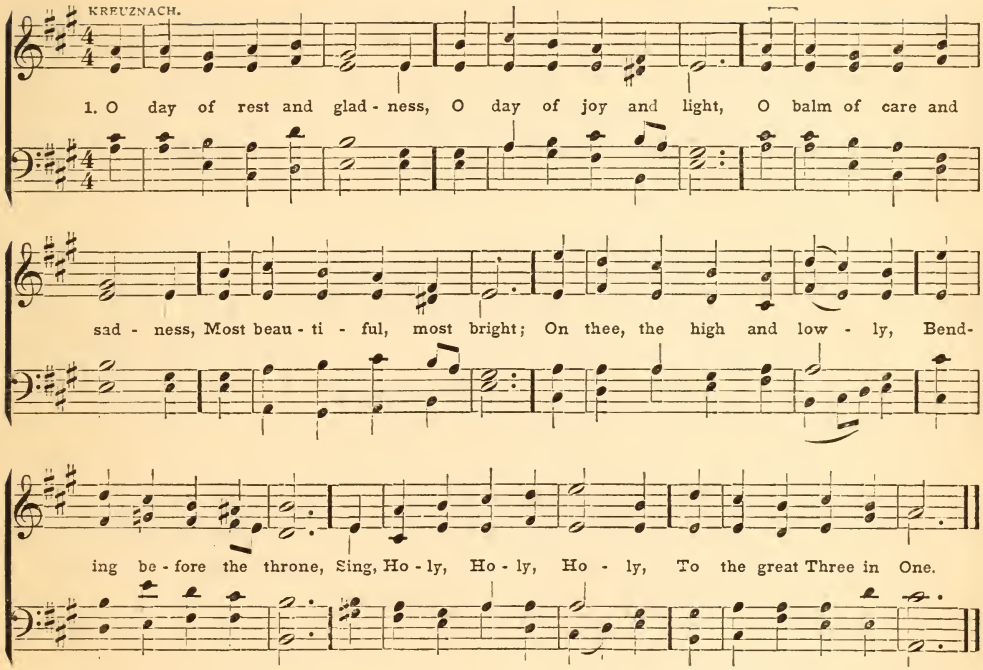
250 *"Jesus, my Lord."*

JESUS, my Lord, my God, my all!
Blest Saviour, hear me when I call;
Oh, hear, and from thy dwelling-place
Pour down the riches of thy grace:
Jesus, my Lord, I thee adore—
Oh, make me love thee more and more!

2 Jesus, alas! too coldly sought,
How can I love thee as I ought?
And how extol thy matchless fame,
The glorious beauty of thy name?
Jesus, my Lord, I thee adore—
Oh, make me love thee more and more!

3 Jesus, what didst thou find in me
That thou hast dealt so lovingly?
How great the joy that thou hast brought!
Oh, far exceeding hope or thought:
Jesus, my Lord, I thee adore—
Oh, make me love thee more and more!

4 Jesus! of thee shall be my song;
To thee my heart and soul belong;
All that I am or have is thine,
And thou, my Saviour, thou art mine!
Jesus, my Lord, I thee adore—
Oh, make me love thee more and more!

251

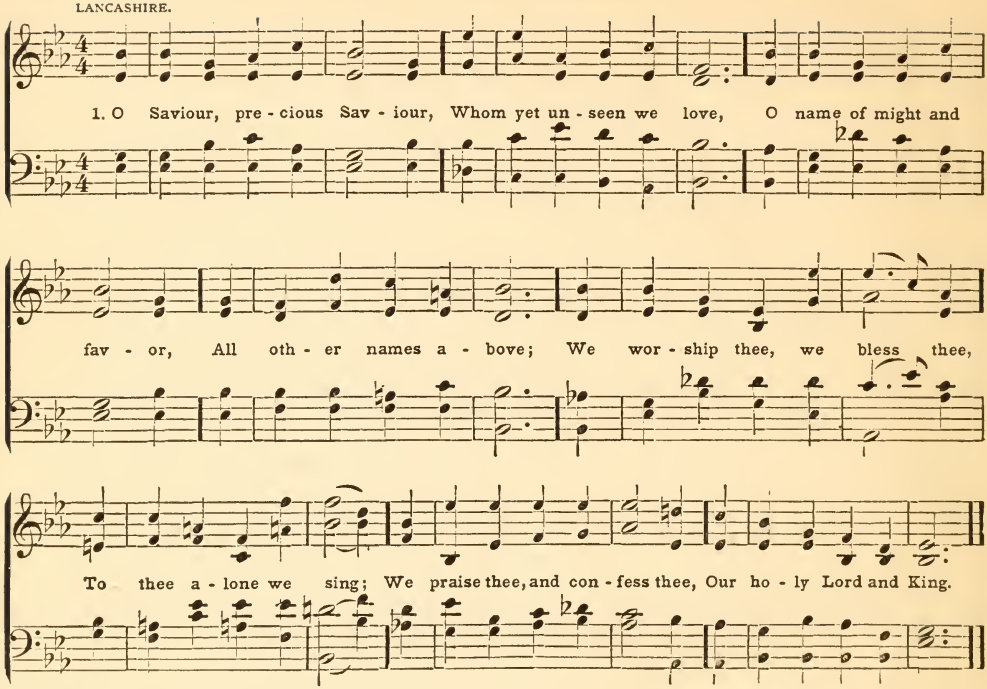
The blessed Sabbath.

O DAY of rest and gladness,
O day of joy and light,
O balm of care and sadness,
Most beautiful, most bright;
On thee, the high and lowly,
Bending before the throne,
Sing, Holy, Holy, Holy,
To the great Three in One.

2 On thee, at the creation,
The light first had its birth;
On thee, for our salvation,
Christ rose from depths of earth;
On thee, our Lord victorious,
The Spirit sent from heaven;
And thus on thee, most glorious,
A triple light was given.

3 To-day on weary nations
The heavenly manna falls;
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls,
Where gospel light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams,
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

4 New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,
We reach the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest.
To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father, and to Son;
The church her voice upraises
To thee, blest Three in One.

LANCASHIRE.

252

An unseen Saviour.

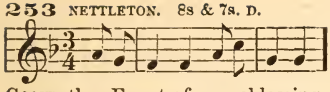
O Saviour, precious Saviour,
Whom yet unseen we love,
O name of might and favor,
All other names above;
We worship thee, we bless thee,
To thee alone we sing;
We praise thee and confess thee,
Our holy Lord and King.

2 O Bringer of salvation,
Who wondrously hast wrought,
Thyself the revelation
Of love beyond our thought;
We worship thee, we bless thee,
To thee alone we sing;
We praise thee and confess thee,
Our gracious Lord and King.

3 In thee all fulness dwelleth,
All grace and power divine;
The glory that excelleth,
O Son of God, is thine;
We worship thee, we bless thee,
To thee alone we sing;
We praise thee and confess thee,
Our glorious Lord and King.

4 Oh, grant the consummation
Of this our song above,
In endless adoration
And everlasting love;
Then shall we praise and bless thee,
Where perfect praises ring,
And evermore confess thee,
Our Saviour and our King.

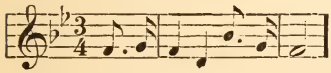
253 NETTLETON. 8s & 7s. D.



COME, thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it!
Mount of thy redeeming love.

2 Oh, to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee.
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it—
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it!
Seal it for thy courts above.

254 TOPLADY. 7s, 6l.

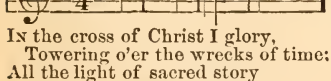


ROCK of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath, and make me pure.

2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone;
In my hand no price I bring;
Simply to thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne—
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee!

255 RATHBUN. 8s & 7s.

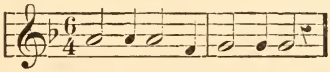


IN the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime

2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me:
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming,
Adds more lustre to the day.

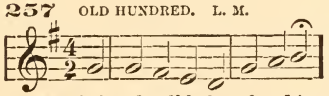
256 MARTYN. 7s. D.



JESUS! lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly;
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is high.
Hide me, O my Saviour! hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide;
Oh, receive my soul at last!

2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on thee is stayed;
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

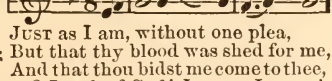
257 OLD HUNDRED. L. M.



FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's praise be sung,
Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord,
Eternal truth attends thy word:
Thy name shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

258 WOODWORTH. L. M.

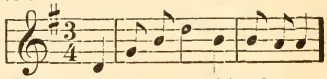


JUST as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidst me come to thee,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

3 Just as I am—thy love unknown,
Hath broken every barrier down;
Now to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

259 SOLID ROCK. L. M. D.

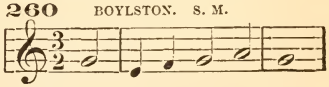


MY hope is built on nothing less
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
But wholly lean on Jesus' name:
REF.—
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

2 When darkness seems to vail his face,
I rest on his unchanging grace;
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the vail.

3 His oath, his covenant, and blood,
Support me in the whelming flood;
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay.

260 BOYLSTON. S. M.



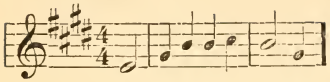
BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one—
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear,
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

261 MISSIONARY HYMN. 7s, & 6s.



From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand,—
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,—
Shall we, to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation, oh, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

3 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign!

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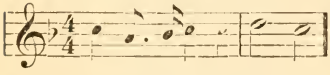
262 WORK SONG. 7s & 6s.



Work, for the night is coming;
Work, through the morning hours;
Work, while the dew is sparkling;
Work 'mid springing flowers;
Work, when the day grows brighter,
Work, in the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.

2 Work, for the night is coming;
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor;
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

263 WEBB. 7s & 6s.

The morning light is breaking,
The darkness disappears;
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears;
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing—
A nation in a day.

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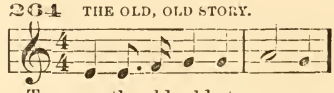
264 THE OLD, OLD STORY.



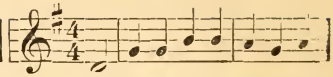
Tell me the old, old story
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and his glory,
Of Jesus and his love.
Tell me the story simply,
As to a little child,
For I am weak and weary,
And helpless and defiled.

Ref.—Tell me the old, old story,
Tell me the old, old story,
Tell me the old, old story,
Of Jesus and his love.

2 Tell me the story slowly,
That I may take it in—
That wonderful redemption,
God's remedy for sin.
Tell me the story often,
For I forget so soon!
The "early dew" of morning
Has passed away at noon.

3 Tell me the story softly,
With earnest tones, and grave;
Remember! I'm the sinner
Whom Jesus came to save.
Tell me that story always,
If you would really be,
In any time of trouble,
A comforter to me.

265 CORONATION. C. M.



All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all!

2 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all!

3 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all!

4 Oh, that, with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all!

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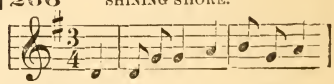
266 SHINING SHORE.



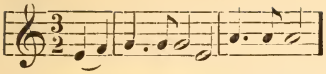
My days are gliding swiftly by,
And I, a pilgrim stranger,
Would not detain them as they fly,
Those hours of toil and danger.
Cho.—
For oh, we stand on Jordan's strand,
Our friends are passing over;
And just before, the Shining Shore
We may almost discover!

2 We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,
Our heavenly home discerning;
Our absent Lord has left us word,
Let every lamp be burning.

3 Should coming days be cold and dark,
We need not cease our singing;
That perfect rest naught can molest,
Where golden harps are ringing.

4 Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,
Each cord on earth to sever;
Our King says, Come, and there's our home,
Forever, oh, forever!

267 HEBER. C. M.



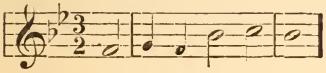
How sweet the name of Jesus sounds,
In a believer's ear!
It sooths his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
It calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

3 Jesus! my Shepherd, Guardian, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King;
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

---

268 OLMUTZ. S. M.



Not all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.

2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.

3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

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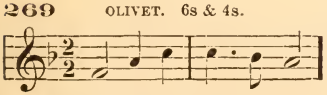
269 OLIVET. 6s & 4s.



My faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine:
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away,
Oh, let me from this day
Be wholly thine.

2 May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As thou hast died for me,
Oh, may my love to thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,—
A living fire.

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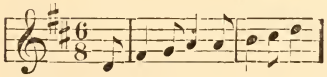
270 SWEET HOUR. L. M. D.



Obeying thy divine behest,
We meet, O Christ, to speak of thee:
Thou art amongst us as a guest,
We feel it, though we cannot see;
We seem to breathe in glad surprise,
An atmosphere of love and bliss,
And read within each other's eyes,
To whom it is we owe all this.

2 How quickly every strife will end,
How soon all idle griefs depart,
When friend takes counsel thus with friend,
When soul meets soul, and heart meets heart!
We have so many things to say,
So many failings to confess,
Time flies, alas! so soon away,
We cannot half we would express.

3 Oh, let us then, dear Lord, be blest
With thy sweet presence every day;
Be with us as our daily guest,
And our companion on the way.
Fan our devotion's feeble flame,
Let us press on to things before;
Bring us together in thy name,
Until we meet to part no more.

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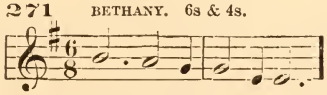
271 BETHANY. 6s & 4s.

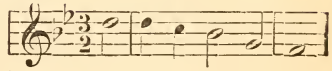


Nearer, my God to thee,
Nearer to thee!
Ev'n though it be a cross
That raiseth me,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

2 Though like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

3 There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that thou sendest me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

---

272 STATE STREET. S. M.

I love thy kingdom, Lord—
The house of thine abode—
The Church our blest Redeemer saved
With his own precious blood.

2 I love thy church, O God!
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.

3 For her my tears shall fall;
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

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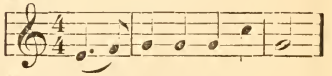
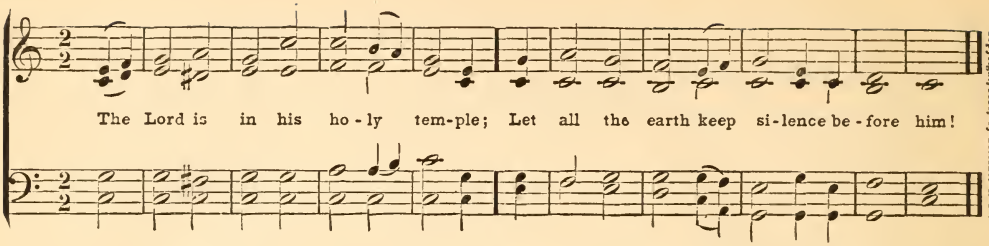
273 LABAN. S. M.



My soul, be on thy guard,
Ten thousand foes arise;
The hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.

2 Oh, watch, and fight, and pray!
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down;
Thine arduous work will not be done,
Till thou obtain thy crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God!
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
Up to his blest abode.

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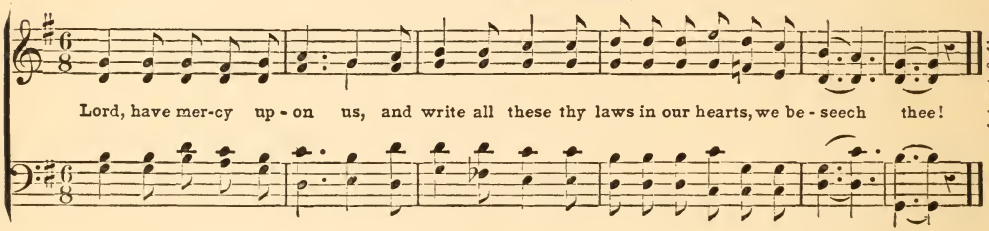
AFTER THE COMMANDMENTS.



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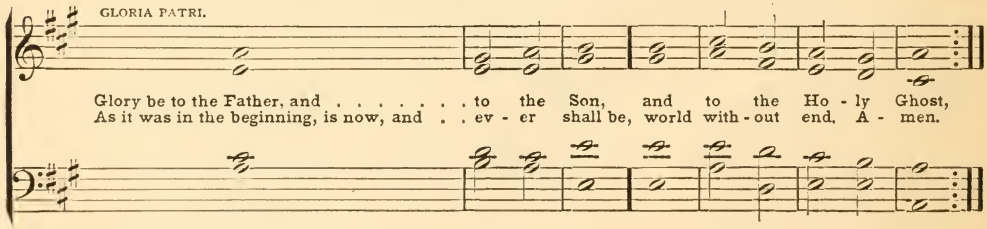
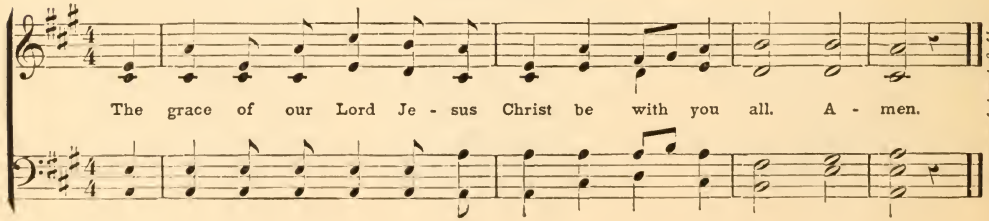
AFTER PRAYER, OR AS A DOXOLOGY.



BENEDICTION.

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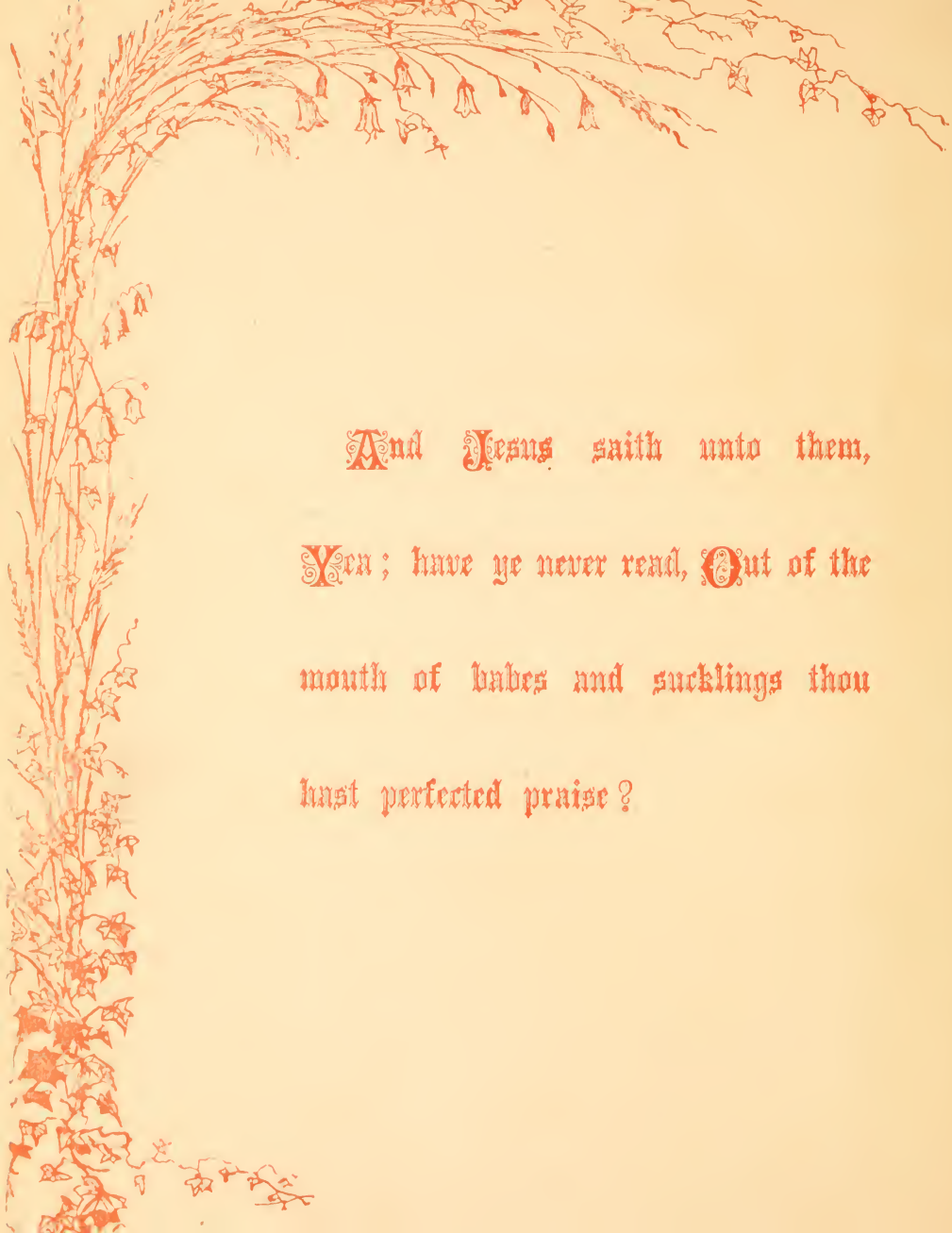
Angry words! oh, let them never	181		H. R. Palmer.
Are you sowing the seeds of mercy?	96	E. Pitt	T. F. Seward.
Art thou weary, art thou languid	190	J. M. Neale, *Tr*	W. H. Monk.
As with gladness men of old	110	W. C. Dix	W. H. Monk.
At thy feet, our God and Father	237	J. D. Burns	W. F. Sherwin.
"Be at peace!" Life is but a transient lease	179	D. Williams	S. J. Vail.
Beautiful valley of Eden	222	W. O. Cushing	W. F. Sherwin.
Beautiful Zion, built above	219	G. Gill	T. J. Cook.
Beyond life's raging fever	230		J. M. Evans.
Blessed Saviour! thee I love	111	G. Duffield	Spanish Melody.
Blest be the tie that binds	260	J. Fawcett	L. Mason.
Book of grace and book of glory	65		*Arr. Fr.* Mason.
Break thou the bread of life	53	M. A. Lathbury	W. F. Sherwin.
Breast the wave, Christian, when it is strongest	209	J. Stammers	T. E. Perkins.
By cool Siloam's shady rill	164	R. Heber	*Arr. Fr.* Sullivan.
Call Jehovah thy salvation	184	J. Montgomery	M. L. Bartlett.
Can a little child, like me	244	M. M. Dodge	W. K. Bassford.
Cast thy bread upon the waters	82	J. H. Hanaford	*Arr. Fr.* Herold.
Cease, ye mourners, cease to languish	233	W. B. Collyer	Mendelssohn.
Child of sin and sorrow	183	T. Hastings	T. Hastings.
Childhood's years are passing o'er us	162	W. Dickson	*Arr. Fr.* Mercadante.
Christ for the world we sing	116	S. Wolcott	W. F. Sherwin.
Christ, whose glory fills the skies	17	C. Wesley	J. Rosenmueller.
Christian! seek not yet repose	95	C. Elliott	J. R. Murray.
Come, Jesus, Redeemer, abide thou with me	104	R. Palmer	L. O. Emerson.
Come, oh, come, with thy broken heart	208	F. C. Van Alstyne	T. E. Perkins.
Come, thou almighty King	153	C. Wesley	F. Giardini.
Come, thou Fount of every blessing	253	R. Robinson	Old Melody.
Come unto me, ye weary	136	W. C. Dix	W. F. Sherwin.
Crown him with many crowns	101	M. Bridges	C. J. Elvey.
Day by day we magnify thee	87		E. S. Carter.
Death worketh—let me work too	78	H. Bonar	J. R. Murray.
Delay not, delay not, O sinner, draw near	174	T. Hastings	*Arr. Fr.* Pattison.
Down from their home on high	235	J. Carter	J. Carter.
Dread Majesty above!	47	H. Mills, *Tr.*	L. O. Emerson.
Ev'n now doth our salvation	228	J. H. Edwards	C. C. Converse.
Ever would I fain be reading	62	C. Winkworth, *Tr.*	C. N. Sherwin.
Everlasting arms of love	115	J. R. Macduff	*Arr. Fr.* Handel.
Faint not, nor falter in the way	204	J. R. Murray	J. R. Murray.
"Follow thou me," is the Master's word	98	A. T. Pierson	W. F. Sherwin.
For the beauty of the earth	201	J. Pierpont	English Theme.
For thee, O dear, dear country	249	J. M. Neale, *Tr.*	German Choral.
From all that dwell below the skies	257	I. Watts	G. Franc.
From every stormy wind that blows	50	H. Stowell	S. Wilder.
From Greenland's icy mountains	261	R. Heber	L. Mason.
Galilee, bright Galilee	108	W. F. Sherwin	W. F. Sherwin.
Gentle child of Nazareth!	119	J. S. Stallybrass, *Tr.*	Nageli.
Gentle Jesus, meek and mild	130	C. Wesley	*Arr. Fr.* Sullivan.
Gently, Lord, oh, gently lead us	163	T. Hastings	*Arr. Fr.* Mercadante.

	No.	Hymns.	Tunes.
Give up all for Jesus	168	F. E. Belden	W. F. Sherwin.
Glorious things of thee are spoken	88	J. Newton	J. P. Holbrook.
Glory be to God on high	6	C. Wesley	G. Kingsley.
Glory be to God the Father	216	H. Bonar	H. H. Beadle.
Go and tell Jesus, weary, sin-sick soul	187		T. F. Seward.
Golden harps are sounding	32	F. R. Havergal	F. R. Havergal.
God eternal, Lord of all	5	J. E. Millard, *Tr.*	G. Kingsley.
God is love; that anthem olden	36	J. S. B. Monsell	W. F. Sherwin.
God is love! ye nations, hear him	39	F. L. Keeler	C. C. Converse.
God make my life a little light	86	B. M. Edwards	J. R. Murray.
God, my King, thy might confessing	151	R. Mant	H. Smart.
God of heaven! hear our singing	63	F. R. Havergal	C. N. Sherwin.
God that madest earth and heaven	45	R. Heber	W. F. Sherwin.
Gracious Saviour, gentle Shepherd	66	W. H. Havergal	J. B. Dykes.
Gracious Spirit, dwell with me	200	T. T. Lynch	E. P. Parker.
Grander than ocean's story	202	W. F. Sherwin	W. F. Sherwin.
Guide me, O thou great Jehovah	192	W. Williams	J. P. Holbrook.
Hallelujah! fairest morning!	14		W. F. Sherwin.
Hail, happy day! thou day of holy rest	48	P. H. Brown	W. C. Williams.
Hail the day that sees him rise	21	C. Wesley	W. H. Monk.
Hail! thou God of grace and glory	156	T. W. Aveling	W. C. Williams.
Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning	28	T. Hastings	W. F. Sherwin.
Hail to the Lord's Anointed	40	J. Montgomery	H. P. Danks.
Hark! hark, my soul; angelic songs are	109	F. W. Faber	W. F. Sherwin.
Hark, the song of jubilee	217	J. Montgomery	T. Hastings.
Hark! the voice of Jesus calling	125	M. B. Sleight	H. R. Palmer.
Hark! 'tis the watchman's cry	80	H. Bonar	J. R. Murray.
He leadeth me! oh, blessed thought	149	J. H. Gilmore	Scotch Melody.
He that goeth forth with weeping	81	T. Hastings	*Arr. Fr.* Herold.
Hear the song through heaven ringing	133	H. O. Knowlton	W. F. Sherwin.
Heavenly Father, grant us grace	69	C. S. Robinson	W. F. Sherwin.
Heavenly Father, send thy blessing	150	C. Wordsworth	H. Smart.
Holy Bible, book divine	59	J. Burton	R. R. Chope.
Holy Father, cheer our way	100	R. H. Robinson	W. F. Sherwin.
Holy Father, hear my cry	23	H. Bonar	J. Blumenthal.
Holy Father, thou hast taught me	199		J. P. Holbrook.
Holy Ghost! dispel our sadness	152	A. M. Toplady, *Tr.*	*Arr. Fr.* Flotow.
Holy, holy, holy Lord	24	J. Montgomery	J. Blumenthal.
Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty	1	R. Heber	J. B. Dykes.
Holy night! peaceful night!	135		J. Barnby.
Holy Spirit! hear us	157		M. L. Bartlett.
How precious is the book divine	57	J. Fawcett	*Arr. Fr.* Cole.
How shall the young secure their hearts	56	I. Watts	*Arr. Fr.* Rossini.
How sweet is the Bible! how pure is the light	64		W. F. Sherwin.
How sweet the name of Jesus sounds	267	J. Newton	G. Kingsley.
Humble praises, holy Jesus	140		J. B. Dykes.
I am coming to the cross	207	W. McDonald	W. G. Fischer.
I came to Jesus poor and weak	38	F. C. Van Alstyne	S. J. Vail.
I cannot tell if short or long	189	H. O. Knowlton	W. F. Sherwin.
I heard a voice, the sweetest voice	127	P. Stryker	*Arr. Fr.* Mehul.
I lay my sins on Jesus	158	H. Bonar	W. J. Kirkpatrick.
I love thy kingdom, Lord	272	T. Dwight	J. C. Woodman.
I think, when I read that sweet story	182	J. Luke	Old Melody.
I will love thee, all my treasure	15	J. Borthwick, *Tr.*	W. F. Sherwin.
If you have a pleasant thought	245	R. Morris	H. R. Palmer.
In heavenly love abiding	147	A. E. Waring	W. K. Bassford.
In the cross of Christ I glory	255	J. Bowring	I. Conkey.
In the early light of the morning bright	30		J. E. White.
In the house of my Father above	223	F. C. Van Alstyne	T. E. Perkins.
In thy name, O Lord, assembling	19	T. Kelly	E. J. Hopkins.
Is thy pathway often drear	71	W. F. Sherwin	W. F. Sherwin.
It came upon the midnight clear	112	E. H. Sears	*Arr. Fr.* Concone.
Jerusalem, the glorious	224	J. M. Neale, *Tr.*	J. P. Holbrook.
Jerusalem, the golden	226	J. M. Neale, *Tr.*	A. Ewing.
Jesus calls us o'er the tumult	178	C. F. Alexander	I. B. Woodbury.
Jesus died upon the tree	138	A. Wittenmeyer	W. G. Fischer.
Jesus hath sought us; Jesus hath bought	247	A. Taylor	J. E. Gould.
Jesus, high in glory	99		W. F. Sherwin.
Jesus, holy, undefiled	143	E. Shepcote	J. B. Dykes.
Jesus, I my cross have taken	145	H. F. Lyte	*Arr. Fr.* Mozart.
Jesus! lover of my soul	256	C. Wesley	S. B. Marsh.
Jesus loves the little children	128	H. O. Knowlton	T. M. Towne.
Jesus, meek and lowly	131	H. Collins	R. R. Chope.
Jesus, my Lord, my God, my all	250	H. Collins, *Alt*	Charlotte C. Brown.
Jesus, name all names above	118	J. M. Neale, *Tr.*	L. O. Emerson.

	No.	*Hymns.*	*Tunes.*
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me	122	E. Hopper	J. E. Gould.
Jesus, still lead on	124	Zinzendorf	Western Melody.
Jesus, tender Saviour, hast thou died for me	175		H. N. Whitney.
Jesus! the very thought is sweet	132	J. M. Neale, *Tr.*	R. Schumann.
Jesus wept! those tears are over	142	C. Denny	H. J. Gauntlett.
Just as God leads me I would go	188	Lampertus	W. F. Sherwin.
Just as I am, without one plea	258	C. Elliott	W. B. Bradbury.
Lead, kindly Light! amid the encircling	193	J. H. Newman	J. B. Dykes.
Lead us, heavenly Father, lead us	37	J. Edmeston	W. F. Sherwin.
Let us sing, with one accord	34	D. A. Thrupp	J. R. Murray.
Let us with a joyful mind	11	J. Milton	J. B. Dykes.
Lift up, O little children	241	M. A. Lathbury	M. C. Seward.
Light of the world, we hail thee	113	J. S. B. Monsell	S. J. Vail.
Light of those whose dreary dwelling	185	C. Wesley	W. K. Bassford.
Long my spirit pined in sorrow	194	M. A. Kidder	T. E. Perkins.
Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious	215	T. Kelly	H. H. Beadle.
Lo! the seal of death is breaking	229		W. F. Sherwin.
Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing	35	E. Smythe	C. C. Converse.
Lord, in whose eternal counsels	76		W. F. Sherwin.
Lord Jesus, I long to be perfectly whole	167	J. Nicholson	W. G. Fischer.
Lord of all worlds, incline thy bounteous	89	T. Dwight	I. Pleyel.
Lord of earth! thy forming hand	51	R. Grant	*Arr. Fr.* Oberthur.
Lord, thy children guide and keep	68		W. F. Sherwin.
Lord, thy glory fills the heaven	33	R. Mant	J. H. Willcox.
Lord! while for all mankind we pray	239	J. R. Wreford	G. F. Root.
Love divine, all love excelling	3	C. Wesley	J. Zundel.
Make haste, make haste, O man, to live	242	H. Bonar	J. E. Gould.
Master, the tempest is raging!	197	M. A. Baker	H. R. Palmer.
May the grace of Christ our Saviour	31	J. Newton	D. E. Jones.
My country! 'tis of thee	240	S. F. Smith	H. Carey.
My days are gliding swiftly by	266	D. Nelson	G. F. Root.
My faith looks up to thee	269	R. Palmer	L. Mason.
My God, how wonderful thou art	103	F. W. Faber	W. F. Sherwin.
My God! is any hour so sweet	210	C. Elliott	J. E. Gould.
My hope is built on nothing less	259	E. Mote	W. B. Bradbury.
My sheep hear my voice	46	Holy Scripture	J. R. Murray.
My Shepherd will supply my need	102	I. Watts	W. F. Sherwin.
My soul, be on thy guard	273	G. Heath	L. Mason.
Nearer, my God, to thee	271	S. F. Adams	L. Mason.
Nobody knows what I have in my heart	205	M. B. Fontaine	W. F. Sherwin.
Not all the blood of beasts	268	I. Watts	L. Mason.
Now may he who from the dead	43	J. Newton	English Choral.
Now thank we all our God	12	C. Winkworth, *Tr.*	J. Cruger.
Now the day is over	176	S. B. Gould	J. Barnby.
Now the sowing and the weeping	246	F. R. Havergal	W. J. Kirkpatrick.
Obeying thy divine behest	270		W. B. Bradbury.
O Christ! our King, Creator, Lord!	105	R. Palmer, *Tr.*	W. H. W. Darley.
O Christ, the Lord of heaven! to thee	106	R. Palmer, *Tr.*	W. H. W. Darley.
O day of rest and gladness	251	C. Wordsworth	German Choral.
O God, the Rock of Ages	7	E. Bickersteth	W. F. Sherwin.
O happy band of pilgrims	84	J. M. Neale, *Tr.*	*Arr. Fr.* Beethoven.
O Holy Saviour! Friend unseen	191	C. Elliott	F. Flemming.
O Jesus, I have promised	137	J. E. Bode	W. F. Sherwin.
O Jesus, thou the beauty art	123	E. Caswall, *Tr.*	J. R. Murray.
O Paradise! O Paradise!	225	F. W. Faber	J. Barnby.
O sacred Head, now wounded	97	J. W. Alexander, *Tr.*	J. P. Holbrook.
O Saviour, precious Saviour	252	F. R. Havergal	H. Smart.
O Word of God incarnate	60	W. W. How	T. E. Perkins.
Oh, come to the merciful Saviour	161	F. W. Faber	S. J. Vail.
Oh, for a shout of joy	42	J. Young	W. F. Sherwin.
Oh, how shall I receive thee	180	A. T. Russell, *Tr.*	*Arr. Fr.* Handel.
Oh, praise the Saviour's holy name	243	E. Pitt	B. C. Unseld.
Oh, trust in the goodness of God!	198	J. B. Atchinson	C. C. Case.
Once in royal David's city	141	C. F. Alexander	H. J. Gauntlett.
On Jordan's rugged banks I stand	221	S. Stennett	G. F. Root.
On our way rejoicing	29		W. F. Sherwin.
Our country's voice is pleading	83	M. F. Anderson	*Arr. Fr.* Beethoven.
Our Father, who art in heaven	49	Holy Scripture	Gregorian Chant.
Our Lord is God forever	52	R. B. Hall	S. J. Vail.
Out amid the waves of ocean	91	M. D. Janes	W. J. Kirkpatrick.
Pass the word along the line	77	H. O. Knowlton	W. F. Sherwin.
Praise the Lord in song! and with loud	26	W. F. Sherwin	W. F. Sherwin.
Praise the Lord! praise him!	9	J. R. Murray	J. R. Murray.

	No.	Hymns.	Tunes.
Rejoice, rejoice, believers!	92	J. Borthwick, *Tr.*	T. R. Matthews.
Rise, crowned with light, imperial Salem	90	A. Pope	I. Pleyel.
Rock of ages, cleft for me	254	A. M. Toplady	T. Hastings.
Saints of God! the dawn is brightening	20		E. J. Hopkins.
Satan the seed is sowing	172	M. A. Baker	H. R. Palmer.
Saviour, blessed Saviour!	134	G. Thring	L. O. Emerson.
Saviour, I am willing now	166	H. O. Knowlton	W. F. Sherwin.
Saviour, King, in hallowed union	4		J. Zundel.
Saviour, let thy love for me	196	H. O. Knowlton	W. K. Bassford.
Saviour, on this little band	67	H. O. Knowlton	W. F. Sherwin.
Saviour! teach me day by day	129	J. E. Leeson	*Arr. Fr.* Sullivan.
Saviour, where so oft unheeding	170	E. H. Shannon	W. F. Sherwin.
Saviour, who thy flock art feeding	22	W. A. Muhlenberg	J. Zundel.
Shepherd of tender youth	117	H. M. Dexter, *Tr.*	W. F. Sherwin.
Shepherd! with thy tenderest love	114		German Melody.
Since thy Father's arm sustains thee	186		W. F. Sherwin.
Soul, arise! and give Christ room	177	W. T. Sleeper	J. R. Murray.
Soul, then know thy full salvation	146	H. F. Lyte	*Arr. Fr.* Mozart.
Sow the seed, and wait with patience	75	L. C. Gilson	W. F. Sherwin.
Sow thy seed and never fear	70	H. O. Knowlton	W. F. Sherwin.
Strength for to-day is our only need	195	M. A. Kidder	S. J. Vail.
Summer suns are glowing	234	W. W. How	S. Smith.
Sun of my soul, thou Saviour dear	18	J. Keble	W. F. Sherwin.
Sweet the moments, rich in blessing	165	J. Allen	Mozart.
Sweetly sing the love of Jesus	107		J. R. Murray.
Take my heart, O Father! take it	171		W. F. Sherwin.
Tell it out among the heathen that the Lord	79	F. R. Havergal	F. R. Havergal.
Tell me the old, old story	264	K. Hankey	W. H. Doane.
Tell me, whom my soul doth love	54	T. MacKellar	W. F. Sherwin.
Ten thousand times ten thousand	211	H. Alford	J. B. Dykes.
Tender Shepherd, thou hast stilled	232	C. Winkworth, *Tr.*	A. S. Sullivan.
The heavens declare his glory	61	J. Conder	T. E. Perkins.
The King of love my Shepherd is	120	H. W. Baker	W. F. Sherwin.
The Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I	121	J. Montgomery	G. Kingsley.
The morning light is breaking	263	S. F. Smith	G. J. Webb.
The prize is set before us	94	C. R. Blackall	H. R. Palmer.
The trees are crowned with glory	238	M. A. Lathbury	M. L. Bartlett.
The whole world was lost in the darkness	160	P. P. Bliss	P. P. Bliss.
There is a green hill far away	126	C. F. Alexander	R. S. Willis.
There is a happy land	214	A. Young	S. S. Wesley.
There is a holy city	227		*Arr. Fr.* Mozart.
There is a home eternal	213	H. R. Palmer	H. R. Palmer.
There is a land immortal	212	T. MacKellar	W. F. Sherwin.
There is a land of pure delight	220	I. Watts	G. F. Root.
There's a wideness in God's mercy	159	F. W. Faber	C. C. Converse.
Thou who art enthroned above	10	G. Sandys	J. B. Dykes.
Thou! whose almighty word	154	J. Marriott	F. Giardini.
To do thy holy will	206	G. Cooper	J. R. Murray.
To God let all sing praises	8	E. D. Eaton, *Tr.*	W. F. Sherwin.
To thee, O God, we raise	13	A. T. Pierson	J. Cruger.
To thy pastures fair and large	16	J. Merrick	German Melody.
Traveling to the better land	74		C. C. Converse.
Upon the gospel's sacred page	58	J. Bowring	W. F. Sherwin.
Upward where the stars are burning	2	H. Bonar	J. B. Calkin.
Watchman! tell us of the night	218	J. Bowring	T. Hastings.
We bring no glittering treasure	72	H. Philips	German Melody.
We give immortal praise	41	I. Watts	W. F. Sherwin.
We march, we march to victory	73	G. Moultrie	J. Barnby.
We may not climb the heavenly steeps	144	J. G. Whittier	*Arr. Fr.* Spohr.
When I walk in God's clear sunlight	236	C. R. Blackall	W. F. Sherwin.
When, marshaled on the nightly plain	148	H. K. White	Scotch Melody.
When morning gilds the skies	139	E. Caswall	J. Barnby.
When saints gather round thee, dear Saviour	248	L. Baxter	T. E. Perkins.
When we get home where Jesus is	231	J. D. Vinton	G. Kingsley.
While on thy heart is falling	155	H. O. Knowlton	T. M. Towne.
Work, for the night is coming	262	S. Dyer	L. Mason.
Worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness	27	J. S. B. Monsell	W. F. Sherwin.
Would you gain the best in life	85	C. R. Blackall	H. R. Palmer.



And Jesus saith unto them,
Yea; have ye never read, Out of the
mouth of babes and sucklings thou
hast perfected praise?

Because thy loving-kindness is better than life, my lips shall praise thee.

Thus will I bless thee while I live: I will lift up my hands in thy name.

My soul shall be satisfied as with marrow and fatness; and my mouth shall praise thee with joyful lips.